

The middle-aged are in the yellow leaf,
Life's evening evanescent, sad and brief—
The little children who flourished then
Are now the mothers of our land, and men—
The wilderness has vanished, the old trees
Have disappeared before improvement's breeze ;
Commercial enterprise is busy now,
The Ottawa's breast is cleft by many a prow,
The roaring, rushing locomotives scour
Along the track at forty miles an hour—
The electric current cleaves the ambient air,
Shooting the rays of thought round everywhere,
Darting like sunbeams to the left and right,
The swift-winged messengers of mental light !
Disturbing 'neath the billows of the deep,
The ocean monsters from their dreamy sleep ;
Cleaving resistless through the watery waste
A miracle not dreamt of in the past,
Annihilating time, and leaving space,
Like Noah's dove, without a resting place !
Thy fame, too, " old brown Bess," hath passed away,
And rifled guns in war and peace hold sway,
And Britain's wooden walls with all their glories,
Are now but one of fame's immortal stories !
But while I cast my wondering eyes around
How grand the sight which doth their vision bound ;
A city stands in fair and youthful grace,
Where once old Bytown had its primal place ;
And lo ! in grandeur towering the skies
In marbled splendor upon yonder hill,
Our Legislative Temples proudly rise,
A columned glory of the artist's skill !
Thanks to our gracious Queen, who's royal hand
Made Ottawa chief city of the land !
Thanks to the men who fought through good and ill
The fight of right, and bravely battled still ;
Who stood unshaken, firm in their adhesion,
Till victory crowned Her Majesty's decision !