

A WELSH ESTUARY

SHE is no handmaid to perform
Man's bidding or increase his store ;
She yields no refuge from the storm ;
Uncurbed by dykes, unvexed by quays,
Her waters run to meet the seas
That wash the Aberdovey shore.

She rocks no cargoes on her breast,
Her doors are barred with golden sand ;
She hath not stooped at our behest
To the dull taskwork of the mills,
But holds a mirror to the hills,
And moves in beauty through the land.