

PART II.

From Canada's western shore,
Valleys through and mountains o'er,
Amid fields of waving grain,
Clustering fruit from hill and plain,
Hidden wealth in mines of gold,
Many a treasure 'twill yet unfold :
Fields and forests wide and green,
And silvery lakes oft intervene.
Blessed with sun and April showers,
Makes grand, this Canada of ours.

Sailing down the grand old stream,
Quebec's Citadel is plainly seen.
A monument there stands to tell,
Where brave Wolf, nobly fought and fell,
Our country now is wide and free,
That day's deeds, brought us liberty.

One little thing I quite forgot
Which verily adds to our happy lot,
How September 1759,
History notes it as the time,
Brave Wolf, with energy and skill
Ascended Abraham's heights, that little hill,
There made a stand to meet the fray,
With valor fought and won the day,
When there his monument we see,
Proudly give we thanks for liberty.

Like rivers, lakes and ocean's tide
Many nationalities here reside,