

# A Triple City Lyric.

Nellie J. Thomas.

Fair Triple City of the South:  
Sun kissed and Ocean sprayed,  
Lulled by the murmur of its waves  
By God's own hand stayed.

You rear your lofty Oaks on high,  
Most beautiful to view:  
Festooned with mosses, limbs and branches,  
And kissed by Heaven's dew.

Your Palms so grand, wave in the breeze:  
Or stand in stately pride,  
While over yonder past its banks:  
You watch the river glide.

You offer quietude and rest  
To those who seek your shores:  
Unnumbered beauties every where,  
To see, is to adore.