

# John McDermott, The Metting Of The Waters

There is not in the wild world a valley so sweet,  
As the 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;  
"Twas not her soft magic of streamlet or rill,  
Oh! no, it was something more exquisite still.  
Oh! no, it was something more exquisite still.  
"Twas that friends, the belov'd 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,  
Where the storm 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.