

And the singing of the centuries is in our wistful
ear,
As the cataract keeps a-rhyming the story of the
year;
When its prehistoric routine was disturbed by
battle-storm,
Where its silvered wreathings wimple out, in rip-
ples retiform,
As if 'twere brooklet once again, to tell us all aglee
Of the part it played in the long ago as a child of
history.