

UP THE RIVER.

She glides along past the cliffs so grey,
With water blue between,
So raise her a cheer a right good cheer,
The steamer Island Queen.

UP THE RIVER.

I am rowing up the river,
Where the sunbeams dance and quiver,
Laying out a sheet of silver

On the blue.

Past the cliffs and slopes and highlands,
Past the green tree-covered islands,
Shutting out the skies' clear azure

From my view.

There are cliffs and there are beaches,
With their yellow sandy reaches,
Where the river shells lie buried

In the sand.