

On the water's idle pillow
Sleeps the overhanging willow,
 Green and cool;
Where the rushes lift their burnished
Oval heads from out the tarnished
 Emerald pool.

Where the very silence slumbers,
Water lilies grow in numbers,
 Pure and pale ;
All the morning they have rested,
Amber crowned, and pearly crested,
 Fair and frail.

Here, impossible romances,
Indefinable sweet fancies,
 Cluster round ;
But they do not mar the sweetness
Of this still September fleetness
 With a sound.