

THE GREY GHOSTS OF RYE.

UP the hill in Rye Town, when night and morning meet,
 Grey ghosts, to and fro, walk in Watchbell Street:
 Glimmering, shimmering, all in pearly grey,
 Hush! look! there they go, along the cobbled way.
 Man and maid, knight and dame, coif and cowl and plume—
 Oh, I hear their voices, murmuring in the gloom,
 Oh, I long to follow, where they flicker by,
 Wandering in the darkness with the Grey Ghosts of Rye!

Up the hill in Rye Town, when night and morning meet,
 Grey ghosts, hand in hand, talk in Watchbell Street;
 Grey ships, phantom ships, pass at ebb and flow,
 With songs of dead seamen, on the dim dead tide below.
 Mariners, merchants, captains bold and free,
 Oh, I hear their laughter, home again from sea,
 Oh, I long to hail them, as they hover by,
 Whispering in the darkness with the Grey Ghosts of Rye!

Up the hill in Rye Town, when night and morning meet,
 Will you walk, will you talk, with me in Watchbell Street?
 Let the poor ghosts listen, let them see and smile,
 Dream themselves alive again just a little while!
 Hush! look! there they go, forms of filmy grey—
 All of them were lovers once, along this mossy way.
 Kiss me for their sake, dear! There's only you and I
 Dreaming in the darkness with the Grey Ghosts of Rye!