

The Voice of the River

Amidst abounding fragrance, drawn up
from a hundred dyes,
The waters sleep in guarded bed, where
placid beauty lies ;
The stars let down their lamp-lights and the
mirrored lake adorn,
While the web-foot rests among the reeds
until the call of morn.

Then flowing, swinging, singing, between
the listening trees,
Until the strains resistless the bronzed
boatman seize—
He dreams of dreamy hamlet, of the window
near the stream,
And the song that seals the lovelids, and
dream is answering dream.

Flow on, O wondrous River, o'er the cataract
and the plain,
In organ tones and whispers, thro' gladness
and thro' pain ;