

A Song of this Land

And, here where I write at Edmonton under the aurora, these men of the Southern Provinces have assembled with our lads of the North and West who are leather-fleshed and hard-sinewed, but withal, comely. This is Edmonton on the Saskatchewan, which the bow-bearers call by another name, meaning "the great river of the plains." This is the stranger-thronged city of the North; the city that has merited a cheer. It is here our glorious Lady of Alberta has placed her throne whereunto all her sons come up that they may pay her tribute of honour.

To this place come the farmer-folk from the wheatlands of the queenly Peace, and the priests and trappers from the Athabasca, which the bow-bearers call by another name, meaning "the great river of the woods." And hither come the traders and road builders from the pass between the cleft mountains where, of old, dwelt Jasper of the yellow head; these, and the horse-taming men from young Calgary. We who love games and the glory of them, stand at salute.

These are the men from Winnipeg, the Mother City of the North. Honour upon honour be to her!

Right pleasant is it to present the likely-looking lads of Regina and of the deep soiled plains of Saskatchewan. On the plains, the straight-blowing wind is scented from the grassed headlands dappled with flowers. On the plains, dwell strong, glad men in the joy of their youth. On the plains, there lives some common mother of the common, weal, who is the ancestress of our kings to be.