

And with his note acute the whip-poor-will
 Begins his night-song 'neath the spreading bush
 And rouses echo from the neighbouring wood
 To whistle back his music, sharp and shrill,
 That ceases not till morn. The fire-fly starts
 Out from the sedgy covert where he lay
 Secure and hidden while the glowing sun
 His bright effulgence poured upon the earth,
 And flies abroad, and lights his tiny lamp,
 Ambitious to be seen. Along the stream
 Smoothly meandering 'twixt its banks, he shows
 His little ray; or where the marshy soil,
 Luxuriant shoots its reedy burthen up.

VII.

Brilliant with clustering stars deep night comes on,
 And calm and placid all; and undisturbed,
 I fain would wend my solitary way
 Beside the river's brink, or by the shore
 O'erlooking far the broad expanse of some
 Of our huge inland seas. The surface smooth
 And mirror-faced, reflects the empyrean vault,
 And seems a heaven beneath, the counterpart
 Of that above, with all its starry hosts:
 For now the waters are at rest and peace.
 Perhaps Niagara in the distance breaks,
 With voice suppressed, the deep repose of night—
 Voices of thunder rolling far away,
 Subdued and sad, in long continuous peal,
 Unbroken as the stream that rushes down
 The rocky steep. That everlasting voice!
 That noise of many waters' ceaseless roar,
 That broke forth with Creation! still pours forth
 Its thunder in its undiminished strength!
 And still the mighty river rushes down
 The rocky steep, and boils, and foams, and lifts
 Aloft its cloudy banner to the sky.
 What is the symbol that huge banner bears?
 It is the Bow of Promise and of Peace,
 In light proceeding from the Source of light,
 And backward from the cloudy pillar thrown,
 To say that God His covenant remembers,
 His covenant with man and with the earth.