

(editor's note: This paper was transcribed from a handwritten cursive copy with various difficulties. For a perfect rendition, the reader might wish to consult the original, itself a copy, in the volume entitled *Literary Club Papers*, Dec 20, 1890 to May 30, 1891)

The Cascades

from the French

Down leap the Cascades with disheveled hair;
Where lies the smiling Valley there;—
They wear the resistless rock away,
They fright the firs on either side.
They glad the forests, somber, wide.
As they bound In their frantic play!

2

How drunken with joy, the wild waves tear on!
Bounding, twisting, twirling along!
Stopping a moment to toss in Spray,
How these mad hearted maidens go,
Free daughters of mountains of snow;—
All fearless and reckless away!

3

Where are ye going, mad maidens, tell me?
Why such unrest, such agony?
When sleep in the Lake is waiting for ye?
“O leave Sleep and Death to the Dead!
We hear the tide call from its bed.
And we rush to the boundless Sea!”

Charles Dexter
March 28th 1891