

What is life if, full of care,
We have no time to stand and stare?
No time to stand beneath the boughs
And stare as long as sheep or cows
No time to see when woods we pass
Where squirrels hide their nuts in grass
No time to see, in broad daylight
Streams full of stars, like skies at night
No time to turn at Beauty's glance
And watch her feet, how they can dance
No time to wait till her mouth can
Enrich that smile her eyes began?
A poor life this if, full of care,
We have no time to stand and stare.

William Henry Davies
Welsh poet, writer and traveller (1871 - 1940)