

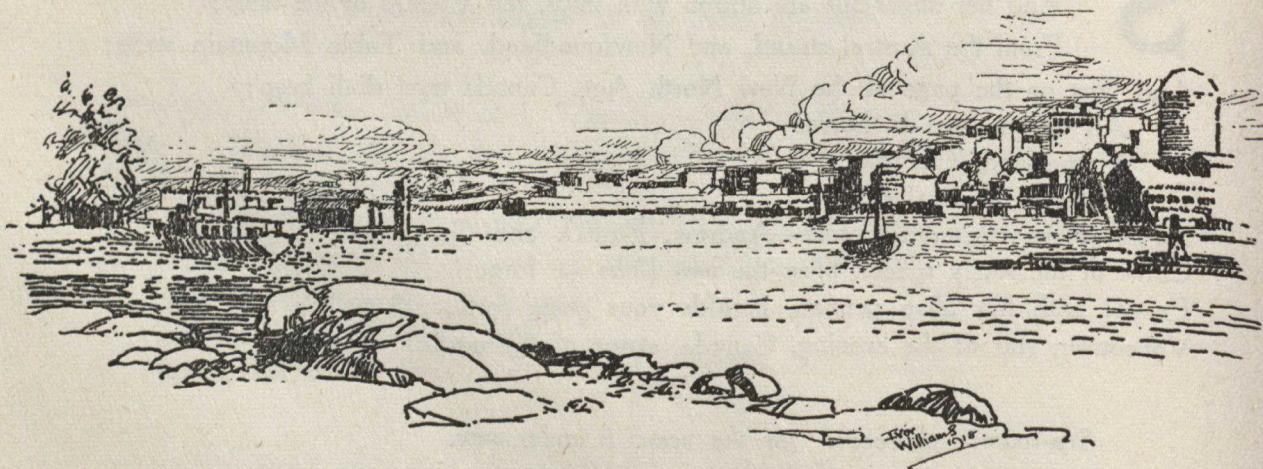
SEA-ROOM! Sea-Room! For we've got the world in tow
From the seaports five of our Western hive and our archipelago,
And the world's our friend, world without end; yet, if ever the thunder
breaks,

Sisters all, we shall stand or fall for Canada, Bride of the Lakes,
Whose hurricane voices blend
With Ocean, the bridegroom's friend,
Canada vowed to defend!

Sea-room! sea-room! when the raven-twilight falls,
And we pass to the Happy Islands from our wooded, world's-end walls,
Wolfe's welc'ming call, Montcalm's "Well done" shall be borne on the west'ring
breeze,

We shall ask no more for the love we bore to Vancouver, Queen of the seas!

*Sea-room! sea-room! for the vessel is under way,
Bearing the British banner to the confines of the day;
For West is East, and East is West, and the best is yet to be—
Star of the night, fling far your light, Vancouver, star of the sea!*



COAL HARBOUR, VANCOUVER

Drawn by Ivor Williams