

From My Gallery

***A PLEA FROM JOHNNY CANUCK**

I look far back to the sand-hills
On the banks of the Rideau stream,
A mile above where the slim sheet
Drops in a silver gleam,
Away to the brown Ottawa
Below the cauldron's steam;

And I remember the small boys,
Our comrades in the games,
Making bon-fires in the sand-heaps,
And dancing round the flames,
Or sliding down the ice-hill
Ba'tees and Pat and James.

And through the gold-crown'd summers
We grew up with Ba'tees,
Though I went to the Free Kirk
And he to the église,
And Pat away to St. Michael's
To drop upon his knees.

But no matter whence our forefathers,
From sunny France or Heather;
No matter what our family's flag,
The Cross or Prince's Feather;
We clasp each one the hand of the rest,
All Johnny Canucks together.

We love the old rose-garden
And the soft purple hill;
We love the pure white Fleur-de-lys
With a love beyond our will;
We love the harp of green Erin
Now so awfully still.

We plead with you, O dear Erin,
Your harp from the willows take;
Your tender haunting home-songs
Once more touch and awake;
And join with the rose and the thistle,
To heal the deep heart-ache.

*Written in December of the year 1920.