

Your sights astonish, and your roar appals!
 Night, from her ebon wings, the darkness throws,
 And brooding o'er your scenes, demands repose;
 The skies frown heavily —, the stars are hid,
 Or gleam, as pass, some cloudy pyramid.
 Hush'd, are the zephyrs, which I sung of yore,
 And hollow, moaning blasts, invade the shore!
 Niagara ! thy darkling floods appear,
 To rush with greater force, as if in fear.
 Methinks I hear, strange voices join thy song,
 And sounds unearthly float, thy shores along.
 Huge shadowy forms, on falling torrents ride,
 Sport over thy abyss, and down thy rapids glide:
 Visions, from worlds beyond the grave intrude;
 Awful,—appalling, as its solitude.
 All gloomy things are met, with dread oppress'd,
 Wild trains of thought, invade my troubled breast—
 Thoughts, of those youthful hopes, of earthly bliss,
 Which long have vanish'd; lost in time's abyss:
 Of Death—the Grave—Eternity—of all,
 That can exalt, or can the soul enthrall!
 My task is done! Here will I end my lays,
 And of thy Great Creator, muse the praise.

FINIS.