

Historic ages come and go,
With summer's rain and winter's snow;
Yet time moves onward as before,
Freighted with changes ever more.

To note the changes of the sky,
The varied pictures floating by,
The wilderness of stars that blaze,
The leaping clouds that fix our gaze.

To note each gorgeous realm unseen,
The mysteries that roll between,
Would be a task by far too great
For mortal pen to undertake.

So when we turn to earthly change,
The task would seem beyond our range.
The grain of sand, the smallest flower,
The falling leaf the summer's shower.

All these, and yet ten thousand more,
Put man to shame, yet we adore,
Their magic power the pen inspires,
They fill the soul with new-born fires.

So when to Canada we come,
And note the changes as they run,
Our pen glides on with magic spell,
So many things are done so well.