

"Now is the winter of our discontent."



Canadienne

CANADIENNE! the buds are sleeping,—
January skies are cold,—
New Year's watch the trees are keeping,
But ere many moons are old
Maple buds will soft unfold.

Canadienne! the wind is blowing;
Days will lengthen ere you know,
For the sap will soon be flowing,
And as vanishes the snow
Maple leaves begin to grow.

Canadienne! just patient waiting,
Bide your time to see full soon
Leaves unfolded, song birds mating.
All your world will be in tune
Between January and June.