

The MEETING of the WATERS

THERE IS NOT IN THIS WIDE WORLD
A VALLEY SO SWEET
AS THAT VALE IN WHOSE BOSOM
THE BRIGHT WATERS MEET
OH THE LAST RAYS OF FEELING
AND LIFE MUST DEPART
ERE THE BLOOM OF THAT VALLEY
SHALL FADE FROM MY HEART
ERE THE BLOOM OF THAT VALLEY
SHALL FADE FROM MY HEART

YET IT WAS NOT THAT NATURE
HAD SHED O'ER THE SCENE
HER PUREST OF CRYSTAL
AND BRIGHTEST OF GREEN
'T WAS NOT HER SOFT MAGIC
OF STREAMLET OR HILL
OH NO - IT WAS SOMETHING
MORE EXQUISITE STILL
OH NO - IT WAS SOMETHING
MORE EXQUISITE STILL

'T WAS THAT FRIENDS, THE BELOVED
OF MY BOSOM, WERE NEAR
WHO MADE EVERY DEAR SCENE
OF ENCHANTMENT MORE DEAR
AND WHO FELT HOW THE BEST CHARMS
OF NATURE IMPROVE
WHEN WE SEE THEM REFLECTED
FROM LOOKS THAT WE LOVE
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
WHEN THE STORMS THAT WE FEEL
IN THIS COLD WORLD SHOULD CEASE
AND OUR HEARTS, LIKE THY WATERS,
BE MINGLED IN PEACE
AND OUR HEARTS, LIKE THY WATERS,
BE MINGLED IN PEACE!