**Words**

Out of us all

That make rhymes,

Will you choose

Sometimes –

As the winds use

A crack in the wall

Or a drain,

Their joy or their pain

To whistle through –

Choose me,

You English words?

I know you:

You are light as dreams,

Tough as oak,

Precious as gold,

As poppies and corn,

Or an old cloak:

Sweet as our birds

To the ear,

As the burnet rose

In the heat

Of Midsummer:

Strange as the races

Of dead and unborn:

Strange and sweet,

Equally,

And familiar,

To the eye,

As the dearest faces

That a man knows,

And as lost homes are:

But though older far

Than oldest yew, -

As our hills are, old, -

Worn new

Again and again:

Young as our streams

After rain:

And as dear

As the earth which you prove

That we love.

Make me content

With some sweetness

From Wales

Whose nightingales

Have no wings, –

From Wiltshire and Kent

And Herefordshire,

And the villages there, –

From the names, and the things

No less.

Let me sometimes dance

With you,

Or climb,

Or stand perchance

In ecstasy,

Fixed and free

In a rhyme,

As poets do.

![Not the Flag
]()