

Great bridges span your river wide:
Yachts on her bosom float:
Swift-white winged Planes invade the air
Its progress to denote.

Each Triple City has its charm:
By Nature given, or man endowed:
The salt breeze floating over all:
And over all the sun and cloud.

We wander through the shady streets:
Or join the idle passing throng:
Watching the beauties of the hour:
Or listening to the birds sweet song:

But best of all your charms to me:
Placed by the Father's hand:
Is great Old Ocean rolling in
Wave upon wave, upon the sand.

I care not what its mood may be:
Whether of calm or storm it tells:
My heart is stirred by Gods great power.
I know "He doeth all things well."