

Valleyfield, take this gift from me,  
A token of regard for thee ;  
I feel that little I can do,  
That better things to thee are due.

And now let other friends thee praise  
In sparkling, clear and racy lays,  
Each beauty and each virtue tell  
In rhymes that will my verse excel.

'Twas God that all these mercies willed,  
His promises in Christ fulfilled,  
His Son for us that freely gave,  
Our souls from sin and death to save.

