

And hung them on the trees where Summer's reign,  
But now disputed, seemed not yet to wane,  
We sought that narrow chasm's rocky side,  
Where Montmorenci pours its headlong tide--  
Those clear, brown waters from their forest home  
Rush down begemmed with floating wreaths of foam.  
On either hand a dense and leafy shade,  
Silent as death the thick-wove branches made ;  
While to our ears the torrent's deadened roar,  
Heard through the stillness, seemed to still it more :  
Here—so the fancy crossed me as I stood—  
Some hermit should be blessed in solitude ;  
Here the light song of birds must seldom come,  
Here the brisk squirrel would not choose his home,  
Flowers bloom not here, but Nature's wildest mood  
Speaks from the hoary rocks, the dusky flood.  
Yet over all so strange a charm is thrown  
(One that abides when brighter charms are flown),  
You well might deem the spirit of the place,  
Disdaining Summer's loveliness and grace,  
Chose this secluded spot to show her power,  
And bade it please alike in every hour.  
What consolation save the highest, best  
Has such a charm to cheer the harassed breast,  
As Nature's silent sympathy bestows,  
Glad in our pleasure, mournful in our woes?