

TO HAZEL.

*By the classic shores of the winding "Kam,"
Where the tasselled birch and the poplars green
Make each sylvan nook seem a fairy lawn,
Where the Kelpies dance 'side the amber sheen.*

Refrain—

*Sweet are the hours I spend there with my darling,
And sweet are the songs my dear Hazel doth sing;
She is the fairest of all the fair blossoms
That bloom in the forest by moss-covered spring.*

*Green are the fields that smile by the river,
And soft is the moss in the forest glades;
Sweet are the songs that roll on forever
From Heaven's own choir in the green leafy shades.
Sweet are the hours, etc.*

*Soft is the tinkle of murmuring rill,
As it wimples past each flower-bedeck'd lawn,
Twisting and creeping around each green hill,
Then losing itself in the arms of the "Kam."
Sweet are the hours, etc.*

*It is there by the forest's mossy glades,
There by the banks of the rolling river,
Dwells Hazel, my pride, and fairest of maids,
'Twas there she promised to be mine forever.
Sweet are the hours, etc.*