

The screaming birds, low-flying, seek their nests,  
The swaying sport of panic and the gale,  
The tall trees, trembling, bend their creaking crests ;  
The ramping engine shrieks upon the rail—  
How helpless all things seem ! how poor, how frail !  
Until the welkin warfare's awful knell  
Is voice of all below in piteous wail.  
Alas ! for him who toils in Erie's swell,  
And for the timid soul which loveth life too well !

Still roars the thunder, still the skies are rent  
With frenzied flame,—the swift electric chain,  
Jerked clanging backward when its charge is spent.  
Such overhead ; but now upon the plain  
There is a lull, a listening for the rain.  
The air grows still ; she feels 'twill not be long ;  
Like to a poet when o'er heart and brain  
The stern, relentless tyranny of Wrong  
In knolling tumult broods.—He knows 'twill break in song

And now at last it comes, crashing and cool  
And sweet ; well for the earth and what is sowed !  
Well for the harvest ! See, it fills the pool,  
In little streams goes leaping down the road.  
And now the winds are joyous, and they goad  
Their fallen foe, until he half repeats  
His former fury.—One might think it snowed.  
And sweep from the roofs like dust from driven streets,  
The spirits of the storm, wrapt in their winding-sheets.