

EVENING IN THE WATER-GLADES

WITH wash of wave and ripple,
Through fragile forms that cling,
And, 'driple, driple, driple,'
The song our paddles sing,

Peace-pent and Beauty-captured,
As day to darkness fades,
We seek, with soul enraptured,
The quiet water-glades.

The dew-damp there reposes:
There pipes the Whip-poor-Will:
The breath of slumb'ring Roses,
Though faint, is with us still.

Where languorous airs go creeping,
The Beech bough bends and sighs:
For joy the Night is weeping,
Through all her thousand eyes.

Ah scene so fair and faultless!
No more of bliss I know
Than thus to drink your fullness
Of joyance, as we go,