

An epitaph Walter de la Mare (GB) 1873 -1856

Here lies a most beautiful lady,
Light of step and heart was she;
I think she was the most beautiful lady
That ever was in the West Country.

But beauty vanishes, beauty passes;
However rare, rare it be;
And when I crumble, who will remember
The lady of the West Country.

Music by John Duarte (GB) 1919 - 2004