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And then -- after a day or more -- it
was Winnipeg -- it was Manitoba -- the Red River --
and the Selkirk settlers.

I had to recall how the gentle Earl learned
the soft Gaelic of my people -- and sent a
boatload out -- and there they arrived -- in the dead
of winter -- on the shores of Hudson's Bay -- and
through pathless wastes they marched -- with the
women carrying children shawled in their arms --
and strong-hearted wives bearing children --
amid the cold winter snows.

And they reached the Red River -- and there
they endured and held on -- there -- through
loneliness and sacrifice -- through sweat and
blood -- they fought flood and frost and
Furian -- and held the North-West for the
British Crown.

Manitoba gave me a Bill of Rights.

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