

CANADA, OUR HOME.

There is a place called home, around which the warmest affections
of the heart must ever centre, though our steps may be far distant.

Loved Canada, thou fairest gem
That shines in Britain's glittering crown,
Whose beauty neither voice or pen
Has ever half to man made known,
To thee I give this song of praise,
To thee would offer proudest lays.

We love old Britain, noble land,
Whose sons have won undying fame,
Whose warriors brave, with firmest hand,
Upheld her flag through smoke and flame,
But of all nations, far or near,
Our home must ever be most dear.

We love our home, beneath her sky
Our hearts have throbbed with joy and pain :
Within her graves our loved ones lie,
Who, though we meet not here again,
Still live in memory's sacred bower,
Like light that gilds the dying hour.

We praise our home, here love first thrilled
Our hearts with man's most lasting joy ;
While with its light our lives are filled
Naught can our happiness destroy ;
Love for our fellows and our God
Shall last beyond the sleeping sod.

We love our home, the best of earth ;
Friends who would scorn to own a fear
Laugh with us in the hour of mirth,
Or to our sorrow give a tear ;
And though afar our steps may roam,
Our hearts must ever be at home.

Let other nations boast with pride
Their deeds of valor and of might,
We, with our loved ones by our side,
Shall glory in the truth and right ;
Shall boast that never stain of blood
Has dimmed the light of brotherhood.