

## DEAR NATIVE LAND

Why do we love thee so, dear native land?  
Stern nurse and mother thou;  
Thy suns our hardy childhood scorched and tanned,  
Icy thy winter kiss upon the brow.  
Wrung from the wood and waste our bread, and yet  
We who have known thy love shall not forget.

Why do we love thee so, dear native land,  
Cold as a Sabine bride?  
Scarce might our father's manhood ope thy hand,  
Conquer thy treasures and subdue thy pride.  
There is no better proof of a man than this—  
That he should love and win and call thee his.

Why do we love thee so, dear native land?  
Is it that thou art fair?  
Is it thy summer woodlands softly fanned  
By inland ocean's air?  
Or is it that thy rugged pine-tree's sigh  
Breathes to our hearts a life-long lullaby?

Yea, for my native land, God made thee fair  
Beyond the poet's guess;  
Unbidden tears upon the eyelids stand  
Even to call to mind thy loveliness.  
Thine autumn hills that rival sunset's glow,  
Thy silver winter nights of moon and snow.

Sweetheart and mother, not for these alone  
Goes out our love to thee,  
But because thou art ours, our very own,  
By sweat and sword won in fair field and free.  
Oh Canada, God keep thy spotless fame,  
And we a freeman's birthright in thy name.