

SONG OF NIAGARA.

O FOR the roar of the water's loud pour—

Niagara! Niagara!

O for the voice on the shelvy, far shore—

Niagara! Niagara!

From the wide demon-stretch, through thick and thin,

The wild, white horses come galloping in,

Through mystical, musical, mirthful din—

Niagara! Niagara!

O for the rush and the brush of thy waves—

Niagara! Niagara!

And the sounding hymns in thy deep-stoned caves—

Niagara! Niagara!

Thy soul lies asleep on Music's fine breast,

And, on green billows, the moonbeams pale nest.

To be near thee—it is joy, it is rest—

Niagara! Niagara!

O for the brine and the glimmer and shine—

Niagara! Niagara!

The shimmer and sheen on the long sea-line—

Niagara! Niagara!