

SEA-ROOM! Sea-Room! Out of the forest gloom
 She hath hewn her way to the light of day, where the peaceful gardens
 bloom,
 And the toils and tears of her pioneers, from Fraser to Nicolum,
 O'er the trail they blazed this monument raised to last till the crack of doom—
 Vancouver, mart of the nations,
 A city of sure foundations,
 Guest of the generations!
 Sea-room! sea-room! for the vessel's close packed hold,
 Flying the flag of England, is freighted with wealth untold,
 We were nursed on the breast of our Middle West, and the fruit of their husbandry,
 Hoard upon hoard, is laid aboard at the wharves by the western sea.

*Sea-room! sea-room! for the vessel is under way,
 Bearing the British banner to the confines of the day;
 For West is East, and East is West, and the best is yet to be—
 Star of the night, fling far your light, Vancouver, star of the sea!*



SEA-ROOM! Sea-Room! For the Empire wakes from sleep,
 And her finger-tips are athrob with ships, the Vikings of the deep:
 From the Austral strand, and Newfoundland, and Table Mountain steep;
 And, first on the page of the New North Age, Canada tryst doth keep:
 All of one speech, hurra!
 Motherland, Canada,
 States of Australia:
 Christ of the clustered crosses—Andrew, Patrick and George—
 Christ of the starry spaces, bless the new links we forge:
 Peace! with her olive pennon, heralds your going forth,
 Vancouver, star of the evening, Canada, stripe of the north.

*Sea-room! sea-room! for the vessel is under way,
 Bearing the British banner to the confines of the day;
 For West is East, and East is West, in the Commonwealth to be—
 Star of the night, fling far your light, Vancouver, star of the sea!*