

Afar, the lake spreads like a sea,
And near, the river, broad, blue, deep,
Its waters flowing silently,
As resting from their frantic leap.
Nor distant far, the mountain crowned
With column pointing to the sky,
While all forgot the humbler mound,
Where other heroes mouldering lie.

A skirt of oak in nearer view,
And hawthorn, white with fragrant bloom,
And tall sweet-briar, wet with dew,
Wild flowers with many a nodding plume.
Beneath the hill the children bring
Their little cups, and eager press
To drink the water at the spring,
Where grows the tender water-cress.

In front, a plain of changing hue,
In winter white, now bare and brown,
Or grassy green, with herds in view,
And to the west, the quiet town.
Beyond, the fort and beacon light,
Old Mississagua's square grey tower,
On either side church spires rise bright,
O'er stately home or humble bower.

Beneath, the crumbling ruins hid,
Where first our hero Brock was laid,
With funeral pomp in death-sleep cold,
And tears were shed and mourning made
For him, who, with the morning sun,
Went from these walls, erect and brave ;
The evening saw *his* victory won,
A hero's fame—a soldier's grave.

Here, where the bank falls sheer and steep,
The Half-Moon Battery may be traced,
Alike commanding shore and deep,
A scar of war not yet effaced.
A path o'er-arched with trees we gain,
Nor did it all their dreams suffice
To call that path the " Lover's Lane,"
The grove around was " Paradise."

Nay, call it not their partial pride,
Where can ye find a spot so fair ?
Italian suns have scarce supplied
Such sky, such stream, such beauty rare.