

NORTH-WEST REBELLION, 1885.

The ninetieth regiment it fought well,
 And Winnipeg doth its glories tell,
 London boasts of her volunteers,
 For she prides in her Fusiliers.

Toronto troops have gained renown,
 And triumph their quick march did crown,
 For the relief of Battleford,
 And scattering of the Indian horde.

Our volunteers took up their arms,
 Each left his home and all its charms;
 Though many they were tender reared,
 No frost nor snow nor foe they feared.

Alas that youth so true and brave,
 So many now do fill a grave,
 And others they are maimed for life,
 While engaged in glorious strife.

We have sprung from a good brave stock,
 Rose, thistle and the shamrock,
 Who all in unity agree,
 'Neath the shade of the maple tree.

The Indians soon came to grief,
 Under their great Poundmaker chief,
 And Toronto troops gained fame
 And Otter glory to his name.

We all felt proud of our gunboat
 And the brave crew of the Northcote,
 And of our scouts who captured Riel,
 Who in vain for mercy did appeal.

And may all quickly come to grief
 Who do not love the maple leaf,
 For they spring from a noble tree,
 Shades this land of the brave and free.