

At large, even now, in French America,
Push all their strength against our fortresses
And from the field and farm, beloved of God,
Would drift to the devices of the mart.

On this starved rock we'll build impregnable
A fort with face of fire. This thou shalt hold
While I adventure forth to Canada,
And thence to mine own land across the seas,
To France belovèd, France the beautiful,
For convoys from the king. These will he give
When I persuade him, as I will, that here,
Where uplands pour their tributary streams
Into the universal flood; here where
Untracked, interminable forests lie,
And wide savannahs, thou and I will found
Dominions vaster than the Caesars knew
Or Alexander dreamed.