The Prague Knight

Pale-faced
Guard over the century's splash,
Knight, knight,
Guarding the river.
(Oh, shall I find in her
Peace from lips and hands?!)
Sentry
At the post of partings.
Oaths, rings...
Yes, but like a stone into the river—
How many of us
Over four centuries!
Pass into the water
Free. Let roses bloom!
Cast—I'll cast myself!
There's your revenge!
We won't tire
As long as passion remains!
To avenge with bridges.
Spread wide,
Wings! Into the mud,
Into the foam like brocade!
Bridge timbers
I don't weep over today!
From the fateful bridge
Dare to leap down!
I'm your match,
Prague knight.
Whether sweetness or sorrow
You see more clearly in her,
Knight guarding
The river of days.