

CLOVELLY  
*the Beautiful*



"THE NARROWS" EN ROUTE TO CLOVELLY

A DAY AT CLOVELLY

"O' gift of God, Oh perfect day  
Whereon, shall no man work, but play:  
Whereon it is enough for me  
Not to be doing, but to be."

"Through every fibre of my brain,  
Through every nerve, through every vein,  
I feel the electric thrill, the touch  
Of life, that seems almost too much."

"I hear the wind among the trees  
Playing celestial symphonies,  
I see the branches downward bent,  
Like keys of some great instrument."

"And over me unrolls on high  
The splendid scenery of the sky,  
When through a sapphire lake the Sun  
Sails like a golden galleon."