

So on thy heights, and long thro' ages gone,
The golden day-beams of that sun have shone :
And o'er thy solitudes, thro' future time,
Will light the summits of thy scenes sublime.
But suns will shine, and heat will glow in vain,
For life comes not, will never come again.
This was, is now, must be a blighted land
Till changed, till bless'd by an Almighty hand.

XI.

Methinks I see, in waking dream,
The voyagers upon that stream,
In future ages, thro' all time,
As pilgrims hail this wondrous clime.
Ascending there, on many a morn,
Far generations, yet unborn,
Will view with awe each sterile height,
From beam of dawn to starry night.
And trusting youth, which knows no fears,
With gladdened eye, undimm'd by tears,
May breathe soft vows, their songs of praise,
With sunny hope of early days.
But they will pass, are passing now,
With woe-worn heart and furrowed brow,