

By patient plod and perverance,
And Our Traveller with the Valise
Humbly claims for these old heroes
Their just share of praise and honour.
Could a Village, or a City,
Or a Town in our Dominion
Be erected or supported
Without a race of hardy yeomen,
Settled in the country round it
To support it, to sustain
With the product of their labours,
With their countenance and custom?
Honour, then, to these old yeomen
Who have fought life's battle bravely,
And all obstacles surmounted,
On the road to independence;
By prudent foresight, well provided
With the comforts earth can give them.
When life's evening twilight thickens
On the road that man must travel,
As long as Earth shall have existence,
May God bless them, and protect them,
Take them to His Heavenly kingdom
When their days on Earth are ended.
And they are gathered to their fathers
Bidden at last farewell forever
To this world, and all its sorrows,
All its sins, and all its sorrows,
All its sadness, sickness, sighing.
Now, Our Traveller with the Valise
Will revert to other subjects,
That tax attention—ask discussion,
And require some explanations.
Other things must be described,
As he proceeds upon his journey,
With thoughts intent upon his mission,
Selling books, and taking sketches
Of different persons and places.
Taking notes and etching outlines
Of his various adventures.
As he travelled with his valise
And his book of poems and ballads.