

UNDER MAGDALEN BRIDGE

To Arthur F. Grimble

THE lapping, lapping, lapping of the stream
Makes songs around my lazy-light canoe;
The soft brown haze of dusk shines softly through
The dripping trees, and the damp meadows seem
A plateau as of lost desire, a dream
That melts from gold to gray: a soft breeze blew
Across the brow of waking night, and dew
Re-bathes the earth that grows a fading gleam.

The sleepy river ripples, ripples ever
Betwixt the old brown wall and meadows trim;
The tideless song of Never, Never, Never
Lulls the wet woods, and ever growing dim
The fields are gray with mist, and slip away
Into the darkness with the dying day.