

I can scarce discern the meeting
Of the shore and stream retreating,
 So remote ;
For the laggard river, dozing,
Only wakes from its reposing
 Where I float.

Where the river mists are rising,
All the foliage baptizing
 With their spray ;
There the sun gleams far and faintly,
With a shadow soft and saintly,
 In its ray.

And the perfume of some burning
Far-off brushwood, ever turning
 To exale
All its smoky fragrance dying,
In the arms of evening lying,
 Where I sail.