

And every spot he knew,—  
     Of forest wide,  
     Of mountain side,  
     Of stream and lake,  
     Of bush and brake,  
 Of sunny pool and alder shade—  
     Where the trout and the salmon played,  
     Where the weeping willow wept,  
     Where the whistling wood-cock kept,  
     Where the mink and the martin crept,  
     Where the bear and the beaver slept,  
     Where the wolf and the wild-cat stepped,  
     Where the laughing cascades leap,  
     Dancing from steep to steep,  
     Where the ash and the maple grew,  
     Where the hawk and the eagle flew,  
     Sailing in the azure blue.  
 With matchless skill he could take or kill  
     The moose and the cariboo,  
     And smoothly ride on the rolling tide,  
     In the light and the frail canoe—  
     Tho' in angry gusts the tempest blew,  
     Tho' the thunders roar'd  
     And the torrents poured,  
     And the vivid lightnings flew,  
 With a noble pride, which fear defied,  
     With steady hand and true,  
         The fragile skiff,  
     By the frowning cliff,  
     He could guide, and glide  
     Triumphantly, the roaring surges through.  
         And many a weary day  
         He had toiled away  
     In his own humble home,  
     At basket, bark and broom,  
         To gain the scanty fare  
     Doled out to him grudgingly, where  
         His ancient sires  
         Kindled their fires,  
     And roamed, without control,  
     Over their own domains—  
     Lakes, rivers, hills, and plains,—  
 In undisputed right, lords of the whole.  
     But ah! these days were gone!  
     And weeks and months had flown,