

OVERLOOKING THE RIVER STOUR

The swallows flew in the curves of an eight

Above the river-gleam

In the wet June's last beam:

Like little crossbows animate

The swallows flew in the curves of an eight

Above the river-gleam.

Planing up shavings of crystal spray

A moor-hen darted out

From the bank thereabout,

And through the stream-shine ripped his way;

Planing up shavings of crystal spray

A moor-hen darted out.

Closed were the kingcups; and the mead

Dripped in monotonous green,

Though the day's morning sheen

Had shown it golden and honeybee'd;

Closed were the kingcups; and the mead

Dripped in monotonous green.

And never I turned my head, alack,

While these things met my gaze
Through the pane's drop-drenched glaze,
To see the more behind my back . . .
O never I turned, but let, alack,
These less things hold my gaze!