

Canada, My Home.

3



HERE shines the dying light of Man's sun,
Where broken feet no more may run,
Her warning truce-men's roars.--
There, Anthe crowned, behold the land,
In grandeur robed in hush and
Fair Canada, my home.

O godly land! thy fertile pride
Forbid the people's tongue to raise
In self-adoring boast.
To One, who all thy glories gave,
Our homage be, with reverence grave,
In adoration lost.

Dominion of the North, how vast!--
Unequalled in the distant past
By proud, imperial Rome;
The Sister Zones o'er thee unrolled
Two giant belts of white and gold,
Grand Canada, my home.