

The waters where Fort Garry lies,
On Winnipeg's far boundaries.

Oh ! that some better bard than I would write,
A strain more full to thee—more erudite—
Two rapids at thy head, we run and glide,
More slowly pass the scen'ry of thy sides ;
Fort Francis lies near Rainy River's head,
A pallisade—houses a few—and sheds,
While Rainy Falls dash o'er the rocky height
A thousand rainbows on the gazer's sight.

Thy green and sloping banks, thy winding way
Thy still dark waters, where the sunbeams play,
And purple fruit hang in thy verdant woods
Ripe, rich and luscious for a mortal's food.
Where Nature seems t'have done man's work in
And lawns are shapen, as by human art, [part
Where gardens lie—scatter'd with careless heed
For all her children whense'er they need.

Such are thy scenes, oh ! Rainy River—when
I pass'd thy borders one clear day ; and then
Methought of bygone tropic scenes as well,
As far exceeding as they can excel,
In glorious beauty, where the broad leav'd trees,
With fire-flies dancing and the vesper breeze,
Blows murm'ring while the forest Kingdom
A gentle requiem to the daylight's grave. [waves,

Still for a quiet scene, a rural rest,
Thy banks to me may vie—e'en with the best,
For varied green, and calm serene peace,
Where one might almost wish to "be at ease"
No crowning height, no frowning deep ravine,
Is by the pleasant borders to be seen,