

HYMN TO CANADA.

KATHARINE L. MACPHERSON, (KAY LIVINGSTONE), MONTREAL.

O Canada, thy regal head
Lift higher to the skies,
Pride with humility be wed,
Deep in thy tender eyes.
Stand forth to a more honored place,
Proud though thy past hath been,
Stand forth and vindicate thy race,
Thou Daughter of a Queen.

As Venus from the ocean,
In living beauty sprang,
And stood without emotion
Whilst heaven with plaudits rang.
So thou, my own dear land, arose,
Far on the western sea,
In graces all adorned for those
Long sighing to be free.

Thou art a hope the toiler hides
Within his heart--a star
That many a weary foot still guides
From hill and vale afar!
On plains to which the streams flow down,
In forest and by sea,
They live anew in hopes that crown
This land of liberty.

Think what thy storied past hath been,
Thy guarded, ancient lore,
The deeds thy former years have seen,
Remembered evermore!
For thee, a babe of nations,
The best of blood was spilt,
And firmly thy foundations
On heroes' bones were built.

O Canada, unworthy
Of them thou shalt not be,
All noble aims to further
The constant care of thee
Till in the van a leader call'd
Of foremost power thou'lt stand,
A people's faith, like city wall'd,
Safe in thy honored hand.