

Where the water's gently laving,
Where the plummy pines are waving,
And the strawberries are ripening
On the land.

Sweetly is the wild bird calling,
And like fairy music falling
Sounds the rushing of the water
'Neath my boat.

But when eyening casts her shadows
Over pines and over meadows,
Idly down the tranquil river
I shall float.

I will watch the striped perch sleeping,
I will watch the young chub leaping,
Making rippling, eddying circles
At my side.

I will watch the moonlight shimmer,
And the misty pale stars glimmer,
Homeward down the mighty river
Will I glide.