

And no throne 'neath the sun can relate such a story
Of valour and freedom with which to compare,

CHORUS—Then hoist Britain's flag, &c.

Her crown and her throne are more loved than the jewel
That hangs on the maid in the days of her pride,
Or they that do shine like the sparks of the fuel,
And deck her snow hand in the days when a bride.

CHORUS—Then hoist Britain's flag, &c.

Thy shore-favoured Picton is graced with the spirit
Of heroes that slumber in death on the plain,
Whose pride would dictate them to gain equal merit,
And die for the glory of Britain again.

CHORUS—Then hoist Britain's flag, &c.

Thy Ross and thy Fraser, whose deep hearts of fire
Would kindle of loyalty and sacred love,
Whose proud deeds of valour would thousands inspire,
To follow to glory in regions above.

CHORUS—Then hoist Britain's flag &c.

Thy Allen and Langmuir would die in the battle,
And shed their blood sacred so free on the plain;
While cannon would roar, and the proud thunders rattle,
To raise thee, dear Britain, to glory again.

CHORUS—Then hoist Britain's flag, &c.

Our country shall live, and yet rise in rich glory,
And wear many a gem in her illustrious crown;
Our children shall rise, and relate her a story,
Of war and of victory of fadeless renown.

CHORUS—Then hoist Britain's flag, &c.

ITS LITERATURE.

THE "NORTH AMERICAN."

Hail, little star! spreading thy silvery light
Upon our land in all its radiance bright,
Thy columns team with rays from every shore,
Cheering our hearts with thy most precious lore:
Here wit and humour play their active part,
Teaching of depths within the human heart,
And stores of truth from arts and science pure,
Fall on the soul its affections to allure;