

## A Wreath of Canadian Song

"From all that busy land, gray town, and peaceful  
village,  
Where never jar was heard, nor wail nor cry of  
strife,  
From every laden stream and all the fields of tillage,  
Arose the murmur and the kindly hum of life.

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"In all their great fair cities there was neither seeking  
For power of gold, nor greed of lust, nor desperate  
pain  
Of multitudes that starve, or in hoarse anger breaking,  
Beat at the doors of princes, break and fall in vain.

"But all the children of that peaceful land, like  
brothers,  
Lofty of spirit, wise, and ever set to learn  
The chart of neighboring souls, the bent and need of  
others,  
Thought only of good deeds, sweet speech, and just  
return.

"And there was no prison, power of arms, nor palace,  
Where prince or judge held sway, for none was  
needed there;  
Long ages since the very names of fraud and malice  
Had vanished from men's tongues, and died from  
all men's care.

"And there were no bonds of contract, deed of marriage,  
No oath, nor any form, to make the word more sure,  
For no man dreamed of hurt, dishonor, or miscarriage,  
Where every thought was truth, and every heart  
was pure.