

Forget his home, the land where he was born.

Love me no more !

Pr. Love me again ! The bird from whom I'm named  
Each season changes color—so do you !  
The trees and birds to nature's laws are true,  
Of being turn-coats they are not ashamed.

Love me again !

Pr. Maple Leaf, my own, why will you set up conventional lines  
of division where none exist in reality ? The same trees grow on  
either side of the Niagara River, the same birds sing, the same flowers  
bloom. Love knows no boundary lines, no tariff laws, no custom house.

M. L. Hush ! What is that ? (*Clock strikes twelve.*)

*Unaccompanied double quartette of male voices behind the scenes.*

Clouds with gentle hand are brushing

Wrinkles from the moon's fair face.

Every noisy streamlet's rushing

Has been stilled by frost's embrace.

But our spirits rise with coldness,

We have twice our natural boldness

When the city's under snow,

And the mercury's so low

That it cannot lower be,

Then we tramp abroad with glee.

M. L. Oh, Ptarmigan ! Fly ! Fly ! That's the guard ! They  
must not find you here ! They were to be on duty at the Ice Palace  
till midnight. By this time they fancy you're too stiff to move.

Pr. So I am ! I shan't move a step for one of them.

M. L. My old friend ! You say you love me—don't let me see you  
torn limb from limb before my very eyes.

Pr. I'll go—If you will go with me. If not, I don't care what  
becomes of me.

M. L. Ptarmigan ! Go ! I beseech you. It will break my heart  
to see you caught.

Pr. You do love me then ? I am more to you than friends or native  
land ? (*He tries to embrace her.*)

SONG—MAPLE LEAF.

The only love that's worthy of my heart

Is one in which man has no part,

No rival need she fear,

My country dear !

When travelling far my weary spirit yearns

For these broad lakes, my soul returns

To seek for Nature's land—

My country grand !

Her rolling prairies, Rocky Mountains tall,

Her woods, Niagara's thundering fall,

Her rivers—all declare

My country fair !