

Gift of United Empire
Loyalists' Association
of Ontario

THE THUNDER OF WATERS

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I.



I am the flood gates between neighboring
states,

And sever the waters in twain
That flow through great lakes, and in hill
and vale takes

Its source in the Laurentian.

The racing rapids above, rush, jostle and shove,
And run at a furious pace,

Then, nearing my ledge, leap over the edge,
Like steeds in a steeple chase.

When the floods break asunder, they roar like
thunder

As over my ledge they flow,
And roll in their might all day and all night,
In a termagant strife below.

Lying there at my feet in the chasm they beat,
Where in fury they're lashed to foam
'Gainst stray fallen blocks of shattered old rocks,
And in agony writhe and moan.