

THE LAND OF THE MAPLE.

A Patriotic Song.

I.

Oh ! Can-a-da, my Can-a-da, my thought is all of thee !
Thy mountain chains and smil-ing plains that stretch
from sea to sea ;
The sun-light gleams on murm'ring streams and sweet-
est melody
Pours from the feather-ed song-sters in the spreading
map-le tree.

CHORUS—

Oh ! the land of the ma-ple is the land for me,
The land of the stal-wart, the brave and the free,
The Rose and the Thistle, the Sham-rock and 'Lis,
All bloom in one garden 'neath the ma-ple tree.

II.

Oh ! Canada, dear Canada, none can com-pare with
thee ;
'Neath sun-ny skies the earth replies and laughs with
harvest glee ;
Thy win-ters cheer, with air so clear, but best of all
to me,
The sum-mer and the sun-shine and the spreading
ma-ple tree !

CHORUS—Oh ! the land of the maple, etc.

III.

In Can-a-da, dear Can-a-da, all dwell in unity—
The Sax-on, Gaul and Celt a-gree with Scots to keep
us free,
Though we be four, yet are we one ; if dan-ger chance
to be,
We'll bold-ly fight and stand for right be-neath the
ma-ple tree !

CHORUS—Oh ! the land of the maple, etc.