

Through flow'ry and leafy-grown, deep, deep dells,
There floats the sweet charm of silver-voiced bells,
While back comes the echo—it swells and swells—
Niagara! Niagara!

O to be free like the wild, singing sea—
Niagara! Niagara!
O to be glad as Joy's clearest toned key—
Niagara! Niagara!

The day's dim longings float down with the tide,
And, on the wild waves, a thousand Hopes ride,
My heart speeds after, but what will it bide,
Niagara! Niagara!

Down in men's souls, through the thick, spreading
shoals—

Niagaras! Niagaras!
A strong, mighty tide flows and ebbs and rolls—
Niagara! Niagara!
There are restless hearts like the wild sea waves,
And the briny, salt tear the eye's shore laves,
And some sad, poor lives—they are cold, cold
caves—

Niagaras! Niagaras!