

PROVINCE OF ONTARIO.

In the land of woods and lakes,
Pure happiness each one partakes,
Who is sound in body and in mind,
And to industry is inclined.

Here in great lakes we do take pride,
And them with Uncle Sam divide,
Other lakes seem inferior
In size to great Superior.

And Canadians do take pride,
In Huron's wide expanded tide,
But it onward flows forever,
Through St. Clair lake and river.

But soon again it doth expand,
Into Erie's lake so grand,
Then behold its wondrous charms,
When embraced in Niagara's arms.

Then it more blessings doth bestow,
On pure bosom of Ontario,
Round it our towns and cities cluster,
O'er it Toronto sheds her lustre.

And Ontario doth awake,
The thought that 'tis our favorite lake;
Several states approach Lake Erie,
Each one claiming it for dearie.

But our fires of love do glow,
Alone for Lake Ontario,
Our love for it is so unbounded,
We have almost it surrounded.