

Pierced the wilderness where never white man's foot before
had stood.

When the lily flag of France was planted on Acadie's shore,
Then the Maple grew and flourished by the settler's cabin
door.

There were many deeds of worth and fame in New France
bravely done;

Forests felled and forts erected, when her story was begun,
And beside the blue St. Lawrence, in the virgin wood and
glen,

From the dark-eyed Gallic mothers, sprang a stately race of
men.

Then fierce war rolled o'er that new found land, and Frank
and Saxon strove,

Each to gain the grand possession of the land which both
now love;

But when peace returned, the people saw their country's
destiny;

It was then they chose the Maple for their emblematic tree.

Yes; and never since that stormy time the Maple ceased to be
The proud symbol of a people, brave, intelligent and free:

It has held its place in council hall, on reeking battle plain,
Safe amid the awful carnage that befell at Lundy's Lane;

Safe upon the heights of Queenston, and the cliffs of old
Quebec,

Where its banner blew above the baffled southern foeman's
wreck;

And the men who conquered at Batoche and faced the
Fenian fire,

Proved that every son, who wore the red was worthy of his
sire.

See St. George's royal cross, bedecked with forest leaves of
green.