

Passing Richelieu on we go
 Where Quebec's wild waters flow.
 Leave St. Maurice murmuring stream,
 Where bright swords of yore did gleam.
 Miles away, Oh list who can !
 Roar the falls of Shawinegan,
 Wildest beauty nestling there
 With which few lands can compare ;
 And from beauty it doth rise,
 T' savage grandeur 'fore our eyes—
 The Indian mind God taught to know,
 And read the beauties nature shows.
 Next we reach famed Abram's Plains !
 Where Montcalm's brave dust remains ;
 England claimed his victor brow,
 Greenwich holds it red now—
 But his holy memory
 Is embalmed by us so free.
 Casting eyes to Abram's Height,
 Where the generals met to fight ;
 Here a monument of fame
 Is raised to each general's name.
 Victor, and the vanquished here
 Meet to pour a mutual tear.
 Now for Wolfe and then Montcalm,
 We'll their memories both embalm,
 Both were brave and both were true,
 Though decked then in different hue.
 We'll forget the cause of strife,
 Remembering but their noble life ;
 Each gained here an honoured name,
 Equal in immortal fame,
 Equal in their actions great,
 Equal in their equal fate,
 Equal in their nations' love,
 Gazing at us from above.