

I see beneath the midnight skies,  
The toiling Beavers gnaw the trees ;  
I see their dam and lodges rise,  
Like Venice from the coyling seas.  
Down where th' invading tide has spread  
His slime along my sandstone bed.  
I hear the crane's wild croaking ring—  
Sure mark that storms are on the wing.  
But, O the joy I prized the most—  
A joy the dearer, for 'tis lost,  
Was to behold my children swarm  
In pool and stream, not dreading harm.  
And O ! to see them when the night  
Threw o'er the pools her summer pall,  
You would have said, and said aright,  
My fish were holding carnival.  
The youngsters skipped, and nothing loth  
Their elders revelled in the play,  
Catching at times a toothsome moth  
That flickered sportive in their way.  
Anon, when maple leaves turned red  
Uprushed my giants from the sea,  
To hide secure in sandy bed  
Their germs of future progeny—  
I ween a mortal's pains were lost,  
In reckoning up that countless host.  
'Tis true ! the wretch on misery's rack,  
Weeps in his anguish hotter tears,  
When mocking memory calls back,  
The vanished joys of happy years.  
Such pangs are mine ; through all my length  
Is heard my wailing widow's moan,  
My stream has shrunk to half its strength,  
My sportive offspring all but gone.  
And had they perished by the art,  
Which honorable sportsmen use,  
I could have now a calmer heart,