

She turns to scan Ontario's shore,
Sayest thou sweet Angel, *never* more,
Lo! She leans too far to lee,
My God she's floating on the sea.

Thus screamed poor George, while all on board
Shouted: "Let the boats be lowered,"
Yes, yes, they speed with lightening wing,
While waters their sad anthems sing.

On board the lone one gasps for breath,
Strong arms surround and keep from death
Dead silence reigns, all hope is o'er,
Geneve sinks to rise no more.

The boats return. The tears fall fast,
The bride hath reached her home at last.
Ontario rolls just as before,
The moonlight streaks the heavenly shore

Roll on, oh sea, thou hast thy way,
But comes there yet the judgment day,
For in the Bible sure tis said,
The seas shall yield their sainted dead.

But lo! Toronto's lights are seen,
All eyes are strained to catch each gleam,
How glad our hearts to strike the shore,
And reach our sacred homes once more.