

THE CALLATIN RIVER

What's this comes tumbling down between the hills
With merry laughter and a million rills,
Aspiring to a life more full and free
In its onward rush to the great deep sea?
Oh well, before you reach your goal
Some sad experiences await your soul,
For these restless waters now pure and clear
That have slaked the thirst of elk and deer
And been the home of the mountain trout,
Moistening the fields in times of drought,
Must mix with the commerce of busy men
And be chained in the mire again and again.
But onward you go like true men of this earth
Who forgetting self and their gentle birth,
Mixing with crime and unhallowed strife
Add their lustre to this old world's life.

By Samuel Comly