
Oh! fair green Maple Leaves!
Brought all too soon to the red glory
Of your early autumn!
All dripping blood for us!
That shouldst have waved
Through a long, and happy summer,
Swaying to the winds, and shimmering in
the sun,
And beckoning all homing things,
To the shelter of your spreading shade.

Oh! dripping, blood red Maple Leaves!
The glory of your passing
Is as the glory of your native hills in Autumn,
Where your parent tree
Hath struck its roots deep into Freedom's
soil,
And nourished by the dews of Empire,
Will bud, and bloom, and bring forth yet more
Maple Leaves,
To stain them red, in that age-long stream
That ever hath dyed the path of Liberty.
