

The Maple Tree.

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Of all the trees in Nature's realm,
Tho' noble trees there be,
The boast and pride of other lands —
The maple tree for me

It gives its honey'd blood to make
The sweetness of the Spring,
The glory of the landscape when
The frosts of Autumn sting

A solace in the Summer, when
It shelters us below,
And sunshine in the Winter,
With its warm and ruddy glow

Whether draped in brown or purple
In crimson or in green,
She stands in grace and beauty still
Midst other trees a queen

The emblem of our Canada,
Its leaf, shall always stand
To represent a loyal race,
A free and happy land

Then on the glory of the world,
Revered by young and old,
We'll weave a golden maple leaf
Upon its crimson fold

That it may say to all the world,
Wherever it may fly,
"Canadians are British born,
And Britons they will die"

And then upon their graves we'll lay
A simple maple wreath,
That every passer-by may know
A Briton sleeps beneath.