

VI.

Hail, then, great bard! fair Canada salutes thee!
Thy glory is the glory of our race;
We'll weave a Maple chaplet with the Shamrock,
To crown thy fame with beauty and with grace;
For while Erin lifts her harp upon thy birthday,
And Irish hearts swell proudly at thy name,
We'll ne'er forget the country that begot thee,
Whose glory is thine own immortal fame!