

Far into the rolling river.  
Dark that hour as Egypt's darkness  
Save when lightning pierced the blackness ;  
Mingled roar of swollen torrent  
With the crash of fallen timbers ;  
Loud the hoarser thunders bellowed ;  
But above the storm and torrent,  
As he hastened up the valley  
With the brand of Cain upon him,  
Ever in his ear was ringing  
That last dying shriek of Laura.  
Sank the night behind the mountains  
And the sun rolled slowly upward  
To a sky by clouds unspotted.  
Calmly forward swept the river :  
Many a silv'ry laughing cascade  
Waved aloft its tiny rainbow ;  
Through the trees there went a murmur,  
Full of peace and full of beauty.  
None might think a night so awful  
Could precede so fair a dawning.  
So the day grew old and older  
Till the shadows of the twilight  
Gathered round the quiet village,  
When a crew of nightly fishers  
Found the ghastly form of Laura  
Floating in a little eddy  
Close beside the village landing.  
Many a wild, unfounded rumor,  
Many a random, vain conjecture,  
Filled the people with excitement ;  
But at last the fatal whisper  
Went abroad, that Norma met her  
In the forest by the river.