

CANADA, THE LAND OF PROMISE, AND OTHER POEMS

Summerkiss'd by days of the fairest,
And glided by God's good sunshine,
Burthened with wealth of the rarest,
Of river, of forest and mine—
Laughing, the well-metalled mountains,
Thrice happy, the corn-planted plain,
Shouting with joy are the fountains
A prosperous fulsome refrain.

Canada's wheat fields need tilling;
She calls to the kings o'er the sea,
Send us your best, we are willing
To make them both rich men and free;
Come to us bringing good muscies
To garner the grain in the sheaves,
For want is a stranger where rusties
The wind through the green maple leaves.

Strong like the mother that bore us,
As brave as our red British blood,
Sired by fathers before us
Who conquered the bush and the flood,
Canada sends forth this message,
To o'ercrowded nation and state;—
Come all ye breeds that know honour
And enter our wide-swinging gate!