

Yea, the cruel arm that struck him
 Will upon itself recoil,
 And drive out the Fenian spirit
 Far from our Canadian soil.
 No cause yet has ever prospered
 Built on crimes of such a hue,
 No humanity united
 Could to it continue true.

If our tears of blood could bring thee
 From the cruel jaws of death,
 Rivers of them would be flowing
 To bring back thy vital breath,
 Cruel was the fate that took thee
 From our fond embrace away,
 Without giving thee a moment
 To kneel 'fore thy God to pray.

Had we but a single hour
 Just to hear thy mighty soul
 Print her last words of affection
 On our country's history—scroll.
 'Twould have kindled bliss within us
 Just to hear thy last words tell,
 What their eloquence would utter
 In their words of last farewell.

But e'en this dark fate denied us
 Death hath given the fatal blow,
 Stop'd the Eloquential River
 That did o'er his sweet lips flow.
 Still in death thou wert our Samson,
 Slaying in thy mortal hour
 More than sword or pen could doubtless
 In the prime of Manhood's power.

For thy death will arm with power
 All our Land unitedly,
 For to curse the Fenian demon,
 That slew our beloved McGee.
 Brother we shall often sorrow
 Round the precincts of thy grave,
 And our love 'll adorn its bosom
 With the ensigns of the brave.