

That ever bore a Briton's sword ; nor grieves
 O'er his altered lot, aye light, as the leaf
 His bounding step, as he fearlessly roams
 In his native woods, 'mid the white men's homes.

Well may thy Genius, Canada, rejoice,
 Peace like to thine ne'er yet to men was known,
 Still flows thy fortune's tide, thy noblest choice
 Fair freedom still ; nor freedom's gift alone,
 Fired not by lust of conquest—pride of power,
 Thy people bold with philanthropic will,
 Their enterprise extend the world out o'er,
 Right glad to mitigate the sum of ill.
 The Nations meet thee with an equal soul ;
 Their richest trade ships press around thy shores,
 And far beyond the raging main's control,
 The wealth of worlds out-pour in boundless stores.

"O, happiest lot!" the exultant Peri cries,
 "Lo! more than e'er I dreamed, I now behold ;