

We think not of the toilsome road,
 We heed not now the summer's sun,
 Our backs are straighten'd for the load,
 - Nor turn we 'till our end is won.

Old Thunder Bay has never seen,
 'Like gathering to this before,
 Nor heard a bugle's sound, I ween,
 In all its many years of yore.

Sons of Canada's rich freight land,
 Are listing on this Sabbath morn,
 Of Him who holds within His hand,
 The finale of life's ev'ry storm.

The 60th R's, and Royal A's.
 Are bending to the utter'd pray'r,
 Oh! grant that He may shew the way,
 And leave His hallow'd blessing there.

The guns that face me, ~~even~~ might tell,
 Perchance where human blood was shed,
 Where many a gallant foe~~man~~ fell,
 And wove the last eternal thread.

I care not yet, to leave the world,
 Whate'er misfortune may be mine,
 My canvass will, I trust, be furl'd,
 In distant years, some future time.

For he who harbors vain regret,
 Is but a coward at the best,
 'Tis useless to repine, or fret,
 When we are gifted for the test.

Soft on the morning air is heard,
 The swelling sound of music's strain,
 And voices rise with one accord,
 Then silence reigns supreme again.