

For when the cunning robes of black
 Troubled the zealous Frontenac
 And strove his ventures hands to keep
 From reaching out to the western deep,
 The wrath of the sturdy Norman rose
 At the jealous arts of his patron's foes,
 And the ship he built for his dangerous quest,
 He named from the valiant noble's crest,
 And vowed he would make the Griffin fly
 Over the crows in the western sky.
 A gilded eagle carved in wood
 On the crown of the quarter-deck castle stood,
 And from the staff astern unrolled,
 Floating aloft with its lilies of gold,
 The great white flag of France is spread,
 And the pennon decking the mainmast head
 Bears the chieftain's arms on a field of red.
 Three black-hobbed falcons gaping wide
 Scowl through the ports on either side.
 And the old sergeant says they speak
 Each for a common day in the week,
 While the great bow gun with its heavy knell
 Rings as loud as a Sunday bell.
 But another standard is seen to-day
 As the gallant cruiser wins the bay,
 For the cross is waved, and the censer swings,
 And the seamen kneel as the mass bell rings,
 For to-day is the feast of the Abbess Claire;
 And the corded priests, with chants and prayer,
 Sprinkling the lake with holy water
 Name it after the Church's daughter.
 Then in a trice the gunners catch
 Each in his place the blazing match,
 And the flame leaps out, and the trembling shore
 Quakes at the terrible cannon's roar.
 And stout La Fleur with chuckling grin
 Said as he patted his culverin—
 In my church there's never a friar
 Sings like the Abbot who leads the choir!

Out in the lake the Griffin lay
 Wind-bound at anchor many a day,
 While the ship's company explore
 The novel wonders of the shore;
 And as they reach upon the way
 The bend at Pointe a Guignolet,
 Before them spreads a lovely bay;
 Its limpid waters softly glide
 Like the slow creeping of the tide,
 Upward and backward on the beach,
 But ne'er beyond one margin reach.
 And in its lonely beauty there,
 So still, so smiling, and so fair,
 To their charmed eyes it seemed to be
 A sunny strip of Normandy,
 Where mermaids in the moonlight play,
 And happy children all the day.
 Beside the shore a cross they plant,
 The reverend priests an anthem chant,
 And the stern soldier, as he went,
 To seek the shelter of his tent,
 Cast backward many a yearning look,
 Made homesick by that fairy nook.
 The ship sailed on, but the friendly shore
 Saw it returning nevermore.