

The Voice of the River

Sing with the forest psalmody, wave with
the waving gold ;
Aged, passing—young, abiding—as in the
years of old.

Thy deep resounding thunder : is it anger
of the heart ?

The sighing of thy flowing : is it love from
love apart ?

I have longed thy speech to fathom, to make
its meaning mine—

O song of joy and sadness, thy voice is power
divine !