

Lines Written on Re-visiting Tryon River After an Absence
of Many Years.

BY JAMES MACDONALD.

Noble River! swiftly gliding,
Hurrying onward, fast and free,
Never tired nor languid, growing
Till thy waters reach the sea;
And the music of thy waters,
As they journey on with glee,
Time seems not in tone to alter
Since I wandered first by thee.

Now the groves thy marge adorning
Are as green as long ago,
When in Life's gay, happy morning,
Did my future brightly glow—
Little deeming that in sadness
I should view thy banks again;
Then my heart was lit with gladness,
And a stranger was to pain.

Here in friendship's social union
Swiftly passed the happy hours,
And the sweets of Love's communion
First I knew within thy bowers;
Now, alas! is lost Love's token,
And no friends their smiles bestow,
For the hand of Time has broken
Bliss I never more can know.

Yet thy waters gliding swiftly,
Flow as constant as before,
And their music sounds as sweetly
As when heard in days of yore;
Would that Love and Friendship lasted,
Constant as thy gentle flow,
Then the hopes had not been blasted—
Fondly cherished long ago.

But farewell! thou gentle river,
And thy banks and braes, adieu!
"Thou hast been a generous giver,"
Thou art still to Nature true;
Hopes may fail and friends may falter,
Love be but an empty name,
Yet however these may alter
Still thou rollest on the same.