

O CANADA, MY OWN BELOVED LAND!*

From the French "O CANADA, MON PAYS, MES AMOURS,"
of Sir George Etienne Cartier.

BY JOHN BOYD

For the Cartier Centenary.

"One's own land is best of all,"
So an ancient adage says;
To sing it is the poet's call,
Mine be to sing my fair land's praise.
Strangers behold with envious eyes
St. Lawrence's tide so swift and grand,
But the Canadian proudly cries,
O Canada, my own beloved land!

Rivers and streams in myriad maze
Meander through our fertile plains,
Midst many a lofty mountain's haze,
What vast expanse the vision chains!
Vales, hills and rapids, forest brakes—
What panorama near so grand!
Who doth not love thy limpid lakes,
O Canada, my own beloved land!

Each season of the passing year,
In turn, attractions hath to bless.
Spring like an ardent wooer, dear,
Besports fair flowers and verdant dress;
Summer anon prepares to wrest
The harvest rare with joyful hand;
In Fall and Winter, feast and jest.
O Canada, my own beloved land!