

THE HILLS.

Now men there be that love the plain
 With yellow cornland dressed,
And others love the sleepy vales
 Where lazy cattle rest ;
But some men love the ancient hills,
 And these have chosen best.

For in the hills a man may go
 Forever as he list,
And see a net of distant worlds
 Where streams and valleys twist
A league below, and seem to hold
 The whole earth in his fist.

Or if he tread the dales beneath
 A new delight is his,
For every crest's a kingdom-edge
 Whose conqueror he is,
And every fell the frontier
 Of unguessed empires.

And when the clouds are on the land
 In shelter he may lie,
And watch adown the misty glens
 The rain go marching by,
Along the silent flanks of fells
 Whose heads are in the sky.

W. N. HODGSON.

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