

From distant clime

Earnest he roams

Charmed with the chime

Of the rushing tide that foams

Through varied scenes and new.

By Ottawa's shelving shore,

Bursts on his gladdened view,

Men's happiest homes before,

The wigwam's curling smoke,

What rapture to his soul the scene !

Is this the conquered red man's yoke

Free as the winds to roam through forests green ?

'Tis even so. And thus 'twill ever be

So long as o'er the heaving Ocean wave,

Britannia's flag shall bravely float and free.

The favored Indian prays : "Our Mother save"

'Neath his roof of the sweetest summer leaves,

With a heart as leal as the bravest chief