

## To Silver Cloud

Oh, Prairie Queen, on memory's wall  
Hang treasured scenes; I oft recall  
Bright scenes that waken bygone days  
That passing time shall not erase;  
Sweet innocence of childhood years,  
Boyhood joys, oft stained in tears.  
Until bleak winter snow was falling.  
I listened oft to hear you calling  
And knew not that thy soul had fled  
To that fair land of yours. You said  
O'er mountain peaks of emerald green  
Bright azure skies were ever seen;  
There lovely birds are ever singing  
Among the bloom, on rushes clinging.  
The silvery sweetness of their song  
Resounding through the Heavens long;  
'Till magic spell of song and chatter  
Blend their mellow notes to water  
Through flowery moss. You said it ran  
And gently dripped, 'till brooks began.  
Then on their limpid feet, and singing,  
Brooklets leap to canyons ringing  
As sweet they sang, and water poured;  
The swelling canyons louder roared  
And waters dash from shore to shore;  
Along their rough and rocky floor  
Angry waves break high and leaping  
Toss their spray on ivy creeping.  
Forest loud with mirth and chatter  
Blend their echoes with the water;  
Where the rivers bright are dancing  
The canyon waters keep advancing;