

They sang to me their song in cadence low,
At times a plaintive, yet sweet strains would rise,
That made my heart's warm feelings to overflow,
And suffused them with newer sympathies.

The burden of their song I will repeat,
'Tis in language simple and of homely birth,
It made the moss look beautiful round my feet,
And the trees above me more than golden worth.

It makes me love Ontario, as her saintly one
Embraces her within his rocky arms,
And bears her onward from the setting sun,
By many homely cultivated farms.



Song.

Fair Lake Ontario ! thou art dear !
I owe thee much, I love thee now,
As Sol beams o'er thy face with cheer,
And decks with Autumn gems thy brow.

I love the snowy-whitness of thy crest,
The dreamy chattering of thy tides,
The heaving of thy throbbing breast,
As softly down a frail boat glides.