

Here Jogues sublimely suffered,
Here Goupil meekly fell,
While fresh the glowing annals
Their fadeless story tell ;
And now they joy forever,
The martyrs never die—
Em-Paradised, benignant,
They glad us from on high.

O Auriesville, transfigured
By Mohawk's tranquil tide,
America will own thee
At last with sacred pride ;
And strength and exaltation
Shall come to pilgrim faint,
Who 'mid the greenwood kneeling,
Invokes a noble saint.

