

Leisure

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We tried to recite the words of this poem on our walk this morning, and failed. But, Google found it, and it is worth sharing:

Leisure (1911)

What is this 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.

By Welshman W. H. Davies, it seems to be his best-known work (I have an anthology of his poems, and no others are nearly as familiar). It is justifiably famous. Its sentiments are right.