

From thence, to the eyes a lovely feast,
As o'er the land, we travel east,
Where roamed the buffalo, once with pride,
O'er pampas, fertile, long and wide ;
Masters of the grassy plains,
Now fruitful fields of golden grains.

Health, gushing through every vein,
We bound away to east again,
And for a time, will tarry
At Winnipeg, once Fort Garry ;
Here mem'ry sad, brings us to the spot,
Where rest the bones of Thos. Scott,
Who fell by the assassins steel,
Fouly murdered by Louis Riel,
Though many years, had gone and past,
The hangman's rope caught him at last.

We'll let this bit of savage history rest,
And leave this city of the west.
To the south and eastward go,
As the lakes and rivers flow,
O'er rocks and rapids swiftly pour
Till they reach Niagara's rock-bound shore,
Where the sun cherished bow, will ever show,
As with thunder, dash her waters deep below.

Through the St. Lawrence, switly glide,
Laving islands green, on every side.
Rush on, o'er rocks and rapids wide,
To meet the sea, Atlantic's tide.
Still onward, through the gulf below,
Where Atlantic's tides, rise and flow
In tidal waves, o'er marsh and shoal,
In endless waves, a daily roll.