

In sweetest melody. Not e'en is heard
The scorpion's hiss of hate, nor from his dark
Abode the midnight owl's complaint All, all
Is lone and silent, and in that stillness dread.

 Aeons have come and gone, yea, time has
 grown

To manhood, since, in youth, thee I beheld,
Laurentia! Above the boundless flood
Thou rose slowly, majestically! Along
The beach the rushing waters swept: far o'er
The land the tidal waters crept. All was
A waste. No tree, no shrub, no grass was seen,
No song of birds was heard, no voice of man
Or beast. Above the surging deep, lifting
Athwart the sky his fiery columns bright,
Surmounted high with clouds of ebony,
Sat Vulcan. Far o'er the land, across
The troubled sea, stilling the ocean in
Its roughest mood, his awful voice resounded:
With blows of thundering might he smote the
 Earth
Till her foundations shook. The mountains
 reeled