

Have not the feet of *voyageurs*, from many a foreign strand,
Been planted on this very rock where I bewildered stand?
And yet in all that strikes the ear, or gay admirers scan,
No sound or sight reveals the hour when first this storm began.
And when ten thousand tons have rolled, and twice ten thousand more,
The deafening echo never dies along this quivering shore.
Rush on, thou mighty River ! rush down deep into the foam !
Thy thunderings shall follow me wherever I may roam
To waken recollections of thine overwhelming power,
And occupy my busy thoughts in many a lonely hour.
The shades of night are falling fast, and visitors depart,
My faithful friend reminds me now that we must also start.
Yes ! such is life—we come and go, each generation dies,
And yet these mighty waters fall and misty mountains rise.
To think of seasons yet to come that I shall never see—
To think of great Niagara ! this vast immensity !
Still rolling, roaring, rushing on, till Time shall be no more,
Lost in the magnitude of thought, I tremble and adore.