

Wild angry floods; and sheets of foam,
That baffle all description.

Here—like a statue I would stand,
And gaze with speechless wonder ;
Till thoughts like giant mountains rise,
To tear my soul asunder.

Here—doubtless the wild savage stood,
Lost in deep contemplation ;
Imbibing with thine awful roar,
The loftiest inspiration.

Lives there a man beneath heaven's vault—
A heartless, soulless creature ;
Who can, without emotion view
This peerless scene of nature ?

Come here, ye proud, and dare with it,
Your puny strength to measure ;
And learn the matchless might of Him,
Who formed it of His pleasure.

