



PRINCE EDWARD ISLE.

The poets sing of other lands,
Of nations brave and wise,
Of noble, patriotic bands,
And laud them to the skies.
But we will sing of our fair land—
May fortune on her smile,
May love and friendship, hand in hand,
Reign on Prince Edward Isle.

Fair native land, no Klondike gold
Would tempt us far to roam,
Here we may gather wealth untold
In our fair Island home.
Thy fertile soil rich harvest yields
For many and many a mile,
Here we can see no barren fields
On fair Prince Edward Isle.

Our native land we love thee: here
When children we have played,
Each well-remembered spot is dear,
Each mossy bank and glade.
Oft' have we rambled free from care,
Blessed by our mother's smile,
For she our happiness did share
On fair Prince Edward Isle.

Oft' have we stood upon the beach
And watched the good ships sail
Outward as far as eye could reach,
As they sped before the gale;
And breakers dashed upon the shore,
Majestic all the while,
As we listened to the ocean's roar,
On fair Prince Edward Isle.