

Some tyrant yet may build a throne,
In realms to all our race unknown ;
Or famed republics may expand,
With sacred freedom, high command,
Thro' solitudes yet unexplored,
And God and truth be there adored.

XII.

With waning light of sinking sun,
Our long, bright summer day is done.
On the horizon, far away,
The dark Laurentian mountains lay.
On glowing heights, we watch the gleam,
Of sunset's last, expiring beam ;
Where solemn glories meet the view,
And melt to twilight's deeper hue.
Our sail expands, is set once more,
Towards a smiling, distant shore.
While shadows veil the eastern skies,
O'er buoyant waves our vessel flies,
Before the rising ocean breeze,
Which sweeps those azure, inland seas.
Lone Saguenay we leave behind,
Each with a thoughtful, saddened mind.