

Beside the banks of Ottawa,
Full thousands lived and died ;
Their tombless graves its mighty waves
Were quickly dug beside.

'Twas then the Chaudière's giant fall
O'er dizzy rocks did roar ;
While casting spray and boiling foam
Upon a desert shore !
It swept along triumphantly,
With sound like army grand --
And rushing in its wild career—
It scarcely kissed the land.

'Twas then, with awe and wonder,
The humble natives came—
And gazed upon those tumbling waves
Before they had a name :
'Twas then, in beauty and in might,
That scene was wonderous fair ;
And fitting then its graphic name—
" Big Kettle "—" *Grande Chaudière* "—

But since a wonderous change has come
Upon this vision grand ;
Since *commerce*, with its iron grasp,
Has over-spread the land.
The human will did curb the stream—
And bridle up the falls—
And now it moans and frets and groans,
Within its narrow walls.