

The Shamrock and Maple

We've first place in our hearts for the Land of the Maple,
 We've a *gadh* for the Thistle, no less for the Rose,
 But to-day's Paddy's Day, so don't blame us for toasting
 The dear little Isle where the Shamrock grows.
 The dear little island, the sweet little island—
 Remember'd her glories, forgotten her woes—
 The land of our fathers, the home of our childhood,
 The dear little Isle where the Shamrock grows.

We're proud of this new land that gave us a welcome,
 When sad fate ordained it from Erin to roam,
 When homeless we tossed on the breast of the ocean,
 With a *caed mile faille* she bade us to come.
 But had we forgotten the sweet hills of Ireland,
 What faith could you place in our promise to you?
 How could you believe we'd be loyal Canad'ans,
 If to Old Ireland you thought us untrue?

So then, if to-day we are thinking of Ireland,
 And sporting the Shamrock and ribbons of green,
 Oh! think not we're false to the land of adoption,
 'Tis a true heart that beats 'neath the Emerald Sheen.
 But rather you'll say when you see the dear trefoil,
 The men who remember their mother always,
 Are the men who would die for the Land of the Maple,
 Should the war trumpet sound on St. Patrick's Day.

Then come brother, come, whether Saxon or Teuton,
 And drink ye a health to the Isle of the West.
 As you pin on your breast the green emblem of Ireland—
 The dear little plant that St. Patrick blessed.
 The Shamrock and Maple we'll twine in one garland,
 The hardy Scotch Thistle, the sweet English Rose,
 And brothers we'll stand hand in hand thro' the ages
 Secure in our union, regardless of foes.

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