

WHEN CANADA WAS NEW FRANCE 153

LYTTON, SIR EDWARD BULWER

RICHELIEU.

Adrien de Mauprat, men have called me cruel,—
I am not ; I am just ! I found France rent asunder—
The rich men despots, and the poor, banditti ;—
Sloth in the mart, and schism within the temple ;
Brawls festering to Rebellion ; and weak laws
Rotting away with rust in antique sheaths,—
I have re-created France ; and, from the ashes
Of the old feudal and decrepit carcass,
Civilization on her luminous wings
Soars, phoenix-like to Jove !—What was my art.

MACAULAY, THOMAS BABINGTON

THE BATTLE OF IVRY (1590)

Now glory to the Lord of Hosts, from whom all glories
are !

And glory to our Sovereign Liege, King Henry of
Navarre !

Now let there be the merry sound of music and of dance,
Through thy corn fields green, and sunny vines,
oh, pleasant land of France !

MOORE, THOMAS

CANADIAN BOAT SONG.

Faintly as tolls the evening chime,
Our voices keep tune and our oars keep time,
Soon as the woods on shore look dim,
We'll sing at St. Ann's our parting hymn.
Row, brothers, row ! the stream runs fast,
The rapids are near, and the daylight's past.

HEMANS, FELICIA

THE LANDING OF THE PILGRIM FATHERS—(1620)

The breaking waves dashed high
On a stern and rock-bound coast,
And the woods, against a stormy sky
Their giant branches tossed,
And the heavy night hung dark
The hills and waters o'er,
When a band of exiles moored their bark
On the wild New England shore.