

Their gables shadows to the westward flung,  
For like the child at play the day is young.

\* \* \* \* \*

Cascade by where the gallant Montcalm won,  
Argent thy pendants to the June-day sun ;  
Clear, cool companion of green earth and trees,  
Scatter'd in diamonds with the passing breeze,  
Confused and tossing in thy beaten bed,  
As struggling mortals ere they glide ahead ;

Descending, and descending, ever bright !  
And fresh as blessing from the throne of  
light—

Waking with melody the midnight hour—  
Defying winter and its icy power—  
Niagara so great, and thou so small—  
But thou art lovely, Montmorenci Fall !

\* \* \* \* \*

Beside Quebec we ride at eventide :  
Beside its heights, which lifts a Briton's pride !  
Beside Quebec, where Frenchmen wear a share  
Of martial glory from the struggle there :  
And unity outroots that ancient feud,