

Then Quebec up to Niagara,  
Few white men, don't know who,  
Scanned with the vast lakes, wooded shores  
In Indian's birch canoe.

Ontario, all as nature made  
Few whites so far had trod  
Until the U. E. Loyalists  
Made it their loved abode.

Only the ramparts of Quebec  
The bush and water course  
Saved Canada for Britain  
From united rebel force.

Ontario, no better land  
On west side of the sea ;  
Thy clime is pleasing, not severe,  
You are both rich and free.

Quebec, so hazy, cold and slow,  
Unless in Montreal ;  
The priests and Papacy o'erride  
The French and govern all.

No matter whether right or wrong,  
The country live or die,  
Enrich the church, or know your fate,  
Is Papist battle cry.