

Instead of husband and a man,
He is lost in a wild, mad freak,
Of a wild love that has no plan,
'Til on the "rapids" all must break.

But love is strong, and death cannot
Break that grip of his so strong,
He bears her on—she knows it not,
For she is dead, she's lost among—

She is lost among the river's flood ;
She is lost among the "Rapids" roar ;
St. Lawrence mingles with the blood
Of Ottawa ; Ontario is no more.

Like a wild, fond boy, her dead form,
He holds within his tightened clasp,
And bears it on through shine and storm,
Into the ocean's mightier grasp.

Now dead and gone ! one once so fair,
Ontario ! whom we loved so well,
Lost and buried in the ocean there ;
It was thy fate ! It to thee befell.