

I hear a murmur thro' thy thousand trees,
The voice of conscious Nature, 'tis which says:
"I come from Him who rules the mighty seas—
"From Him the Lord All Infinite in days
"All-wise in counsel—creatures of an hour,
"And dare ye question the Eternal Power?"

Since first thy matter was by God created,
What countless winters' storms and snows have fled,
Did Ottawa roll thus ever unabated,
And grand St. Lawrence fret its rocky bed?
What Indian wandering to thy woody base,
With awe-struck eyes first saw thy massive face.

And thou hast seen, say was it with surprise,
When came stout Cartier with his brothers brave—
Hast seen the flash of triumph in his eyes,
When from thy cliffs he viewed the far-stretched wave,
The mighty valley at his feet unrolled,
What riches might its fertile soil enfold!

Say how the city grew about thy base,
How lofty spire arose, and palace fair
Strong builded by a strange and restive race,
Whose axes laid thy swelling bosom bare;
Thou didst not murmur 'gainst the intruders bold,
They ravaged but to grace thee manifold.