

And red men roamed o'er fell and fen,  
 And trail or war-path followed keen?  
 Didst see the brave La Salle pass on  
 To seek the Mississippi's wave,  
 And how, ere Abram's heights were won,  
 Yon fort was won—won many a grave?

Ere gallant Frenchmen yielded here  
 To Britain's power their heritage,  
 Johnson, the red man's friend held dear,  
 Thou saw'st successful warfare wage.  
 The loyal refugees here press,  
 Leaving their lands, their homes, their all,  
 Deep in the solemn wilderness,  
 To hew new homes at duty's call.

And here our country's fathers met  
 In humble legislative hall;  
 But soon arose day darker yet,  
 When foeman held these ramparts all.  
 Then came a day of fear and dread  
 When winter snow robed dale and down;  
 And mothers with their children fled  
 In terror from the burning town.

But soon returning peace brought round  
 More prosperous, happy, golden days,  
 And from the shipyard came the sound  
 Of hammers beating songs of praise.  
 Those days are gone; gone, too, we fear,  
 The busy mart the live-long day,  
 Nor sound of vulgar trade is here,  
 And "Lotos Town" they sneering say.

But no—thy life's a shorter span;  
 Thou canst not all the secrets tell  
 Of brave, or rash, or erring man,  
 O lonely, lonely sentinel.  
 Where once the pagan rite was seen,  
 Or French or Indian warlike bands,  
 Where fratricidal strife had been,  
 Two Christian nations now clasp hands.

Long mayst thou stand, O stately tree,  
 Outlined as boldly 'gainst the sky;  
 As thou hast often gladdened me,  
 Cheer other hearts as years pass by.