

Oh! we often saw, in dreaming,
The pleasant sunlight streaming
Along the streets we never thought to see;
Now the lights of home are gleaming,
In a land well worth redeeming,
Where all are held as equal,
Where to live is to be free.

We will dip with zest our paddles
In a lake of placid waters.
When the mists are thick and rolling
With the sun obscured from view.
For the pine trees we are sighing,
And our very souls are crying
To hear once more the ripple
From the glide of a canoe.

At Sea, Empress of Britain
March 1919