



'Tis Ever Thus.

There's a clear yet mystic meaning
In nature's every voice
That bids the joyous mourn
And the mourner to rejoice :
There is solace and a sadness
By the spirit keenly felt
As its tone comes free and soothing
Or in anguish harshly dealt.
The streamlet of the valley
In its gently rippling glide
Has a thousand magic charms
For the peaceful by its side,
And the heart that's ever restless
No greater pleasures thrill
Than the furious bounding music
Of the mountain's frantic rill ;