

7

The Frankish race none would disgrace
If Rome herself would cease,
Then old and young of ev'ry tongue
Would live in perfect peace.
And all our youth could search for truth
In one wide common school;
But, lo! a storm the Bishops form—
Demand the right to rule.

Chorus.

8

Once more again along the plain,
Thou Manitoba, speak,
And let thine ire and battle fire
Around the Bishop reek.
Still let thy rule still guard thy school,
Gird on thy sacred sword,
And in the fight slay belted Knight,
And Langevin his Lord.

Chorus.

