



WAPPINGER'S CREEK.

“ There is a spell which oftentimes comes
E'en in our gayest hours ;
And mem'ries spring to life and light,
As summer buds to flowers.”

The good old homes of Dutchess,
Ah ! very few now stand,
As progress and wealth in gorgeous dress
Ride trampling o'er the land.

I sing of one of those where peace
Was found in ancient days ;
Which bids my soul rise up and bless
My God for all my ways.
