

## **Night Is on the Downland**

*By John Masefield*

Night is on the downland, on the lonely moorland,  
On the hills where the wind goes over sheep-bitten turf,  
Where the bent grass beats upon the unplowed poorland  
And the pine-woods roar like the surf.

Here the Roman lived on the wind-barren lonely,  
Dark now and haunted by the moorland fowl;  
None comes here now but the peewit only,  
And moth-like death in the owl.

Beauty was here in on this beetle-droning downland;  
The thought of a Caesar in the purple came  
From the palace by the Tiber in the Roman townland  
To this wind-swept hill with no name.

Lonely Beauty came here and was here in sadness,  
Brave as a thought on the frontier of the mind,  
In the camp of the wild upon the march of madness,  
The bright-eyed Queen of the Blind.

Now where Beauty was are the wind-withered gorses,  
Moaning like old men in the hill-wind's blast;  
The flying sky is dark with running horses,  
And the night is full of the past.