

The West! the West!—high theme for minstrel's lyre,
 Whose heart is fresh—whose glance is ONWARD cast,
 Whom hope hath touch'd with her prophetic fire,
 Who leaves to colder harps to sing the past.
 The West! the West! where Empire's course is speeding
 To found broad realms—to rear her mightiest throne,
 Where worth and strength to earthly fame are leading,
 Where victory shall sound her boldest tone,
 Where unborn glories, with triumphant blaze,
 Shall dim the past's proud deeds, shall pale its flaunting rays.

Roll soft, blue waters of the "Thousand Isles"!
 Superior! calm thy ocean-giant's sweep!
 Flash up, fair Erie, in the warm sun's smiles:
 Gray Huron, wake thee from thy troubled sleep.
 Hark! from the green old woods hoarse voices come,
 The spirits of the solitudes are out:
 Up waves and winds! blue rush and sparkling foam,
 Ring thro' the startled West the mingled shout
 Of strength and gladness, the wild jubilee,
 In which ye speak your might, the anthem of the free!

Roll on, bright waves, along your swelling tide
 No ruined fane, no dark dismantled towers
 Gaze on your depths in melancholy pride,
 To mar the freshness of your forest bowers.
 Not yours the time-worn arch—the shattered dome,
 The mournful loveliness of slow decay:
 The splendour of the morning lights your home,
 The fresh magnificence of opening day:—
 Time o'er your land with baffled might has flown,
 No works of man to fall—fair nature bow'd alone.

Hark! from yon giant mount a war drum beats,
 A trumpet rings upon the morning air;
 A glorious flag the quivering sunlight greets,
 With blood-red cross and snow-white volumes fair:
 'Tis thine, St. GEORGE! that war-worn banner's fold,
 The victor o'er those lordly waves streams forth;
 Thine the bold notes—thine Island warriors hold
 The grave of Wolfe—the fortress of the north!
 And proud defiance from its crest is hurl'd,
 Where Britain's genius sits,—throned o'er the western world.