

And o'er the bright and cloudless skies
Their colum'd vapors spread.

'Mid elements of fearful strife.
That mock man's feeble pow'r,
Hope springs triumphant into life,
Cradl'd in horror's bow'r.

O'er writhing clouds of vexed spray,
All lovely and serene,
The peace-vouchsafed rainbows lay
To glorify the scene.

But, O ! that scene of might sublime,
What mortal may express ?
As issues forth the voice of time,
From the lone wilderness.

List, list ! the blackbird's mellow note,
In richest warblings fall,
To where, o'er Clutha, as they float,
The wand'rer's thoughts recall.