

## The River.

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BY cliffs grown gray, as men grow gray,  
With weariness and sorrow,  
Awhile I pause, and then away,  
And in the wild and restless Bay  
I lose myself to-morrow,

I turn the wheels of many mills,  
By many islands dally;  
I gossip with the daffodils,  
And to my bosom take the rills  
That from the woodlands sally.