

For *then* we learned to prize in one another,
The manly virtues of a generous race—
Just now we grasped thy hand as of a brother,
And joyed to see thy face.

Thou wast to us a type of that great nation
Thy father rules—of what it is to be
In the fair future of our expectation,
Happy, and good, and free.

Thou wast *thyself*. Upon thy first appearing,
We saw a form, a face, that won our heart ;
We heard thy simple, friendly words and, hearing,
Sorrowed that we must part.

Now thou art gone, following the path of duty—
God keep thee in it, wheresoe'er it lead !
And may'st thou ever prize the moral beauty
That makes the man indeed !

Long will we here in Canada remember
Thy manly grace lost to us far too soon ;
Long will the poor recall that bleak December,
And the good Prince's boon.

And thou, O sailor-prince, when in mid-ocean
Thou lookest to the faithful northern star,
Memory may bear thee, not without emotion,
To Canada afar.

MONTREAL.
