

CANTO THE THIRD.

I.

Below me, as I stand upon this mount,
I see, in panoramic view displayed
So clearly that with ease I could recount
The mighty buildings and the ships fast stayed
Within the harbour, Montreal, the port
Of Canada, and once its chiefest fort.

II.

And, winding through the valley, I can see
St. Lawrence river, and the fields beyond
Of corn and pasture land. The scenery
Reminds me of my native land, and fond,
Yet sad and sorrow-laden, memories
Possess me as the vision meets my eyes.