

The racing Fundy tides that brim  
The level dikes; the orchards there;  
And the slow cattle moving through  
That marvellous Acadian air;

The city of the flowery squares,  
With the Potomac by her door;  
The monument that takes the light  
Of evening by the river shore;

The city of the Gothic arch,  
That overlooks a wide green plain  
From her grey churches, and beholds  
The silver ribbon of the Seine;

The Indian in his birch canoe,  
The flower-seller in Cheapside;  
Wherever in the wide round world  
The Likeness and the Word abide;