

And England claims her Alfreds, Hampdens 'mid the best,
Scotland her Wallace Bruce :

While countless sons would loose

And burst the bonds of weeping Erin in the West,
From Brien of Clontarf, Tyrconnell, Tyrone blest,
E'en down to Shears and Emmett, and as some deem best
To Dan O'Connell of the peaceful truce.

All these were patriots for their country and their day,
While tyrants dubb'd them first

But rebels foul, and traitors to be swept away,
And deck'd with honors all their victors who would lay,
And crush their rising by the power of might,
And thus prolong the triumph over right,
Nor let the fetters burst.

Time was, great noble Washington, when rebel thou,
And e'en a traitor too,
Thy name was curs'd in England, for thou would'st not bow
Thy neck to tyranny, nor teach thy people how
To cringe before injustice, and like slaves to cow,
As slaves alone before their tyrants do.

And thus it is, proud conqueror, we celebrate
In Ottawa thy day ;
We sons of England, Gaul or Scotland, or whom fate
Hath made us Erin's exiles, we congratulate
Those who beneath the stars and stripes do congregate :
Like brothers we rejoice
And with united voice,
All hail, great liberator Washington ! we say.

February 22nd, 1890.

L. C. P. F.
