

## **“Two Rivers” by Ralph Waldo Emerson**

Thy summer voice, Musketaquit,  
Repeats the music of the rain;  
But sweeter rivers pulsing flit  
Through thee, as thou through the Concord Plain.

Thou in thy narrow banks art pent:  
The stream I love unbounded goes  
Through flood and sea and firmament;  
Through light, through life, it forward flows.

I see the inundation sweet,  
I hear the spending of the steam  
Through years, through men, through Nature fleet,  
Through love and thought, through power and dream.

Musketaquit, a goblin strong,  
Of shard and flint makes jewels gay;  
They lose their grief who hear his song,  
And where he winds is the day of day.

So forth and brighter fares my stream,—  
Who drink it shall not thirst again;  
No darkness taints its equal gleam,  
And ages drop in it like rain.