

The Falls of Mongaup

Struggling along the mountain path,
We hear, amid the gloom,
Like a roused giant's voice of wrath,
A deep-toned, sullen boom:
Emerging on the platform high,
Burst sudden to the startled eye
Rocks, woods, and waters, wild and rude
A scene of savage solitude.

Myriads of man's time-measured race
Have vanished from the earth,
Nor left a memory of their trace,
Since first this scene had birth;
These waters, thundering now along,
Join'd in Creation's matin-song;
And only by their dial-trees
Have known the lapse of centuries!