

## OFF QUEBEC

Farewell, my Canada, farewell !  
Before I come again to dwell  
Within your borders who can say  
How far my restless feet shall stray ?

I feel the lure of foreign lands,  
The witchery of tropic strands,  
And in imagination see  
A brilliant mirage fronting me.

My dreams are of an olden time  
When crumbling cities had their prime,  
And men who left a sounding name  
Were in the zenith of their fame ;

When Grecian history was made,  
And Egypt no behest obeyed,  
But dominated on the Nile  
And built her monumental pile ;

When Rome was glorious and great,  
And Caesars in imperial state  
Exacted homage from the world,  
And on their foes their legions hurled.