

How wildly swells the craggy height !
Whence the rough torrent, rushing bright,
In morning's gay reflected beams,
A sheet of burnished silver seems ;
With bickering wave, and foaming spray
In columns rising to the day ;
While, midst the far resounding roar
The dark plumed eagles proudly soar ;
Commingling, with the discord rude
That wakes the mountain solitude,
Their rustling pinion's heavy sound ;
Their bodeing, and terrific scream ;—
Re-echoing o'er the cliff profound ;
Startling the owlet from his dream,
Where, in the darkest wood, supreme