



A SONG TO THE BRUN

Flow gently, Brun, by meadows
 Of tall and waving grass,
Thy face in merry sunshine,
 So like transparent glass;
The rushes and the bushes,
 Which skirt thy winding course,
Like saints, seem ever praising,
 The Power that gives thy source.

*Flow gently, dear old Brun,
 O'er rocky bed, 'neath radiant sun;
Flow gently, dear old Brun,
 With ceasing time shall end thy run.*

The soaring lark and blackbird
 Are heard thy banks along,
And praise thy flowing fountains,
 In sweet harmonious song;
The buttercup and daisy
 Bend o'er thy smiling face,
As if thou wert a mirror,
 Reflecting flowery grace.

Thy waters, clear and brimming,
 With finny tribes are rife,
The cattle find thee wholesome,
 Thy draughts instilling life;
And though at times thou ragest,
 Thy face wears angry frown,
We think whilst thou art grander
 The wrath is not thine own.

When shadows of night have fallen,
The sun is lost to view,
The birds and bees are silent
And gently falls the dew.
'Tis there, when silvery moonbeams
Are lighting on thy face,
The sift sweet words are spoken
That weld the human race.

Thy name in ancient story
Is writ with honour bright;
For thee would brave the battle
The peasant and the knight.
The scholar with his learning
Could with the world compare,
Thy maidens ever queenly
Are famed for beauty rare.

The Church of our forefathers
Has stood for centuries long
On thy green banks, old river,
Mid tempests wild and strong.
The bride on whom the sun shone
Would fondly at thee peep,
The silent dead, thy murmurings
Would lullaby to sleep.

The forms of prattling children
Thy banks who lightly trod
Are aged now, and bending,
And some lie 'neath the sod;
Some eyes there are a-weary,
Some hearts that may be sad,
But lisp thy name, old river,
And eyes and hearts are glad.

From *Tales of the Brun* by **George Hindle (1896)**