

No bristling towns, no gleaming spires,  
No sabbath bells, no Gospel fires,  
No hammers wring, no spindles whirl,  
No sabbath banners to unfurl.

The night was dark, the tempest howled,  
The thunders rolled while monsters growled.  
No bright designs, no grand desires,  
No shining lights save savage fires.

No ships to ride the rock bound wave,  
The thunders shook the red mans grave.  
The lightnings fire the mountains peak:  
And over all the wild wind sweeps.

The forest sings her mournful song,  
The maddening torrent sweeps along,  
Old pines are lifted wheeled around,  
And grand oak trees come crashing down.

Thus all was dark in olden times,  
No church bells wrang out gladening chimes.  
The clouds were black, the stars shone dim,  
No seeming progress could begin.

Continued in volume II.