

In the northern district poor Edmonton lies,
A country young, under financial clouds,
Wait! time will bless them with supplies;
Likewise her sister in the south—Macleod.

Of course we know the Calgarians
Are mostly of the Saxon race;
And where'er the sons of Britain dwell
True loyal hearts can always trace.

Throughout Alberta wild animals run,
Wild rabbits and badgers never rest;
Chipmunks and squirrels frolic in the sun,
The nibbling gophers are a pest.

While travelling through light mountain air,
Deep vales and numerous snow peaks high,
There comes the balmy sea coast fair,
Rich fertile soil, pure azure sky.

Again we hear the billows roar,
Liners and harbours see again;
Where pretty cots and garden spots
O'erlook the stormy main

Vancouver Isle, and Royal city
Looks to the east and Yellow sea,
Where washe washe, scrube scrube,
In his dominions ought to be.

England we thank for our country free,
Tho' her subjects oft find adversity.
Swamped out by floods from the Yellow sea,
Oh, how the people's collars shine.

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