

For days and nights they rattle on,
Jogging along that iron road,
Watching charred stumps, rivers and swamps,
The prairies green, barren acres broad.

The shelves o'er head, are crowded out
Like some storehouse, a travelling haven,
There food and boxes, and bairns asleep,
Are all strung up 'tween earth and heaven.

The train arrives at Winnipeg station,
Immigrants scatter far and wide,
Some stop awhile on this occasion,
Before they journey on their ride.

Winnipeg is the "Prairie City"
A few years back a trading post,
When seeking work, it is a pity,
Its latitude is so far north.

All classes form immigration tide,
Some no intention, to run a farm,
A workman's skill is Canada's pride,
The sinews in the Nation's arm.

The farmer ploughs, sows his seed,
Takes up his farm, or free homestead,
He does his best, God does the rest,
Provides for him, his daily bread.

In seasons of the darkest hour,
There comes the dew and rain,
Bright sunshine, and refreshing shower
Brings forth the golden grain.