

And end our miseries.
 But patience, ere another sun
 Our tedious journey will be done.

Houses of varied structure now,
 And churches grace the view ;
 I cannot now recall the names,
 Of settlements pass'd through,
 Nor does it matter much I trow,
 But I will call to mind,
 St. Andrew's church and kerchiefs white,
 That flutter'd in the wind,
 The merry shouts, for none but boys,
 Could make so jubilant a noise.

God speed the time, the wind blows fair,
 Our little fleet hies on,
 And at the hour of five we find
 Our weary race is run.
 For yonder runs the Assiniboine,
 And there Fort Garry lies,
 The emblem of our nation's might
 Floats out against the skies—
 No booming gun, no battle cry,
 'Tis ended all and peacefully.

And now I'll close my rambling lay,
 It may not please you all,
 For many a hawkeyed critic may,
 Some minor fault or small,
 Point to the gaze of public view.
 But take it as 'twas meant,
 'Twas done in friendship for you all
 And not with bad intent,
 While my last wishes you will see
 Conclude this condens'd history.
