

SPRING ON THE RIVER.

O sun, shine hot on the river ;
For the ice is turning an ashen hue,
And the still bright water is looking through,
And the myriad streams are greeting you
With a ballad of life to the giver,
From forest and field and sunny town,
Meeting and running and tripping down,
With laughter and song to the river.

Oh ! the din on the boats by the river ;
The barges are ringing while day avails,
With sound of hewing and hammering nails,
Planing and painting and swinging pails,
All day in their shrill endeavour ;
For the waters brim over their wintry cup,
And the grinding ice is breaking up,
And we must away down the river.

Oh ! the hum and the toil of the river ;
The ridge of the rapid sprays and skips :
Loud and low by the water's lips,
Tearing the wet pines into strips,
(10)