

I AND YET I.

I've done a mighty lot, you bet !
I made Cartier a baronet,
I'm Dalton's grand-dad too.
Though once I said I had, indeed,
No confidence in—er—the breed,
I always was the friend in need
Of Catholics staunch and true.

I'll nourish Manitoba's crops,
I'll give her showers in golden drops,
And spotless skies of blue.
I'll dig each rapid from the Red,
Her lakes I'll to Superior wed,
I'll push the railway right ahead,—
That's what I mean to do.

I'll do a lot for old Quebec,
If she obeys the Bishops' beck,
And votes as she should do.
I'll build her bridge where it should be,
I'll fish her land-slide from the sea,
I'll learn to speak her language free,—
That's what I mean to do.

I'll give to dear Ontario
An ocean line to Jericho,
A tunnel to Peru.
For picnic grounds I'll give Cathay,
For winter park fair Paraguay,
A conduit from the Milky Way,
Toronto, I'll give you.

Each Province has it's little need,
But I, your gracious I, indeed,
Will ev'ry want supply.
I'm sailing in a leaky boat,
But I will buy each tardy vote.
Dear Bishops, bid electors note,
I, even I, am I.