

And in the lank grass at our knee,
Shone pearls of our green forest sea,
The star-white flowers of triple leaf
Which love around the brooks to be,
Within the birch and maple shade.

At times passed on some fairy mere
Embosomed in the leafy screen,
And streaked with tints of heaven's sheen,
Where'er the water's surface clear
Bore not the hues of verdant light
From myriad boughs on mountain height,
Or near the shadowed banks were seen
The sparkles that in circlets bright,
Told where the fishes' feast had been.

And when afar the forests flushed
In falling swathes of fire, there soared
Dark clouds where muttering thunder roared,
And mounting vapours lurid rushed,
While a metallic lustre flew,
Upon the vivid verdure's hue,
Before the blasts and rain forth poured,
And slow o'er mighty landscapes drew
The grandest pageant of the L.C.d :

The threatening march of flashing cloud
With tumults of embattled air,
Blest conflicts for the good they bear !
A century has God allowed
None other, since the days He gave
Unequal fortune to the brave.
Comrades in death ! you live to share
All equal honour, for your grave
Bade Enmity take Love as heir.

We watched, when gone day's quivering haze,
The loops of plunging foam that beat
The rock's at Montmorenci's feet
Stab the deep gloom with moonlit rays ;
Or from the fortress saw the streams
Sweep swiftly o'er the pillared beams ;
White shone the roof and anchored fleet,
And grassy slopes where nod in dreams
Pale hosts of sleeping Marguerite