

# POETICAL LINES.

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## TO NIAGARA.

WRITTEN AT THE FIRST SIGHT OF ITS FALLS,

*August 13, 1837.*

HAIL! Sovereign of the world of floods! whose majesty and might  
First dazzles, then enraptures, then o'erawes the aching sight:  
The pomp of kings and emperors, in every clime and zone,  
Grows dim beneath the splendour of thy glorious watery throne.

No fleets can stop thy progress, no armies bid thee stay,  
But onward,—onward,—onward,—thy march still holds its way;  
The rising mists that veil thee as thy heralds go before,  
And the music that proclaims thee is the thund'ring cataract's roar.

Thy diadem's an emerald, of the clearest, purest hue,  
Set round with waves of snow-white foam, and spray of feathery dew;  
While tresses of the brightest pearls float o'er thine ample sheet,  
And the rainbow lays its gorgeous gems in tribute at thy feet.

Thy reign is from the ancient days, thy sceptre from on high;  
Thy birth was when the distant stars first lit the glowing sky;  
The sun, the moon, and all the orbs that shine upon thee now,  
Beheld the wreath of glory which first bound thine infant brow

And from that hour to this, in which I gaze upon thy stream,  
From age to age, in Winter's frost or Summer's sultry beam,  
By day, by night, without a pause, thy waves, with loud acclaim,  
In ceaseless sounds have still proclaim'd the Great Eternal's name.

For whether, on thy forest banks, the Indian of the wood,  
Or, since his day, the red man's foe on his fatherland has stood;  
Whoe'er has seen thine incense rise, or heard thy torrents roar,  
Must have knelt before the God of all, to worship and adore.

Accept, then, O Supremely Great! O Infinite! O God!  
From this primeval altar, the green and virgin sod,  
The humble homage that my soul in gratitude would pay  
To Thee whose shield has guarded me through all my wandering way.