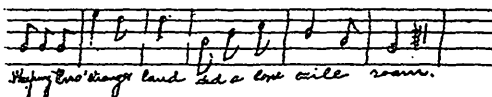
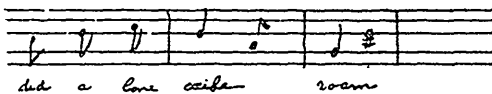
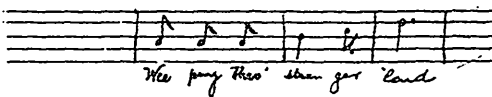
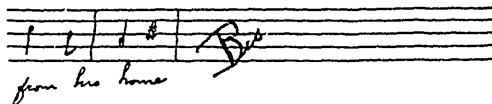
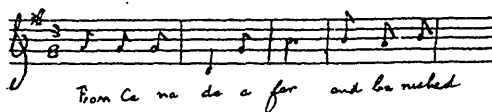


# CANADIAN EXILE'S SONG



From Canada afar  
And banished from his home  
Weeping thro' stranger lands  
Did a lone exile roam.

Un Canadien errant,  
Banni de ses foyers :  
Parcourait en pleurant  
Des pays étrangers.

Pensive and sad one day,  
Down sitting by the sea,  
Unto the hurrying tide  
Beside him thus spake he :

Un jour, triste et pensif,  
Assis au bord des flots,  
Au courant fugitif  
Il adressait ces mots :

Oh ! if you see my land,  
Unhappy in its lot.  
Go, tell my friends, from me  
That I forget them not.

Si tu vois mon pays,  
Mon pays malheureux,  
Va dire à mes amis  
Que je me souviens d'eux.

Oh ! days so full of joy  
You are clouded o'er ;  
Alas for my own land  
That I shall see no more !

O jours si pleins d'appas  
Vous êtes disparus  
Et ma patrie, hélas !  
Je ne la verrai plus.

Nay, even when I die,  
Oh, my dear Canada,  
To you my faithful eye  
Shall its last homage pay.

Non ! mais en expirant,  
O mon cher Canada,  
Mon regard languissant  
Vers toi se portera.