

## THE DOMINION OF THE WEST.

Tell me, stranger! how to name thee—What the land that gave thee birth,  
Has it place in song or story? Ranks it with the great on earth?  
Has thy land mark or symbol? Can it shelter those it rules?  
Bears it blason proud and hoary, azure, white, or fiery gules?

I claim no record in the past—  
Mine the future's mystic page,—  
There my empire looms more vast  
Than King's or Cæsar's heritage.  
Born in peace, serene and tranquil,  
I can shew no bloody claim,  
But I have a roll ancestral,  
Ranking next to none in fame.

Exists the land or rolls the sea,  
Where England's banner has not waved,  
Unfurled for death or honor's fee,  
Whose valour oft its folds have saved?  
On shot-swept deck, and battle plain,  
The *Scot* and *Erin's* sons have stood  
And borne the standard free from stain,  
Or sank beneath it steeped in blood.

And to these, an oft sang story,  
I can set a gem as bright;  
To the *Lilies* lofty story  
I have ancient lineal right.  
England, Scotland, Ireland, Gaul,  
Land of races great and regal;  
Each to me has yielded all,  
In my veins their tributes mingle.

What did the sire the son can do,  
Dare foe attempt to forge a chain;  
Death may his freeborn limbs subdue—  
The fetters can but deck the slain.  
From icy Gaspé to the sea,  
Where sinks the sun at eve to rest,  
Lake, river, plain belong to me,  
The "Young Dominion of the West."

Toronto, Nov. 23, 1867.

W. B.

BIBLIOTHEQUE  
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