

W. D. Lighthall.

"THE CONFUSED DAWN."

What are the Vision and the Cry
That haunt the new Canadian soul?
Dim grandeur spreads, we know not why,
O'er mountain, forest, tree and knoll,
And murmurs indistinctly fly—
Some magic moment sure is nigh!
Oh, Seer, the curtain roll!

SEER.

The Vision, mortal, it is this—
Dead mountain, forest, knoll and tree
Awaken all endued with bliss.
A native land—O think—to be—
Thy native land—and ne'er amiss,
Its smile shall like a lover's kiss
From henceforth seem to thee.

The Cry thou couldst not understand,
Which runs through that new realm of light,
From Breton's to Vancouver's strand,
O'er many a lovely landscape bright,
It is their waking utterance grand,
The great refrain, "A Native Land!"
Thine be the ear, the sight.