

PROVINCE OF ONTARIO.

And the lands around its beaches,
They are famed for grapes and peaches,
'Mong choicest fruits you ramble on
From Niagara to Hamilton.

Ontario North is land of pines,
A land of lakes and rocks and mines,
And beneath dark pine tree shade,
How happy is the youth and maid.

For here in summer you keep cool,
And fish for trout in sparkling pool,
For pike or salmon you can spear,
And in the season hunt the deer.

In great northern hunting ground,
Where both fish and game abound,
And verdant pastures here are seen,
Where cattle graze 'mong sweetest green.

In the far north a land of pines,
And in the south we have the vines,
Where each year adds into the charms,
Surrounds the homesteads on the farms.

Nature our province doth endow,
With hardy sons to guide the plow,
In south we have the fruitful soil,
Where nature's bounties on us smile.

We have got rich plains and highlands,
Ontario hath thousand islands,
And there is a great array
Of charming isles on Georgian Bay.