

Fair Canada, thou Queen of Lands, a vision comes to me, A dream of future glory of thy greatness yet to be, When thou within thy amplitudes of Forest, Prairie, Plain, Shalt hold a hundred millions of our Anglo-Saxon strain; Thy Mineral Lands in precious ores are rich beyond compare, Thy matchless Lakes with Islands gemmed yield scenes surpassing fair, Thy Forests vast of wealth untold exceed man's fondest dream, And all thy Lakes and Streams and Shores with Fish abundant team.

Sleek Cattle graze in Pastures Green, or rest beneath the shade Of lovely Trees who's sheltering arms form bowers by nature made; Rich Fruits of almost every kind mature beneath thy Sky, And graceful Flora lends her charms to please the cultured eye; Rich fields of Golden Grain now wave, where erst was Prairie Land, And grateful Nature freely yields her wealth on every hand, Eager to show how she enjoys the stirring of the soil She fills the barns of him who gives the needed care and toil.

I see vast trains of Emigrants, with keen and anxious gaze, Look on thy thriving Husbandmen and hope for happier days When they, like thousands they behold, shall own Fair, Fertile Farms, And multiply by skill and care the Landscape's thousand charms; Here Trees shall fall, there others grow, now strangers to the clime, There Mills and Factories shall yield their Fabrics in due time, A thousand busy Industries shall flourish in thy vales And Goods from these to Foreign Lands shall go in pondrous bales.

Thou hast for these and kindred Arts resources yet untold, Theusands of miles of Anthracite as precious e'en as gold; Blest Country, blessed People, thine with such vast mines of wealth, A climate too that gives thy sons a manhood crowned with health; Wise men and great shall boast of thee and bless thee for their birth; I see their names enrolled among the highest of the earth. Proud Nations that have heard thy fame shall send their Sons to thee... Thou Land of Britain's noblest sons, fair Canada the free.

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