

FOR CANADA

HERE, where the shells are falling
In their fiery rain of death,
And noxious vapors rolling,
Smite with their poisoned breath,
We dream of the distant Homeland,
Of the silver river's shine,
The sun on the golden wheat-fields,
And a peace that is divine.

The scent of the sighing pine-woods,
The wind in the maple tree,—
They touch me like a tender hand
Far across the sea.
They seem to murmur, "Courage!
The strong brown line will hold,
As the living chain rolls link by link
From the New Land to the Old."

Here, in the dim forgotten past
Rode valiant knights and true,
Searching amain with glittering spears
For daring deeds to do.
But I have seen as gallant knights
As ever couched a lance,
Die in the sodden trenches,
On the war-scarred fields of France.