

Then would we set this North America
A blazing jewel in the crown of France,
And give these bronzed children of the wild
A better faith.

The lordly Iroquois,
The docile Illinois and stately Sioux,
Must find me strong and reticent and stern;
Therefore my words must fateful be and grave
As most befits the herald of the king.
'Twas never mine to rule in courtly way
Or bend my course to any urge of fear.
How could I be thy friend and be afraid?
Why should we ever stoop to weak defense,
Or bow the august stature of our souls
To levels lower than the ancient stars?
None could reveal to lesser souls than thine,
The dream of a transfigured continent.

Ah, Friend, even my slow lips grow eloquent
Beneath thy constant and inspiring faith.
Such happy lure bids words like rivers flow.
How great we are in presence of a friend!
Would France achieve high projects, she must feel
The urgent impulse of that mighty dream
That storms across our hearts and rise in deed
To its accomplishment. The lion's cubs,