

This vast Canada, Lady of the snows,
Can boast of many a daring, noble son,
Who bright medals, soon will wear,
When Africa's war, is o'er and done.

England, can boast her mottled fields,
Canada, her forests bright and green,
And statesmen, should ever wield,
A standard bright and clean.

The wandering mariner, whose eye explores,
The wealthiest isles, the most enchanting shores,
Views not a realm, so beautiful and fair ;
Nor breathes the scent of a purer air.—
There is a spot on earth supremely blessed,
One dearer spot than all the rest,^v
Where woman reigns ; mother, daughter, wife,
Strew with fresh flowers, the narrow path of life ;
In the clear heaven of her delightful eye,
An angel-guard of love and graces lie ;
Around her, domestic duties meet,
And fireside pleasures, gambol at her feet.
Where shall that land, that spot be found ;
For it, search and look around ;
And thou shalt find, however thy footsteps roam,
That land is CANADA, that spot is HOME.

