

The steps that lead to it I traverse,  
Thinking the while, how a man will rove.

Over the seas, farther and farther,  
Visiting every country known—  
A feeling oft comes o'er us sadly,  
Think we of how we travel alone.

Early morning and we have started  
Favoring wind as our course we take,  
O'er the breast of the dirty water  
Geography calls the Winnipeg Lake.

On we hasten for the long Red River,  
Now we will enter its reeded mouth,  
The sands are past; while there we see it,  
Running its way, nearly North and South.

Here will I rest me at breakfast time,  
After it on my journey proceed,  
Bid ye fare well for a short half hour,  
And alter my strain, as it may need.

Fall autumn leaves thy day has come.  
So we shall fade like thee;  
The morn, the noon of life may pass,  
And old age we may see;  
But fruits will drop ere they are ripe,  
A storm may cross the path,  
And many a tree does fall before  
The fury of its wrath.  
Thus we as well might close our day,  
Ere twelve short months have pass'd away.

Such thought will sometimes visit us,  
When others may but jest,  
Yet I must guilty plead for one,