

XX.

Then from the river's crowded banks,
From roof-top, bridge, and pier,
Thrice thirty thousand lusty throats
Sent up a mighty cheer ;
And many a British city
Caught up the wild acclaim,
And the Western world from sea to sea
Resounded with his fame.

XXI.

And while St. Lawrence to the Gulf
Majestic takes his way ;
While through the Thousand Islands
His sunlit waters play ;
While soft auroras chase the stars
Athwart our Northern skies ;
While Indian summer tints the woods
With iridescent dyes ;