

I slip, I slide, I gloom, I glance,
Among my skimming swallows;
I make the netted sunbeam dance
Against my sandy shallows.

I murmur under moon and stars
In brambly wildernesses;
I linger by my shingly bars;
I loiter round my cresses.

I chatter, chatter, as I flow
To join the brimming river,
For men may come and men may go,
But I go on for ever."

There is not such another brook in the world as "Somersby Beck." Had it not found its way into the poetry of words its inimitable voice would still arrest the attention of the traveller, but the magic melody of the poet's words have hallowed the sweet beck and heightened its attractiveness, and though men may come and men may go the melodious brook will go on for ever singing through the sweet meadows of the poet's song. I am afraid to tell how long I sat on the grassy bank listening to the wonderful music of the gleeful rivulet. Nor will I own how often since that August day I have come again under the irresistible spell of the brook.

Almost within sound of the brook is the hamlet of Somersby, inhabited by two-score simple old-world people. And yonder on the right is the pretty white house where the Laureate was born. It is a curious tile-covered house, cosily situated in an ideal environment. It nestles among the trees, and before it is a beautiful lawn separated from the public road by the