

TO THE TRENT.

LEAPING, rushing, gliding river,
Smiling, singing, do you know
Why you set my heart a-quiver?
Why you give me thrilling glow?
Why since first your charms enthralled me,
Life has known a rapture now?
Why your magic ever called me
Through the years to come to you?

I can see your wavelets gleaming,
As the sunshine lit each crest,
While I sit here fondly dreaming
Of the hour supremely blest,
When I learned life's sweetest story
On that happy day in June,
When my heart with rhythmic glory
First beat time to love's sweet tune.

Briar roses, lilies yellow,
On your banks in beauty grew;
Thrushes sang their music mellow
O'er your waters clear and blue,