

ADDRESS TO MOUNT ROYAL

Montreal, June, 1893

Oh, regal Mount that liftest up thy head
Disdainfully, beyond the city's din.
Dost ponder now the mighty ages dead.
Or dost thou weep man's vanity and sin?
Come whisper us of facts and scenes primeval,
When thou wert born of some terrene upheaval.

Come, settle thou the deep dispute of sages:
Did this most wondrous world create itself?
How long endured the Praeadamian ages?
Was man once ape or some like earth-bred elf
Whom may we b'lieve—th' inspired, majestic Moses,
Or fools who see no farther than their noses?

Tell us, for so-called savants have asserted,
"The eye of Science finds no Primal power"
Didst stand here ever, futile and deserted,
Or fall from space in some atomic shower?"
Seer of the Past, why shake thy sylvan locks,
Thine upturned face the Unbeliever mocks.