

Or when the dazzling Frost King mailed,
Would clasp the wistful waterfall,
Fast leaping in her snowy hall
She fled ; and where her rainbows hailed
Her freedom, painting all her home,
We climbed her spray-built palace dome
Shot down the radiant glassy wall
Until we reached the snowdrift foam
As shoots to waves some meteor ball.

Then homeward bearing song or tale,
With chimes of harness bells we sped
Above the frozen river bed.
The city, through a misty veil,
Gleamed from her cape, where sunset fire
Touched louvre and cathedral spire,
Bathed ice and snow a rosy red,
So beautiful that men's desire
For May-time's rival wonders fled ;

The glory of a gracious land,
Fit home for many a hardy race ;
Where liberty has broadest base,
And labour honours every hand.
Throughout her tripply thousand miles
The sun upon each season smiles,
And every man has scope and space,
And kindness from strand to strand,
Alone is born to right of place !

Such were our memories. May they yet
Be shared by others sent to be
Signs of the union of the free
And kindred peoples God hath set
O'er famous isles and fertile zones
Of continents ! Or if new thrones
And mighty states arise, may He
Whose potent hand yon river owns,
Smooth their great future's shrouded Sea !
