

*Elsing imagined*

Turning left you find the country lane  
A moment passes silence reigns  
Hawthorn hedges lead to Wensum river  
Ash and alder sway beside the fields  
Where no elm crowns the land  
Dense chestnut and royal oak  
Guide the secret searcher  
The high sun on clear sharp ground  
Lights the winding lovely river  
Traced with streams and lakes  
While by their side the watermill  
Still grinds with ancient noise  
And as the wind grows swiftly  
From the icy polar wastes  
A windmill swings her sails  
Unwarned a silver flinted wall  
Leads us to a perfect conception  
The manor by the water-meadow  
We have come to Elsing.