
Here in September you may safely stray
Where the strong current sweeps in early May,
Inspect each hollow niche and flood-formed cell
And cull from rocky chink the sweet "blue bell;"
Tall forest trees, and logs of every form
Washed by the waves and battered by the storm
Fungus o'er those rocks lie rudely cast away
To bleach unheeded in the sunny ray.

We leave the falls, with minds impressed with
awe.

Delighted and improved by all we saw,
And down the peaceful stream we float away,
While "Home, sweet Home" becomes the closing
lay.