

Tell us the sounds that come to thee,
Borne by the breezes as they fly,
The shout of schoolboy wild set free,
The sportsman's gun, or plover's cry.

Or lover's fondly-whispered vows,
The roar of guns in mimic strife,
The rustling of the forest boughs,
Or varying sounds of human life,
The bugle's call, so clear and sweet,
From neighbouring fort by breezes blown,
Gay laughter when pic-nickers meet,
Or on the beech the wave's wild moan.

The quiet dip of idler's oar,
The sweetly solemn Sabbath bell,
The distant cataract's softened roar,
All these, oh, lonely sentinel.
Or wilt thou tell of nations four,
Alternate owning this fair spot?
Thou knowest much historic lore,
Then tell thy tale; refuse us not.

Or is it far beyond thy ken
When Indian wigwams here were seen,
And red men roamed o'er fell and fen,
And trail or war-path followed keen?
Didst see the brave La Salle pass on
To seek the Mississippi's wave,
And how, ere Abram's heights were won,
Yon fort was won—won many a grave?

Ere gallant Frenchmen yielded here
To Britain's power their heritage,
Johnson, the red man's friend held dear,
Thou saw'st successful warfare wage.
The loyal refugees here press,
Leaving their lands, their homes, their all,
Deep in the solemn wilderness,
To hew new homes at duty's call.

And here our country's fathers met
In humble legislative hall;
But soon arose day darker yet,
When foeman held these ramparts all.
Then came a day of fear and dread
When winter snow robed dale and down;
And mothers with their children fled
In terror from the burning town.