

❖ LINES ADDRESSED TO THE RIVER ❖
ON ITS LATE CLOSING.

What aileth thee gentle river
Canst thou not hush thy throbbings in this December
weather
As thou hast done in former years, where hast thou found
thy gathered tears?
One morning I arose from off my bed,
And lo a silver sheet was o'er thy bosom spread,
And gazing on thee, to myself I said,
How kind, gentle river, thus quietly to sleep,
While still thy murmuring waters underneath their vigils
keep
Thou knowest 'tis time to lay, boat oars and sails away,
That children should no longer, in thy chilling waters play.
Sleep on; sleep on, till April's gentle falling rain
Shall wake thee into life again,
Another morn I wake, and yet again I say,
River what aileth thee
Why hast thou thrust thy coverings all away,
Art thou like the bewildered buds and flowers
Who dreaming Springtime had returned again
Have wasted so much sweetness on the Autumn hours,
And found too late, all had been spent in vain,
Or has some visiting angel whispered thee.