

Has ever yet rejoiced the Saxon's heart,
 Or showed such dower of fortune for the race,
 Since first the roaming Briton crossed the wave,
 Leaving the narrow limits of his home
 To gain the over-lordship of the world.

League upon league the vasty prairie spread,
 And seemed to spread for ever as we passed.
 Here, Calgary, upon thy boundless sward
 We saw the countless herds in peaceful ease
 Roaming those rich, unmeasured solitudes;
 And there, resplendent in the morning sun,
 Fairest of all, the great Regina plain
 Shone with its harvest of perennial gold,
 A land of promise, and the very shrine



And granary of empire yet to be.
 For other forms of wealth must pass away:
 But here till labour and till time be done,
 The seed-time and the harvest shall return,
 Yea, and returning, yield their royal store
 Unstinting and unstinted. Not in vain,
 Queen of the golden West, for evermore
 Thou bearest that for ever-honoured name
 Of her, whose tongue the law of kindness spake,
 Who stretched her hands in bounty to the poor,
 And brought her people increase from afar.
 And still, while winter's pall about me lies,
 And chill monotony shrouds the lifeless earth,
 I see that joyous dayspring once again,
 When all thy ruddy corn-fields round me glowed,
 I see—and hope and gladness fill my heart.