

That I aright may wield my youthful pen
 To charm some hearts with music once again.
 Say first, my song, of this delightful place,
 How nature's store bestrewed in richest grace,
 And scattered glories with her generous hand
 In bright array around this happy land.
 How thick the isles that stud this silvery lake,
 Where billows roar, and wildest surges break ;
 That once a bard immortalized in song,
 And tuned his harp as with an angel tongue,
 And wrought a gem that evermore will shine
 Around their brow in lustre all divine.
 But why, sweet bard, forget the works of man,
 Whose wondrous powers do strive God's work to span,
 And labor on some monuments to raise,
 That Heaven may own, and mortal powers praise ;
 The contrast wide, infinite doth appear,
 'Tween days of yore when Indian Chiefs roamed here,
 And sued the frightened deer in agile race
 Through forest wide, and kept an equal pace ;
 And these bright days of art and mental power
 Which raise their heads and now so princely tower,
 And would dare climb to the eternal skies
 By Babel towers, that in like pride arise.
 Two centuries near, have swept across these shores
 Since Frontenac came paddling with his ores ;
 Four hundred men embarked in his canoes
 To affright his foes, and build here what he choose ;
 A massive fort, those days of strength and might,
 Where stealthy arms had always will to fight ;
 And lustre threw around the monarch's throne
 That Indian tribes may his great sceptre own.
 Those days were omens that threw shadows far—
 Forerunners then of the bright glorious star
 Which shone abroad these shores all to apprise,
 And promise fair this land to civilize.
 The growth of mind drew in its lengthened train
 The growth of all that's great on sea or plain.
 How wondrous are, beneath these spacious skies,
 These mighty domes which dazzle 'fore our eyes,
 That here remain as monuments of power
 To honor man, and mind for evermore.