

APPENDIX III.

salty of loyalty and devotion to their native land. Let us transfer that loyalty to Canada. For, great as Scotland was and is to me and to you—

"There is no Land like our Land,
Where, mistress of our own,
We lead the breed of Empire
To guard the ancient throne.
And the old land keeps a welcome
For her kin beyond the sea;
But this Land is our Land,
And Canada for me!

"There is no Land like our Land;
Our day is at the dawn;
Our waking stirs the nations;
We are no feeble spawn.
And the old Land keenly listens;
And the alien frowns to see;
But this Land is our Land;
And Canada is free!

"There is no Land like our Land;
God keep it ever so;
And heart-throbs shall be drum-beats,
When we find our country's foe.
Oh, this may love the Southland,
And that may cross the sea;
But this Land is our Land,
And Canada for me!"

(Loud and continued applause.)