

## THE WING OF THE WILD-BIRD

### Chilliwack.

VALE of beauty in the West,  
Mountain-girded, fair and blest,  
Here by lofty peaks walled in  
From the mad world's roar and din,  
Safe thou sittest in the West,  
In thy cosy mountain nest.

When the heralds of the morn  
All the purple heights adorn,  
And the banners of the day  
Chase the lingering night away,  
Then the dawnlight in the dell  
Breathes a peace tongue cannot tell.

When the golden sun declines  
Hiding in the mountain pines,  
Like a great Titanie pyre,  
All the West is crowned with fire.