

## A Wreath of Canadian Song

"Into the arms of our mother we come,  
Our broad, strong mother, the innocent earth,  
Mother of all things beautiful, blameless,  
Mother of hopes that her strength makes tameless,  
Where the voices of grief and of battle are dumb,  
And the whole world laughs with the light of her  
mirth.

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"Over the meadow lands sprouting with thistle,  
Where the humming wings of the blackbird pass,  
Where the hollows are banked with the violets  
flowering,  
And the long-limbed, pendulous elms are tower-  
ing,  
Where the robins are loud with their voluble whistle,  
And the ground-sparrow scurries away through the  
grass.

"Where the restless bobolink loiters and woos  
Down in the hollows and over the swells,  
Dropping in and out of the shadows,  
Sprinkling his music about the meadows,  
Whistles and little checks and coos,  
And the tinkle of glassy bells;

"Into the dim woods full of the tombs  
Of the dead trees soft in their sepulchres,  
Where the pensive throats of the shy birds hidden  
Pipe to us strangely entering unbidden,  
And tenderly still in the tremulous glooms  
The trilliums scatter their white-winged stars;

"Up to the hills where our tired hearts rest,  
Loosen, and halt, and regather their dreams: