

FIRST VOICE :— Neath her dreary icy shroud nature pulseless lay.

SECOND VOICE :—A robe of emerald verdure she wears to day.

FIRST VOICE :— Once the silence of the tomb reigned all around,

SECOND VOICE :—Now sunny hamlets through our land abound.

BOTH VOICES :— Like Zion, Princee, from out the dust,
Has risen our city fair,
With giant steps has she advanced,
Neath Albion's fostering care :
Onward her march—to greater things
Will she aspire and aim each day,
E'er to become more worthy of
Thine and Victoria's sway.

RÉCITATIF :— Proudly be-doing our foes and the tempest's fierce might,
Freely our standard floats out from its height,
Like an oak in the midst of our forests so wide,
It may bend but t'will rise in still statelier pride.

SEXTUOR :—

Here where once forests raised their summits to the skies,
As if by magic power, cities, towns arise ;
And in lone plains where man's foot the grass ne'er stirred,
The reaper's joyous song, harvest home is now heard.
On returning to our Queen,
Some kindly words of us thou'lt say,
Thou'lt tell her how we have prospered neath,
And how we bless her wise just sway.

RÉCITATIF :— Already the trumpet's voice
Sends forth on the air its echoing swell,
It may sadden but not rejoice,
We must part from the Prince we love so well,
Let us join our voices to say Farewell.

FINAL CHORUS ;—

Farewell, oh noble Son of our illustrious Queen,
May thy heart's motto ever be,
Justice, Truth, Fidelity.
Thy reign prove bright and blessed as *Her's* has been !
And may our loyal love's deep store
Win thee back to our land once more !
Farewell, great Prince, until we meet again !

MRS. J. L. LEPROHON.

Montreal, August, 1860.