

The acorn to the oak hath grown, and now  
strikes out its root

In broad and deep'ning strength of hold—  
BRITANNIA'S proud offshoot!

And long may BRITAIN'S oaken germs, trans-  
planted o'er the sea,

Preserve in CANADA the life of BRITISH LIBERTY!

While foremost 'mid the roll of names, which  
help'd to usher in

The NEW DOMINION'S dawning days stands that  
of DUFFERIN!

*Eidolon* not, soon vanishing, like borealian fire;

Nor sudden meteoric light; nor flame from pagan  
pyre;

But cut in crystal'd thoughts that tune the chords  
of memory's lyre!