

F A R E W E L L
TO HIS
EXCELLENCY THE GOVERNOR GENERAL.

BY THE REV. AENEAS McDONELL DAWSON, L. L. D.; F. R. S. &c..

Dear to us all thy Name Lansdowne!
Its worth undoubted Britons own.
Full half the Land in bondage lay.
Came Light and dawned a brighter day.
Dark o'er the Isles the lurid sky.
MacCaulay, Brougham and Lansdowne high,
Like lightning's flash, spread far and wide,
True Statesman words our men to guide.
The Senate, charmed as by a spell,
Heard what the Oracle could tell,
Not ever more, in times long gone,
The Sybil's words were brightly shewn.
Lowered o'er our State a dismal cloud;
Of Liberty, 'twas said, the shroud.
Oh! sad to think in death was laid,
So bright ere-while the glorious MAID!
The days of Alfred are no more.
No Cœur de Lion greets our shore.
Our Constitution's in its grave,
Where gone for ever sleep the brave.
Darkness and death! Now list the cry,
The Statesman cry that rends the sky.
To victory calls in Freedom's name,
And the dark age to endless shame
Delivers. The Maid all admired,
From sleep, not awful death, retired,
O'er Britain spreads her sheltering wing;
Her destiny sweet Peace to bring.
Nor Pariah nor Helot more
Shall curses heap on Britain's shore;
Nor slave chains free-born Britons bind,
Nor Statesman lies the British mind.
Laws false in place of Law shall die;
All cruelty the Land shall fly;
Of evils dread the galling train
That, Cobra like, o'er-spread each plain,
To Peace and Happiness shall yield,
Contentment blessing every field.

Such were your victories, Statesmen true,
That could our fallen State renew.
May long such triumphs grace our age!
Long may each noble Lansdowne Sage
Such battles, fight! such victories gain!
And in the Statesman's field obtain
A brighter meed than Warrior's fame,
Or bravest of the brave could claim!

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