

And the bird peeped out of a pine tree tower,
And shrank away at the sight,
The humming-bird fled to his rose-hung bower,
The bright bee curled himself snug in a flower,
O'ertaken by fear and fright.

And the river which rolled for ages, still
In a gentle flow unruven,
Now bears on its bosom by man's proud will,
By the arts of industry and skill,
The blessings to mortals given.

Over its billows the steamboats tread,
With their waters rushing high,
Or the snowy sail to the wind is spread,
As the noble bark on her way is sped
To the crowded city nigh.

Oh river bright, we sail over thy breast,
Once bearing wood runners wild;
But the birds who built on the bank their nest,
Have fled long ago to the boundless west,
From thee and from man exiled.