

[Machar, Agnes Munroe]

Not in W.

OUR CANADIAN FATHERLAND.

TO THE AIR OF "WAS IST DES DEUTSCHEN VATERLAND."

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*Canadensis sum et nihil Canadense a me alienum puto.*

I.

WHAT is our young Canadian land?  
Is it far Norembega's strand?  
Or wild Cape Breton by the sea?  
Quebec? Ontario? Acadie?  
Or Manitoba's flower-decked plain,  
Or fair Columbia's mountain chain?  
Can any *part*—from strand to strand—  
Be a Canadian's fatherland?  
Nay! for our young Canadian land  
Is greater, grander far, than these;  
It stretches wide on either hand  
Between the world's two mighty seas!  
So, let no hostile lines divide  
The fields our feet should freely roam;  
Gael, Norman, Saxon,—side by side,  
And *Canada* our nation's *Home*;  
From sea to sea, from strand to strand,  
Spreads our Canadian fatherland!

II.

Where'er our country's banner spreads  
Above Canadians' free-born heads,  
Where'er the story of our land  
Enshrines the memory of the band  
Of heroes, who, with blood and toil,  
Laid, deep in our Canadian soil,  
Foundations for the future age,  
And wrote their names on history's page,  
—*Our* history:—From strand to strand  
Spreads our Canadian fatherland!  
So each to each is firmly bound  
By ties each generous heart should own,  
We cannot spare a foot of ground  
No *part* can, selfish, stand alone!  
So Nova Scotia and Quebec  
Shall meet in kinship leal and true,—  
New Brunswick's hills be mirrored back  
In fair Ontario's waters blue!  
From sea to sea, from strand to strand,  
Spreads our Canadian fatherland!

III.

Where'er Canadian thought breathes free,  
Or wakes the lyre of poesy,—  
Where'er Canadian hearts awake  
To sing a song for her dear sake,  
Or catch the echoes, spreading far,  
That wake us to the noblest war  
Against each lurking ill and strife  
That weakens, now, our growing life,  
No line keeps hand from clasping hand,  
—*One* is our young Canadian land!  
McGee and Howe she claims her own  
Hers all her eastern singers' bays,  
Fr chet tte is *hers*, and in *her* crown,  
Ontario every laurel lays;—  
Let *Canada* our watchword be,  
While lesser names we know no more,  
One nation, spread from sea to sea,  
And fused by love, from shore to shore;  
—From sea to sea, from strand to strand,  
Spreads our Canadian fatherland!

FIDELIS, in *The Week*.