

You bear a bald spot on your head—
 In merry hand by adventure led,
 We climbed until we found the place;
 And there with glass we still may trace
 St. Lawrence's broad majestic flow;
 Mount Royal's spires in sunlight glow.



(Summit of the Pinnacle.)

And little Pike whose waters gleam
 Among the trees with glinting beam
 Like the smile of childhood when 'tis seen
 In glimpses through a tangled screen
 A wilderness of golden curls,
 Through woods and meads the river purls,
 Past happy homes and blooming farms,
 The land's a ^{parterre} ~~pasture~~ full of charms.
 The roads are foot paths seen from here;
 The clumps are home steads far and near,
 And you, dear Mount, the sentinel
 That stands to see that "all is well."