

Then could ye feel, and could ye feel

How fresh is a Western night !

When the long land-breezes rise and pass

And sigh in the rustling prairie grass,

When the dark-blue skies are clear as glass,

And the same old stars are bright.

But could ye know, and for ever know

The word of the young North-West !

A word she breathes to the true and bold,

A word misknown to the false and cold,

A word that never was spoken or sold,

But the one that knows is blest.