

## COME BACK, COME BACK TO CANADA

*(To a Voluntary Exile.)*

Come back, come back to Canada !  
The trees are all in leaf,  
Stern Winter holds the earth no more  
In firm and frosty fief ;  
The pasture lands are green again,  
The streams are free to flow,  
The shadbush, globed with burnished buds,  
Has felt the warm wind blow.

Come back, come back to Canada !  
The Southland has her charms ;  
Her eyes are dark and passionate,  
Voluptuous her arms ;  
She woos you with her rich perfumes,  
With roses and with song,  
With golden dreams and languid thoughts,—  
Her clasp is close and strong.