

# Carmelite Review

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## *The Land of Poco Tiempo.*



IS the land of Poco Tiempo where the European sees  
The dark-skinned Filipino and his docile carabow ;  
Where cocoanuts in clusters hang on feather dusted trees,  
And the toiler tills his holding with a most peculiar plow.  
'Tis the land of Poco Tiempo, the land of love and youth,  
Where children born of nature speak nothing save the truth.

'Tis the land of Poco Tiempo, where undulated fields  
Cause the wholesome rice to spring from the bosom of the earth ;  
While the world looks on in wonder at the yearly crop she yields ;  
For the island of Luzon has of poverty a dearth.  
'Tis the land of Poco Tiempo, the land of love and song,  
Where the native knows his neighbor and the women naught of wrong.

'Tis the land of Poco Tiempo, where messengers of God  
Call His children to their duty in the churches far and near ;  
Where the padre greet the people with a patronizing nod  
And bids them "Buenos Dias" in a language sweet to hear.  
'Tis the land of Poco Tiempo, where sleeps castilian pride,  
Where tyrants sought for treasure and oppression found a bride.

Ah ! fair land Poco Tiempo, may angels guard thy shore  
And give unto thy people a ruler good and wise ;  
And may the peaceful spirit dwell there for evermore,  
Reflecting back to heaven the virtues of the skies.  
'Tis the land of Poco Tiempo, the land of smiles and tears,  
The land of hills and valleys, the land of future years.

—STANLY.