



THERE'S a roaring up the river,
The water rises high,
The bridges shake and quiver
As mammoth blocks go by ;
And giant trees are breaking,
There are noises all about,
You'd think the earth was shaking

When
the
ice
goes
out.

O'er woodland, field and fences
The foaming waters boil ;
Earth has no vain pretences
When ice-blocks plow the soil ;
And from the schoolhouse fleeting
The children gaily shout,
To everyone they're meeting,

" See,
the
ice
goes
out ! "

On bank and stream and river,
Among the forest trees,
That, bending, shake and quiver
Before the icy breeze.
So long we have been wishing
For spring—and without doubt
It makes a way for fishing

When
the
ice
goes
out.

A March

Rhapsody

