

A Song of this Land

will sing it in a million-voiced canticle of praise. There is no need that we sing restrainedly of our goodly dower, or in measured words, for we are no servile race of hirelings, but free men and proclaimers of this land. Because we are witnesses that the talent of our country is folded in the fecund earth, we will speak aloud to our neighbouring Saxons of friendly mind, and to the brotherhood of the soil throughout the universe. We will speak with them concerning our gold, and vineyards, and fine flour; of our forests, and fisheries, and apple orchards, till their veins stir as with the tang of old wine. These folk have need to know that in the North prosperity groweth widely; that here the unbelievable is achieved. This is the true fairy-land where swineherds and barbers, and much labouring men are raised to riches and power. Here is a dining-hall whose friendly feast is spread for all. Here every man may come and eat of our cakes and melons, of our honey and fat things.

The North has no need of an interpreter: it has need of heralds. Then ho! for our fierce and beautiful country; our strong and fertile country.

We will send these tidings Europeward and the far-delivered message shall not fall to the ground. It is a blithe young tune we shall sing, with a resonant chorus of "Canada, O Canada."

Fitting is it that we should sing to the Isles of Britain, for from them is the birth of this breed and theirs is the royal stamp we bear upon our fighting arm. We are the wide-ruling seed of the Saxons and ever shall we answer to the rally of