

# **IN THE VALLEY OF CAUTERETZ**

ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON

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All along the valley, stream that flashest white,  
Deepening thy voice with the deepening of the night,  
All along the valley, where thy waters flow,  
I walk'd with one I loved two and thirty years ago.  
All along the valley, while I walk'd to-day,  
The two and thirty years were a mist that rolls away;  
For all along the valley, down thy rocky bed,  
Thy living voice to me was as the voice of the dead,  
And all along the valley, by rock and cave and tree,  
The voice of the dead was a living voice to me.