

November 29, 1939

## THE RIVER

Through the thick and thorny brambles  
Treading down on crunchy leaves,  
Underneath the outspread branches  
Where no sigh the human heaves,  
Let me go toward the river,  
To the river dark and deep,  
Where the cares of human sorrow  
Dormant, never wake from sleep.

Peaceful river, still and silent,  
Ah, how often have you seen  
In your deep enchanted waters  
Through your ripples clear, serene,  
Oh, how much of pain and longing  
Which the air about you stills,  
Vanishes, a night-dark raven  
Disappearing through the hills.

Every dawn you see the sun rise  
O'er a world of sighing souls,  
Tiny little selfish people  
Reaching for their petty goals,  
Every night you watch the moonbeams  
Light a world of constant strife,  
Where each crowded little person  
Tries to live his meagre life.

Yet to all these hapless humans  
You bring joy and hope and love,  
Radiant in your solemn beauty,  
Glorious as the skies above,  
Peaceful river, sweet and soothing,  
'Ere you reach the far-off bay,  
Try with all your charm and stillness,  
Try to ease my pain away.