

That steps from here and treads a far—where none of us can tell—

But this we know the soul we breathe, has no funereal knell.

I could recall so many scenes, in Ind's far distant east,
I could sit down and talk a while to give the mind a feast,
Could tell of antique wonders and of strange existing things

While these reminiscences withal their own sweet comfort brings,

But never has it been my lot to go a route like this,
Or mingle in such novel scenes, in such a wilderness,
And I do thank ye, one and all, for ev'ry kindly word,
For characters of men will shew e'en, in a thoughtless word.

I cannot speak ought ill of one in all Ontario's Corps,
And wish them ev'ry happiness through all the days before.

It may not be that we should meet again, upon the earth,

But keep within your inward souls the land that gave ye birth,

No matter wheresoe'er it is, of large or small extent,
The land that bore our forefathers is ours to all intent,
We cannot cut the bond in two the truer blood will shew,

Remember this I pray ye all, wherever you may go,
And now good-bye, one hearty grasp, for spring will scatter all

Your ranks that I've oft look'd upon, before th'ensuing fall,

God speed ye too, and all I ask is what I ask'd before,
"A thought at times," 'twill ne'er o'erload your memories, vast store,

And ev'ry officer as well my earnest wishes hath
Prosperity and happiness, may always cross their path.
While if I have by my poor pen beguil'd the time awhile
'Twere not in vain to try again, a more elab'rate style.
Soon last wish I will propose, which ev'ry one will join,
The sterling of a metal's worth will ring throughout the coin,

As men beneath the Crimson flag, whatever may betide,
In peace or war, within the ranks of God's avenging side,
Ring ye the war-cry long and loud, the battle shout supreme,

God's blessing on our nation's arms, and on our noble Queen.