

THE HEART OF CANADA.

July, 1912.

BECAUSE her heart is all too proud—
 Canada! Canada! fair young Canada—
To breathe the might of her love aloud,
 Be quick, O Motherland!
Because her soul is wholly free,
 Canada kneels—thy daughter, Canada—
England, look in her eyes and see,
 Honour and understand.

Because her pride at thy masthead shrines,
 Canada! Canada!—queenly Canada—
Bows with all her breathing pines,
 All her fragrant firs.
Because our isle is little and old,
 Canada! Canada!—young-eyed Canada—
Gives thee, Mother, her hands to hold,
 And makes thy glory hers.

Because thy Fleet is hers for aye,
 Canada! Canada!—clear-souled Canada—
Ere the war-cloud roll this way,
 Bids the world beware.
Her heart, her soul, her sword are thine,
 Thine the guns—the guns of Canada!—
The ships are foaming into line,
 And Canada will be there.

Alfred Noyes.

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