

OUR LOYALIST FATHERS.



Turn back the book of time.
And, on its fading page,
Read of the men sublime,
Whose virtues o'er their age
Shone, as the morning star
Shines o'er the sleeping earth,
Whose rays, beheld from far,
Herald a new day's birth.

One hundred years ago,
Our fathers landed here;
The hills were white with snow,
The landscape bleak and drear;
Driven forth an exiled band,
Scorned, outlawed, robbed, oppressed
In this unpeopled land,
They sought and found their rest.

And here they lived and toiled;
Beneath their sturdy blows
The forest vast recoiled;
Here a fair city rose,
Whose fame has grown world-wide;
Whose name is heard and known,
Where e'er its stout ships ride,
In ports of every zone.

Like men they played their part,
New homes and hearths to rear:
'Till, still'd each loyal heart,
They died; their graves are here.
Their lives run into ours,
As streams that downward flow,
Fed by the mountain showers,
To mighty rivers grow.