

VI

For Canada, thy truest beauty beams
In Freedom's gorgeous, glorious, sacred glow ;
Thy holiest light for ever brightly gleams,
From Freedom's shrine—the grave of Papineau !
His was a soul that, fearless, ever sprung
Beyond the meaner strifes of petty men :
His dauntless heart to Freedom ever clung—
Canadians ne'er may see his like again !

VII

In him bright Freedom saw the hope of Truth
Dawn freshly o'er this fair Canadian land—
In very age his heart was filled with youth,
E'er dreaming visions lofty, pure, and grand.
With patriot zeal, he wielded patriot power,
And compact tyrants felt his mighty spell ;
He gave his country, Freedom's holy dower,
And vainly, words, his praises seek to tell !