

Wind-dried became, for lack of liquor sip.
Whereat the Pilot, rank'd a singer rare,
aroll'd these verses to a stirring air :

There is a shore (we soon will near),
A free Canadian shore;—
Be dry the tear—begone the fear,
There's better days before !

There's better days, for open'd wide,
Is there a welcome door,
To you, from lands beyond the tide,
Oppress'd, depress'd and poor.

A healthful land by vale and hill,
And rich in fruitful store :—
Go ! fell its forest, toil and till,
And suffer want no more !

There cedars rise, and pine trees wave :
It is the Maple Clime !
With evergreen for wreath and grave,
If we with honor climb ;