

N I A G A R A.

Flow on for ever, in thy glorious robe
 Of terror and of beauty. Yea, flow on,
 Unfathom'd and resistless. God hath set
 His rainbow on thy forehead, and the cloud
 Mantled around thy feet. And He doth give
 Thy voice of thunder power to speak of Him
 Eternally—bidding the lip of man
 Keep silence, and upon thine altar pour
 Incense of awe-struck praise.

Earth fears to lift

The insect trump that tells her trifling joys
 Or fleeting triumphs, 'mid the peal sublime
 Of thy tremendous hymn. Proud Ocean shrinks
 Back from thy brotherhood, and all his waves
 Retire abash'd. For he hath need to sleep,
 Sometimes, like a spent labourer, calling home
 His boisterous billows, from their vexing play,
 To a long dreary calm: but thy strong tide
 Faints not, nor e'er with failing heart forgets
 Its everlasting lesson, night nor day.
 The morning stars, that hail'd creation's birth,
 Heard thy hoarse anthem mixing with their song,
 Jehovah's name; and the dissolving fires,
 That wait the mandate of the day of doom
 To wreck the earth, shall find it deep inscribed
 Upon thy rocky scroll.

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Lo! yon birds,

How bold! they venture near, dipping their wing
 In all thy mist and foam. Perchance 'tis meet
 For them to touch thy garment's hem, or stir
 Thy diamond wreath, who sport upon the cloud
 Unblamed, or warble at the gate of heaven
 Without reproof. But as for us, it seems