

A Daughter's Voice

High within thy Council Chamber, compassed by the cares of State,
Canst thou hear our voices calling, Mother England, at thy gate?
Far across the world we sought thee, swift to gather round thy Throne,
We who may not pass the portal thou hast closed against thine own.
Not as beggars empty-handed wait we by thy palace wall,
Craving crumbs of kindly phrases flung from out thy banquet-hall;
Not as children lightly heeded, but as Queens who seek thy grace,
Robed with Freedom, crowned with Empire, Daughter Nations of thy race.

Hear me, Mother! I have led them, these my sisters, from afar.
Royal are the gifts we bring thee, fruits of peace and spoils of war;
Bounteous harvests, golden treasure, wealth of forest, mine and sea,
Power and fame and wide dominion, we have won them all for thee.
Love and loyalty unswerving—hast thou learned to know their worth?
Aye, for these have brought thee glory from the ends of all the earth;
"Who shall aid thee?" mocked the nations, but their jeering lips were dumb
When around the world in thunder rolled the answering cheer, "We come!"

'Neath Canadian skies, my Mother, in the land I call mine own,
Waits for thee a daughter's welcome, grace and favour thine alone.
Proudly rise the stately ramparts I have built by land and sea,
Strong to guard my craftsmen's labours and to keep my marts for me.
Wouldst thou enter? Lo, they crumble as the mists before the sun!
They shall vanish in the noontide of the glorious day begun,
When the Queens shall trace together the vast bounds of Loyal Kin,
Giving friendship to the stranger, giving love to all within.