

RIVER ROSES

BY the Isar, in the twilight

We were wandering and singing,

By the Isar, in the evening

We climbed the huntsman's ladder and sat

swinging

In the fir-tree overlooking the marshes,

While river met with river, and the ringing

Of their pale-green glacier water filled the evening.

By the Isar, in the twilight

We found the dark wild roses

Hanging red at the river; and simmering

Frogs were singing, and over the river closes

Was savour of ice and of roses; and glimmering

Fear was abroad. We whispered: "No one

knows us.

Let it be as the snake disposes

Here in this simmering marsh."

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