

The warrior Autumn came in buckler shining,
Bearing rich spoil of many a conquer'd field,
Ripe luscious grapes with crimson ivy twining,
And ruddy fruit piled on his glist'ning shield;
Bright scarlet berries in profusion mass'd,
And trailing sumach garlands round it cast.

He shed a golden mist of tender meaning
Around the loveliness it could not hide,
And through the softened haze majestic leaning,
Crowns her with maple leaves a royal bride.
The gift is dear, yet she his prayer denies,—
He whom she loves must bring a nobler prize!

But ere the Autumn, rous'd from golden dreaming,
Had breath'd his last sad sigh of wild despair,
There came a knight in silver armour gleaming,
With azure eyes like depths of cloudless air.
Around her form a spotless robe he threw,
Glist'ning with gems, and pearl'd with frozen dew.

A thousand fairy fetters softly twining
He wreath'd in airy traceries of light,
Then gently o'er her cast the garland shining
Of sparkling diamonds set in purest white,—
Shrined in her bridal veil of starry sheen,
Fair Canada is crown'd the Winter's Queen!