

Where first was willing, bravely poured
 The Patriot blood, your foes could check,
 When dark and om'nous war clouds lowered.

Cor'nach nor Ullalula raise,
 Nor Pibroch's solemn tones resound.
 From age to age shall speak their praise
 Your free-born happiest Sons, around
 These favored shores, from bondage foul
 Redeemed, and threatened chains, that long
 Would manacled have held each soul,
 To Freedom born and hate of wrong.

Long as beneath the Summer's glow,
 Shall heave Ontario's bosom broad,
 And mock the dismal winter's snow ;
 Long as shall pour its mighty load
 Of waters vast, great Erie's flood,
 By foaming Cataracts, to join
 Ontario's wave, this hero-blood
 With glorious Victor-bays shall twine.

* The waters of Lake Ontario never freeze.