

Farewell, each lovely scene around
The wild Megantic range !
Farewell, ye hills and streams and rocks
That never know a change !
Through lonely nights and weary days
My thoughts revert to thee,
And dreaming o'er these scenes' once
more,
I fain would still be free !

Farewell, my old, familiar haunts —
My wildwood home farewell !
Fond thoughts of thee beguile the time
Within my prison cell.
I love you now, when far away,
As I ne'er loved before ;
Could I attain thy joys again,
I'd never leave thee more !

Farewell, my friends, my faithful friends,
Who proved so firm and true !
My fondest thoughts by day or night
Are e'er reserved for you.
Through all them months of trials,
When affliction's wounds were sore,
Through storm and calm, sweet friend-
ships balm
Relieved the pain I bore.