

In short such a dinner has seldom been seen
 Since the famous "Wedding of Ballyporeen,"
 And as we partook of this elegant feast
 We sat as the Persians do in the East,
 Tho' not on soft cushions so costly and fine
 As that people use when they gossip or dine,
 But the beautiful carpet which nature had spread,
 And the old forest trees waving over our head.

We now proceed the winding path to trace
 Which leads along the mountain's rugged face :
 You climb the steep ascent by slow degrees
 Obstructed often by the fallen trees,
 Those prostrate giants, who for ages stood
 The guard of honor round the mighty flood ;
 Humbled and fallen from their lofty state
 They form the simple bridge or lowly seat.
 Now the hoarse thunder breaks upon your ear
 From the incessant tempest raging near ;
 The solid rock beneath you seems to shake ;
 It trembles, shudders, and you feel it quake ;
 When lo ! in stormy power and raging white
 The Triple Fall bursts full upon your sight,
 And from the summit of the dizzy steep
 You watch the strong convulsions of the deep,
 All giddy levity is left behind
 And solemn awe invests the thoughtful mind.
 As when with chastened feelings you have trod
 The steps ascending to the house of God,
 Becoming reverence for the sacred place,
 And Him, whose presence fills the throne of grace,

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