

## **Meandering**

The brook's water trickles onwards  
Rocks covered in verdant green  
About to start on a journey  
As it enters the little stream  
Reflected on the surface  
The willows shading its course  
Now marching on relentless  
No time for any remorse  
The story that the water holds  
As it starts upon its quest  
To travel through towns and villages  
Britain at its best  
For summer day trips and regattas  
Cool, refreshing and clear  
Picnics on the river's edge  
Or fishing by the weir  
The mighty currents lead it on  
From Staines into the city  
Dinner cruises and party boats  
At night time, oh so pretty  
Kings and Queens upon their barges  
The story over thousands of years  
Troops returning from foreign battles  
Sometimes to homecoming cheers  
Executions and imprisonment  
Dark murders and brutal slavery  
Played out in the river's tableau  
With tales of great bravery

Forward and on, past flood defences  
Mixing now with salty water  
Through Essex to the estuary  
Heading for the North Sea altar  
The original brook, left in the past  
Or lost in the dark North Sea  
From birth to death the River Thames  
Connected at every degree  
And this our country's longest river  
With a story at every bend  
The atria and aorta to London  
From Kimble to Southend