

Technical and Bibliographic Notes/Notes techniques et bibliographiques

The Institute has attempted to obtain the best original copy available for filming. Features of this copy which may be bibliographically unique, which may alter any of the images in the reproduction, or which may significantly change the usual method of filming, are checked below.

L'Institut a microfilmé le meilleur exemplaire qu'il lui a été possible de se procurer. Les détails de cet exemplaire qui sont peut-être uniques du point de vue bibliographique, qui peuvent modifier une image reproduite, ou qui peuvent exiger une modification dans la méthode normale de filmage sont indiqués ci-dessous.

- | | |
|--|---|
| <input type="checkbox"/> Coloured covers/
Couverture de couleur | <input type="checkbox"/> Coloured pages/
Pages de couleur |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Covers damaged/
Couverture endommagée | <input type="checkbox"/> Pages damaged/
Pages endommagées |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Covers restored and/or laminated/
Couverture restaurée et/ou pelliculée | <input type="checkbox"/> Pages restored and/or laminated/
Pages restaurées et/ou pelliculées |
| <input checked="" type="checkbox"/> Cover title missing/
Le titre de couverture manque | <input type="checkbox"/> Pages discoloured, stained or foxed/
Pages décolorées, tachetées ou piquées |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Coloured maps/
Cartes géographiques en couleur | <input checked="" type="checkbox"/> Pages detached/
Pages détachées |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Coloured ink (i.e. other than blue or black)/
Encre de couleur (i.e. autre que bleue ou noire) | <input checked="" type="checkbox"/> Showthrough/
Transparence |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Coloured plates and/or illustrations/
Planches et/ou illustrations en couleur | <input type="checkbox"/> Quality of print varies/
Qualité inégale de l'impression |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Bound with other material/
Relié avec d'autres documents | <input type="checkbox"/> Includes supplementary material/
Comprend du matériel supplémentaire |
| <input checked="" type="checkbox"/> Tight binding may cause shadows or distortion
along interior margin/
La reliure serrée peut causer de l'ombre ou de la
distortion le long de la marge intérieure | <input type="checkbox"/> Only edition available/
Seule édition disponible |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Blank leaves added during restoration may
appear within the text. Whenever possible, these
have been omitted from filming/
Il se peut que certaines pages blanches ajoutées
lors d'une restauration apparaissent dans le texte,
mais, lorsque cela était possible, ces pages n'ont
pas été filmées. | <input type="checkbox"/> Pages wholly or partially obscured by errata
slips, tissues, etc., have been refilmed to
ensure the best possible image/
Les pages totalement ou partiellement
obscurcies par un feuillet d'errata, une pelure,
etc., ont été filmées à nouveau de façon à
obtenir la meilleure image possible |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Additional comments:/
Commentaires supplémentaires | |

This item is filmed at the reduction ratio checked below/
Ce document est filmé au taux de réduction indiqué ci-dessous.

10X	12X	14X	16X	18X	20X	22X	24X	26X	28X	30X	32X
			✓								

The
to th

The
pos:
of t
film

Orig
begi
the
sior
oth
first
sion
or

The
sha
TIM
whi

Ma
diff
ent
beg
righ
req
me

SOM

CE

En A

RCT

SONGS of CANADA

BY

CHARLOTTE E. LEIGH.

In Aid of Homes for the Aged Poor.



TORONTO, ONT. :

ROBT. ROMAINE, PRINTER, REVIEW STEAM PRESS,
PETERBOROUGH, CANADA.

1876.

K48500



DEFEND THE DOMINION.

Defend our Dominion,
Great Ruler on high,
Whose wisdom assigned us
This good destiny.
From ocean to ocean,
Wherever feet tread,
In Thine own direction
Oh! may they be led.

Behold Thou, our cities,
With wealth pouring in,
Let it pass through the temple
To cleanse it from sin.
'Tis Thine to give riches
And make them secure,
By teaching the owners
To care for the poor.

Let harvest replenish
With heavy-filled hand,
And supply in abundance,

The wants of the land ;
 Pure food for our spirits
 Send down from above,
 That we may grow daily,
 In virtue and love.

“ Faith, Holiness, Wisdom,”
 Our banner shall bear,
 Send strength to uphold it,
 By true-hearted prayer.
 However men differ,
 Here let them agree,
 To love this fair country,
 Vouchsafed them by Thee.

ON PATRIOTISM.

Cannot the love of country
 Grow up within the breast,
 Without that “ baptism of blood ”
 Which now lacking, we are blest.
~~Is the~~ war's wild roar and tumult,
 The trumpet's thrilling blast,

The only rousing motive
 To hold *amor patriæ* fast.

Must foes invade our peaceful homes,
 Our sons and husbands lie
 Racking with wounds, or passing
 To the great eternity?
 A foreign flag float o'er us?
 No! that very thought can send
 The calm blood flowing faster,
 But to think of such an end.

Our flag is lying listless
 In the still, soft air of peace,
 Yet love of it, and of our land
 Is on the wide increase.
 Those who before have slighted
 The rough, unpolished ways,
 Begin to see that such things,
 Will improve with length of days.

A country is not made at once;
 Was ever child yet born
 As wise and great as parent,
 On its feeble natal morn?
 E'er now have wise men knelt before,
 A Babe in humble guise:

Thus may our land, in future days,
To heights of glory rise.

Be glad, oh ! Sons of Canada !
To bear her spotless name ;
Though the shield is blank at present,
It may yet show deeds of fame.
Better than earthly glory,
Will be deeds of truth and love,
Exalting noblest feelings,
Winning blessings from above.

CLASP HANDS ACROSS THE SEA.

Clasp hands across the sea !
Wild waves may part,
Loud breakers roar,
Distance divide—
Yet evermore,
True hearts may keep
Watch, faithfully,
For loved ones gone
Across the sea.

Clasp hands across the sea !
The spirit hand
Stretch forth to mine,
With pressure firm,
Let it entwine ;
Telling of truth
Of helpful prayer,
Remembering all
Each other's care.

Clasp hands across the sea !
How deep, how wide,
Must waters be—
How many leagues
Of land or sea,—
How many days,
How many years,—
Silence, perhaps,
Bemoaned with tears,
Would it require ?
Oh ! could there be
A time that might
Divide from thee ?

QUIS SEPERABIT.

MOTTO 57TH BATTALION.

From thee our Country, who shall wean,
 Our heart's pure homage while we breathe,
 Be this our motto: "God! Our Queen!
 Our Country!" round our hearts to wreath.
 Quis Seperabit?

The first great name, we speak with awe,
 And reverently intreat His aid,
 That we may keep his holy law,
 Which keeping none can make afraid.
 Quis Seperabit?

Our Queen! Victoria's subjects all,
 Rejoice and love to own her sway;
 May every blessing on her fall,
 Heaven long extend her happy day.
 Quis Seperabit?

Our Country! land of hope and peace,
 Bounded by seas on either side,
 May thy prosperity increase;
 We bear thy name with holy pride!
 Quis Seperabit?

CANADA, OUR HOME.

Canada, our Home ! Heaven shield thy shore,
 From foes encroaching, and war's hideous roar,
 Turn strife to peace, dissension into love,
 And discord's minor chords far hence remove.
 How wide thy lakes,—like seas without a tide—
 Fresh, calm and clear, reposing in their pride,
 Or, yielding to the sceptre of the wayward wind,
 On, on they dash, uplifting all they find.

Canada, our Home, for thee we pray,
 Through the vast sea of time God guide thy
 way.

Canada, our Home, thy forests wave
 O'er freedom's soil, here toiled no wretched slave.
 Thy stately pines, when doomed at length to fall,
 Rejoiced they did it, to the free man's call.
 Dark in the shadow of thy clustering boughs,
 The wild birds nestle and exchange their vows ;
 The graceful ferns, the moss and lichens rare,
 Are lowly worshippers in temples fair.

Canada, our Home ! our prayers ascend
 Up through thy leafy aisles, to God, our
 Friend.

Canada, our Home ! bright dawns thy day,
 Shall History's page bear good or ill away ?
 Oh ! let thy sons be filled with anxious care,
 Lest deed of theirs, with shame be entered there.
 Let vice and falsehood wither on thy shore,
 Let truth and virtue flourish evermore !
 Trackless thy boundaries now, our much-loved
 home,
 And who can prophecy thy deeds to come ?
 Canada, our Home, we pray for thee,
 Ruler of nations, thy defender be !

DOMINION DAY.

Bring leaves of far-famed Maple,
 The emblem of our land ;
 Bring flowers from field or garden,
 And with wise designing hand,
 Make wreaths to deck the portals
 Of our homes, they should be gay
 When time, with steady measure,
 Brings round Dominion Day.

Let art record the number
 Of the years that have gone by,
 Since all agreed to be as one,—
 Auspicious destiny !
 Let it be long remembered,
 That to-day we celebrate
 The union of our Provinces,
 And rejoicings should be great.

Let flags with quarterings ample
 Float on the passing wind,
 That all, however distant,
 Their portion there may find.
 The red cross of old England,
 The graceful *fleur de lis*,
 The maple leaf and thistle,
 The ship to sail the sea.

The beaver, wise and willing,
 The royal lion, old,—
 And yet not all are entered,
 Nor the full number told.
 Rise ! with a pride of nation,
 Wide seas beat either shore,
 Our sun is only rising
 To grow brighter more and more !

Let music give expression
From every heart this day,
Of our true love of country,
Whose tribute thus we pay.
Not idle words, but noble deeds,
Should all her sons aspire,
To pass, if need be, for her sake,
Through water or through fire.

With simple feast and gladness,
With voice of melody,—
Forgetting not less happy ones,—
So shall the days go by.
When evening passes into gloom,
Let not the light depart,
But fast from every window,
Illuminations start.

Thus, brightness through the darkness,
Shall speak of better things,
When time, each vessel of our own,
To the last haven brings.
Oh! may these simple efforts
Our true allegiance prove,
And bear a richer harvest
For the country which we love.

