

Know ye not that Lovely River

by Gerald Griffin

Know ye not that lovely river?
Know ye not that smiling river?
Whose gentle flood,
By cliff and wood
With wildering sound goes winding ever.
Oh! often yet with feeling strong,
On that dear stream my memory ponders,
And still I prize its murmuring song,
For by my childhood's home it wanders.
Know ye not, &c.

There's music in each wind that flows
Within our native woodland breathing;
There's beauty in each flower that blows
Around our native woodland wreathing,
The memory of the brightest joys
In childhood's happy morn that found us,
Is dearer than the richest toys,
The present vainly sheds around us.
Know ye not, &c.

Oh, sister! when 'mid doubts and fears,
That haunt life's onward journey ever,
I turn to those departed years,
And that beloved and lonely river;
With sinking mind and bosom riven,
And heart with lonely anguish aching;
It needs my long-taught hope in heaven
To keep this weary heart from breaking!
Know ye not, &c.