

THE MEETING OF THE WATERS

THERE is not in the wide world a valley so sweet
 As that vale in whose bosom the bright waters¹ meet;
 Oh! the last rays of feeling and life must depart,
 Ere the bloom of that valley shall fade from my heart.

Yet it was not that Nature had shed o'er the scene⁵
 Her purest of crystal and brightest of green;
 'Twas not her soft magic of streamlet or hill,
 Oh, no! it was something more exquisite still.

'Twas that friends, the beloved of my bosom, were near,
 Who made each dear scene of enchantment more dear,¹⁰
 And who felt how the best charms of Nature improve
 When we see them reflected from looks that we love.

Sweet Vale of Avoca! how calm could I rest
 In thy bosom of shade, with the friends I love best,
 Where the storms that we feel in this cold world should¹⁵
 cease,

And our hearts, like thy waters, be mingled in peace.

THOMAS MOORE.

THE BURIAL OF MOSES²

By Nebo's lonely mountain,
 On this side Jordan's wave,
 In a vale in the land of Moab
 There lies a lonely grave;

¹ **Bright waters**—The Rivers Arvon and Avoca. "The meeting of the waters forms a part of that beautiful scenery which lies between Rathdrum and Arklow, in the County of Wicklow, and these lines were suggested by a visit to this romantic spot in the summer of the year 1807."

² **The Burial of Moses**—Read *Deuteronomy xxxii.*, 48-50 and *xxxiv.*, 3-6.