

Canada, My Home.

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HERE shines the dying Red Man's sun,
Where bison feet no more may run,
Nor warring tribesmen roam,—
There, Arctic-crowned, behold the land,
In grandeur robed by lavish hand,
Fair Canada, my home.

O goodly Land! thy fervid praise
Forbid the people's tongue to raise
In self-adoring boast,—
To One, who all thy glories gave,
Our homage be, with reverence grave,
In adoration lost.

Dominion of the North, how vast!—
Unequaled in the distant past
By proud, imperial Rome;
The Sister Zones o'er thee unrolled
Two giant belts of white and gold,
Grand Canada, my home.