

As mirror'd in Ontario's lake,
The gold and ether gleam !

Where broad Niagara's volum'd tide
Bears Erie's waters on ;
I've wander'd by its flowing side
When summer brightly shone.

The balmy air—the still serene,
Of softest, purest blue ;
The forest drapery of green,
Rich mantl'd, o'er the view.

The silent river, smoothly trac'd
Its calm, majestic course,
Then, strangely so, its speed seem'd brac'
By some mysterious force.

The dancing waves now dancing play
Adown its heaving breast,
While gems of sunbeams' golden ray
Adorn their snow-white crest.