

There are so many signs  
 But no two will agree.  
 The chief (they filial now)  
 To guide them, they do seek  
 His love, glad to allow—  
 He guides them, being meek.

LINES TO THE BEAVER RIVER.

O WHERE is your spirit, you gay laughing stream,  
 I'm wont to stand here on your banks in a dream;  
 Pray, do you bring tidings which I cannot learn?  
 O can it be tidings of Gerda's return?

There once, my sweet Gerda, by yon cedars green  
 Made that dear old Beaver your banks' noblest scene;  
 You surely her bright glowing face do not lack,  
 O tell me, sweet river, is Gerda come back?

The tears I have shed like the dark summer rain,  
 Are shed, dear old Beaver, on your stream in vain;  
 But if Gerda's tears could but fall on your breast  
 You'd stay here with her and in mourning be blest.

The paintings of Gerda you often did love,  
 And if one sweet lily did peer through your wave,  
 I know you would cast it upon this cold shore,  
 And weep for my Gerda who'll meet you no more.

But where is your spirit, you gay laughing stream?  
 Why woe ye the wild duck 'mid chick-a-dee scream?  
 Your snowy banks all glittering now sigh and frown?  
 O, have you forgotten that Gerda is gone?