

There the smooth lake its glassy bosom shows,
Calm as the wearied spirit's last repose ;
Here frowns the beetling rock high o'er the tide,
Fanned by the branches of the forest's pride ;
Here gently sloping banks of emerald dye
Kiss the pure waves that on them softly lie,
While buoyant flowers, the lakes' unsullied daughters,
Lift their bright leaves above the sparkling waters.
There foams the torrent down the rocky steep,
Rushing away to mingle with the deep,
Shaded by leaves and flowers of various hues ;
Here the small rill its noiseless path pursues,
While in its waves wild buds as gently dip
As kisses fall on sleeping Beauty's lip.

So blooms our country—and in ages past,
Such the bright robe that Nature round her cast,
Ere the soft impress of Improvement's hand,
By science guided, had adorned the land ;
Ere her wild beauties were by culture graced,
Or art had touched what Nature's pencil traced ;
When on her soil the dusky Savage stray'd,
Lord of the loveliness his eye survey'd ;
When through the leafy grove and sylvan dell,
His fearful shout or funeral chant would swell,
While death notes breathed on every passing gale,
And blood bedew'd the flowers that sprung along the vale.

But let us pause, nor deem the labor vain,
O'er scenes which never can return again.
From shore to shore see stately woods extend,
And to the wave their verdant shadows lend,