

*The Beauty of England*

Do not wait for me, I shall be slow  
As wistful rivers in the morning know;  
When you make the first turn and disappear,  
Think which heavy willows held me here.

Yet if you whisper back, I shall be gone,  
Like a chalk picture fading on a stone,  
A child's wavelet dancing on the sea,  
My name, my face, my figure no longer me.

Under another sun, another time  
When what we had is neither yours nor mine,  
If you desire and if we have the skill,  
You shall find me under the willows still.