

Then shall we rise, and rising shine  
Through coming ages stand sublime,  
And over all the Gospel sway,  
Till nations hear and men obey.

### GENEVE.

But turn we now for change and rest,  
To warble on Ontario's brest,  
Our boat is steaming out so grand,  
No cloud is seen in starry land.

All canvas spread; Let harpers sing,  
And o'er the deep let music ring,  
How sweet the lady robed in white,  
How pure the husband in her sight.

We'er far from land the sea is wide,  
How joyous now the new made bride,  
How grand to mount the trackless deep,  
When joyous crowds and lovers meet.

See how the sun rolls down the west,  
And dances on Ontario's breast,  
How twilight follows in the wake,  
How gently now the wavelets break.

How stars break through the golden sky,  
How Angel forms go sweeping by,  
Roll thou, majestic star-lit sea,  
Nor pause while angels speak to me.