

THE BROOK

BUBBLE, bubble, little spring,
From thy hidden fountain,
Fresh and pure thy waters fling
Down the darksome mountain.

Clear as ether of the air,
Sweet as the morning dew,
Kissing now the lilies fair,
And now the weeping yew—

Babble, babble, little brook,
O'er golden sand and pebble,
The bird, within her leafy nook,
Dwells on thy silvery treble.

Like childhood, playing on the bank
Of Life's treacherous river,
Warned to shun its waters dank
While romping hither-thither,—

Cradled in thy channel narrow
Thou might'st e'er happy be—
Free from all the gales that harrow
The waters of the sea.