

Thou hast laved the burning bark
Down in thy treasured hold ;
The sailor sleeps within thy arms—
The child with locks of gold.
Earth has her signs of death,
Her graves, her marble stone,
Her crosses by the lone way-side ;
Thou hast how many ? None !

Thou art gentle in thy smiles,
Like a conqueror at play ;
The sportive children venture far
Into thy rolling spray.
Thou'rt fearful in thy pride !
To join thy numbers sweet
Niagara above thee rolls—
St. Lawrence at thy feet.

We love to see thee thus,
Sparkling with sunbeams bright—
So like the loving and the loved
Meeting at morn and night ;
We love to see thy waves
Rise as they're rising now,
To feel thy billows at our feet,
Thy baptism on our brow.

We leave thee, heaving lake,
To thy moonlight and thy sky,