



A score of troublous years had passed, since on Mount Royal
Crest

The gallant Maisonneuve upreared the Cross devoutly bless'd,

And many of the saintly Guild that founded Ville-Marie

With patriot pride had fought and died—determined to be free.

Fiercely the Iroquois had sworn to sweep, like grains of sand,

The Sons of France from off the face of their adopted land.

Then, like the steel that oft disarms the lightning of its power,

Fearless few their country saved in danger's darkest hour.

