

# THIS FAIR CANADIAN LAND.

BY H. C. COCKIN.

How fair is this land which the might of our fathers  
 Bequeathed to their children to have and to hold ;  
 From lonely Belleisle, where Atlantic foregather,  
 To Mackenzie that down thro' the ages has roll'd !  
 Yes, fair is the land, with its great inland waters,  
 Vast links, forg'd of God, in the national chain,  
 That shall teach our brave sons and our virtuous daughters  
 To attune heart and voice to the patriots' strain ;  
 Then patriots say, Shall alien footsteps stand  
 In triumph on this fair Canadian land ?

O, Britain, dear Britain, ever glorious nation !  
 Whose strong arm in peace nigh engirdles the earth :  
 Canadians turn yet, aye, in proud exultation,  
 To the mother of nations that gave to them birth.  
 Oh, where be the hearts that in trait'rous illusion  
 Would barter for pottage a birthright so fair ;  
 On each be the brand of dark shame and confusion,  
 And the stews of sedition his crime-haunted lair.  
 God make his hope but as the rope of sand,  
 And one and indivisible this land.

Of the people who dwell in the land on our borders  
 We are kinsmen—not lovers—and can never be one ;  
 Apart lies our future, and He will afford us  
 The help of His arm till our destiny's done.  
 We like them, but yet are their ways not as our ways ;  
 There, the marriage-tie's but a tale that is told ;  
 There, the Bench and the Forum are equally powerless  
 When Justice and Honour are ravish'd by gold.  
 Peace, an' they will—nay more—a friendly hand,  
 But not one foot of our Canadian land !