

COUNTRY OF MINE.

COUNTRY of mine that gave me birth,
Land of the maple and the pine,
What richer gift has this round earth
Than these fair fruitful fields of thine?
Like sheets of gold thy harvests run,
Glowing beneath the August sun;
Thy white peaks soar,
Thy cataracts roar,
Thy forests stretch from shore to shore;
Untamed thy Northern prairies lie
Under an open, boundless sky;
Yet one thing more our hearts implore—
That greatness may not pass thee by!

Thy sons have proved them of the breed
Their gallant British fathers were,
They sprang to arms at Britain's need
Young lions truly bred of her;
Their faces glowed with inner light,
As rank by rank they swept from sight:
With hearts aflame
They stemmed the shame,
And met the hordes that ruthless came;
Dying, they whispered still thy name—
O Canada, wilt thou deny
The prayer of these who dared to die,
And let true greatness pass thee by?