

That we may be taught the deep lessons of life,
 And learn to survive yet this dark world of strife,
 And governed by righteousness, equity, truth,
 May we bloom in rich beauty in these bright days of youth,
 And follow thy spirit at last to the Throne
 Where thousands of earth's brightest spirits have gone;
 There smiling at tempests that broke on their soul,
 Deep wave of bright glory now over them roll.
 May that blessed portion, dear Spirit, be thine,
 And ours when we fall 'fore its lustre divine.

Its Military.

The proud sword of Briton cause thousands to dread
 And bow 'fore its lustre in terror as dead.
 The loftiest Monarch has homaged its power,
 It forced him to own it in the dread battle hour.
 The cave in St. Helen has long closed the foe
 That fain would eclipse its effulgence below.
 Let that little Island where proud billows roar,
 Tell nations of Briton's great valor and power,
 It bowed there, the mightiest Monarch that slew
 The nations around, with the sword that he drew.
 And why was he conquered? Let Britain's great heart
 Of valor and power, each answer apart.
 Deep love to their country inspired their soul,
 Though thunders in battle may over them roll,
 They smile at their terrors, and front the proud foe
 To death or to victory, in valor they go.
 Thus Belleville, not least in that deep loyal power,
 Do welcome their foemen, or death's fatal hour,