

Yet, not thy beauty, Canada,
 Could hold thy people's love ;
Yet not thy vastness, nor thy might
 Could soul of nations move.
But this, that o'er thy gleaming lakes,
 And through thy waving pines,
The glory of, a future breaks ;
 The sun of freedom shines.

Thou may'st not boast, fair Canada !
 The soft, spice-laden breeze ;
Or palm of Ethiopian land,
 Or pearl of Ceylon seas.
Yet thine no dread, samiel curse,
 To blight thy emerald plains ;
Thine only wholesome air, to nurse
 Pure blood in patriot veins.

Thou may'st not point, young Canada !
 To sumptuous mosques of pride ;
Or watery highways, where with song,
 The gay gondolas glide.
But thine, beneath wide starry dome,
 Along ten thousand streams,
O'er many a league of richest loam,
 To animate life dreams.

Thou opest, regal Canada !
 Floodgates off either sea ;
And tyrant-crushed, and crushed of fate,
 Find peaceful rest in thee.
Upon thy generous-yielding sward,
 And round thy teeming coast,