

Survey our empire and behold our home !  
These are our realms, no limits to their sway,  
Our Flag the sceptre, all who meet obey.  
Oh, who can tell ? not thou luxurious slave !  
Whose soul would sicken o'er the heaving wave ;  
Not thou, vain lord of wantonness and ease !  
Whom slumber soothes not, pleasure cannot please.  
Oh, who can tell, save he whose heart hath tried,  
And danced in triumph o'er the waters wide,  
The exulting sense, the pulse's maddening play,  
That thrills the wanderer of that trackless way ?  
That for itself can woo the approaching fight,  
And turn what some seem danger to delight ;  
That seeks what cravens shun with more than zeal,  
And when the reebler faint—can only feel—  
Feel—to the rising bosom's inmost core,  
Its hope awaken and its spirit soar ?  
No dread of death, if with us die our foes,  
Save that it seems even duller than repose :  
Come when it will—we snatch the life of life—  
When lost—what reck's it—by disease or strife ?  
Let him who crawls enamour'd of decay,  
Cling to his couch and sicken years away ;  
Heave his thick breadth, and shake his palsied head ;  
Ours—the fresh turf, and not the feverish bed.  
While gasp by gasp he fatters forth his soul,  
Ours with one pang—one bound—escapes control.  
His corpse may boast its urn and narrow cave,  
And they who loathed his life may gild his grave :  
Ours are the tears, though few, sincerely shed,  
When ocean shrouds and sculchres our dead,  
For us, even banquets fond regret supply  
In the red cup that crowns our memory ;  
And the brief epitaph in dangers day,  
When those who win at length divide the prey,  
And cry, Remembrance saddening o'er each brow,  
How had the brave exalted now !

Ce chant me fait penser à la vie aventureuse et romanesque de nos anciens voyageurs. Quelle source de poésie que les courses et les découvertes de ces braves chasseurs, qui s'enfonçant dans les solitudes

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