

Meeting Of The Waters

D **G** **A7** **D**
There is not in this wide world a valley so sweet
G **D** **A7**
As that vale in whose bosom the bright waters meet,
G **D** **A7**
Oh! the last rays of feeling and life must depart
D **G** **A7** **G** **A7**
Ere the bloom of that valley shall fade from my heart.
D **G** **A7** **G** **D**
Ere the bloom of that valley shall fade my heart.

Yet it was not that Nature had shed o'er the scene
Her purest of crystal and brightest of green
'Twas not her soft magic of streamlet or hill
Oh! no, it was something more exquisite still.

'Twas that friends, the beloved of my bosom were near
Who made every dear scene of enchantment more dear
And who felt that the best charms of nature improve
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
Where the storms that we feel in this cold world should cease
And our hearts, like thy waters, be mingled in peace.