

And from the church's lowly spire  
Tolled forth the passing bell,  
And far upon the tempest's wing  
Was borne the funeral knell.

That night along St. Lawrence tide,  
From every church's tower,  
The bells rang forth a requiem  
Swung by some unseen power.

The storm has lulled and morning's light  
Pierces the shitting mists,  
That hang like shattered regiments  
Around the mountain crests.

From brief repose, the anxious priest  
Forth on his mission speeds  
O'er pathless plains, by hazel brake  
Where the lone bittern breeds.

At length upon the eastern shore  
Ended his weary track,  
Where wait the hardy fishermen,  
The men from Tadousac.

"Heaven bless you," cried the holy man,  
"I know your high behest,  
God's friend and yours and mine has gone  
To claim his well-earned rest."

Unmoor the boat ; spread out the sail,  
And o'er a peaceful track,  
Again in eager flight the boat  
Shoots home to Tadousac.

Before the altar where so oft  
He broke the Holy Bread,  
Clasping the well-worn crucifix,  
The priest of God lay dead.