

That, restless, beats on Erie's rugged rocks,
 Roused by the gale of noon, or tumbles rough
 Round the projecting point where Huron's shores,
 Winding along, stretch with indentures deep;
 Or where Ontario spreads his blue expanse,
 Begirt with rugged stones. The listening ear
 Pays willing homage to the soothing sound
 That breaks at intervals the solemn pause
 Of sober evening—first abrupt, then low,
 Retreating, dying, till succeeding waves
 Waken afresh the melancholy roar,
 Half slumbering on the bosom of the night:
 And the hoarse bull-frog from his stagnant pool
 Chimes to its murmur, solemn, deep, and grave;
 While with his note acute, the whippoorwill
 Begins his night-song 'neath the spreading bush,
 And rouses echo from the neighbouring wood:
 To whistle back his uncouth melody,
 That ceases not till morn. The fire-fly starts
 Out from his sedgy covert where he lay
 Secure while Phoebus shew'd his golden eye,
 And flies abroad, and lights his tiny lamp,
 Ambitious to be seen. Along the stream,
 Smooth gliding 'twixt its peaceful banks, he shews
 His little ray, or where the marshy soil
 Shoots up its reedy burthen. All the air
 Is presently illumined with the sparks
 Of insect flame, that, like a shooting star,
 Dart in a train of fire, and disappear
 But to be seen again. When evening comes
 With clustering stars, how pleasant 'tis to walk
 Beside the river's brink—the surface smooth
 And mirror faced, reflects th'empyrean vault
 And seems a heaven below, the counterpart
 Of that above:—to hear the dashing oar
 That breaks the glassy bosom of the wave,
 Which not a zephyr dimples, while the barge
 Is passing by with music half obscured
 Behind the whitish mist that hovers low
 Upon the placid surface of the stream;
 Harmonic numbers swell the trembling air
 That wafts the breathing melody of flute.