

On speed the martial sounds, o'er wood and lake,
 From fortress rocks and garrison'd defiles;
 St. Helen's bids her sleeping echoes wake,
 Fort Henry wafts them through Ontario's isles;
 And banners flash and English music springs
 From camp and fort along that fatal wave,
 Where dread Niag'ra's giant thunder sings
 His everlasting requiem for the brave—
 And on, o'er Erie's sands, o'er soft St. Clair,
 The same free trumpet rings, the red cross flutters there!

Aye, 'tis a fair, a lordly heritage,
 For British heirs, by British valour won.
 A youth predestin'd for a glorious age,
 A spot for freedom's ark to rest upon.
 And there bright memories come floating down,
 Borne from the past on fame's least earthly chords.
 Warming the children with the sire's renown,
 Singing of crimson fields, of conquering swords,
 Trafalgar's wave—old Runnimead's fair sod,
 How patriots bled for home—how martyrs died for God.

Where lurks the parricide, whose impious hand
 Britannia's standard from its height would tear,
 And false to faith, truth, HEAVEN, AND FAT ERLAND,
 Bow to some specious rag usurping there?
 Woe to the craven statesman's plotting brain;
 Shame on the perjured soldier's dastard crest,
 Who rends the "Ocean Empire's" proud domain,
 Who drives the lion from the glorious west,
 And leaves the children of the isles a prey
 To dark and hopeless strife, or worse than Vandal sway.

Land of the West! Before the minstrel's glance
 Bright visions float magnificent and free:
 Fair glories light the future's broad expanse,
 And hope, wild prophet, sings—they gleam for thee.
 Rise, eagle-winged and lion-hearted, rise,
 Youth, strength, and freedom, nerve your upward flight;
 Fix on the morning sun your quenchless eyes:
 Trust to your stainless name, your children's might:
 Thine be worth, genius, victory, splendour, praise,
 Meet for a clime like thine, where flag, like England's sways.