

On The River

The sun is low,

The waters flow,

My boat is dancing to and fro.

The eve is still,

Yet from the hill

The killdeer echoes loud and shrill.

The paddles splash,

The wavelets dash,

We see the summer lightning flash;

While now and then,

In marsh and fen

Too muddy for the feet of men,

Where neither bird

Nor beast has stirred,

The spotted bullfrog's croak is heard.

The wind is high,
The grasses sigh,
The sluggish stream goes sobbing by.

And far away
The dying day
Has cast its last effulgent ray;
While on the land
The shadows stand
Proclaiming that the eve's at hand.