

Poetical Tributes to the Conestoga River.

Mr. F. R. Diffenderffer's paper, "A Plea for the Conestoga River," read before the Lancaster County Historical Society at the January meeting, seems not only to have struck a popular chord in public sentiment, but also to have called forth several poetical tributes of unusual merit in honor of our beautiful river. At the April meeting of the Executive Committee, the Historical Society's attention was called to these poems, whereupon it was, on motion, decided to place them on permanent record by giving them a place in the regular proceedings of the Society. They are accordingly herewith presented:

To the Conestoga River, near Lancaster, in June.

Within the shadow which the foliage throws
The drowsing cattle by the waters dream;
The white arms of the trees above thee gleam,
And on thy slopes the ripening harvest glows;
From meadows of the hay the fragrance blows
Sweeter than all Arabia! . . . What a theme
For revery thou art, O pastoral stream,
Idyllic in thy beauty and repose!

Nine arches hath thy Bridge of classic mould—
One for each Muse—clear-mirrored on thy breast;
Amid this quiet of the evening hours
Tranquil thou flowest toward yon waste of gold,
Where, shadowed 'gainst the fulgence of the West,
The stately College lifts her clustered towers.

Suggested by a paper on the Conestoga "River," read before the Lancaster County Historical Society, January 5, 1912, by F. R. Diffenderffer, Litt.D.

The Conestoga River.

Air—"Afton Water."

Let writers exalt in their prose and their rhymes
The classical rivers of other famed climes,
Although I may often submit to their thrall
My own Conestoga is dearer than all.

Serene Conestoga, since first as a child
I looked on thy waters so gentle and mild
They roused in my fancy such love and such lore
As never can weaken till I am no more.

My own Conestoga, my roving afar
Has only more taught me how lovely you are;
Of all the grand rivers revealed to my gaze
There is not another deserving your praise.

Well-loved Conestoga, both guardian and guide,
Why should not I prize you all rivers beside?
You found me my true love, and happy were we
While often we wandered communing with thee.

Flow on, Conestoga, unvex'd through thy course
With Beauty around thee from outlet to source;
May Plenty her smiles on your people increase
Forever rejoicing in Progress and Peace.

Alas, Conestoga, how brief is our day:
We come—and we live—and we soon pass away;
But you, gentle river, forever remain,
The queen of the county secure in your reign.

Farewell, Conestoga, so dear to my heart,
Tho' on my last journey I soon must depart
It cheers me to know that your watch you will keep
Around where I rest in my measureless sleep.

JAMES D. LAW.

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