

His boughs are for fire in the cold winter days;
His leaves are for shade from the summer sun's blaze.
Know'st thou the land of the maple benign,
The land of the elm and the oak and the pine?

Know'st thou the land where the great inland seas
Are tossed by the tempest or fanned by the breeze;
The land of Superior's crystalline tide,
Of Huron's exuberant vigor and pride,
Of Erie's alluring voluptuous glance,
Ontario's laughing Elysian expanse?
Know'st thou the land that is praised evermore
By the chant of their surge and Niagara's roar?

Know'st thou the land of the clear-flowing streams
That mirror the stars and reflect the sun's beams?
Through the woods and the farmland they wander at
large,
And the deer and the kine come to drink at their marge;
They flash in the distance like ribands of white;
Their trout-haunted pools are the angler's delight.
Know'st thou the land of the rivers and rills,
The boon of the lowlands, the joy of the hills?

Know'st thou the land where St. Lawrence proceeds
By cities and hamlets and blossoming meads
And islands and waters of lesser degree,
With his tribute to pour in the lap of the sea?
His shining battalions he halts to deploy,
Or leaps through the rapid with turbulent joy.
Know'st thou the land that he laves in his flow,
Where deep-laden argosies royally go?