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Canada,

My Home

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CANADA, MY HOME.

BY

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Author of
"The Mother of St. Nicholas,"
etc.

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6341 - June 23/21

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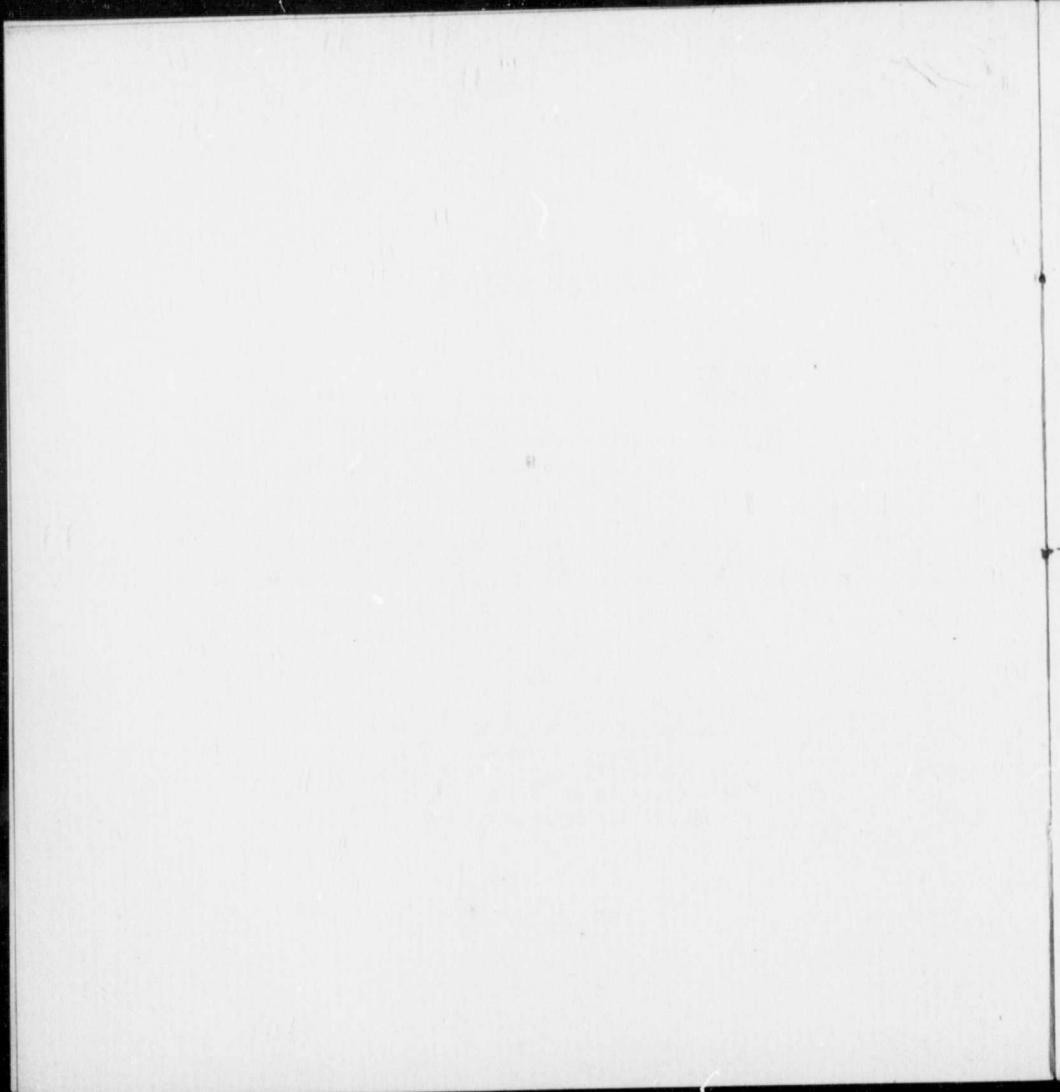
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HERE shines the dying Red Man's sun,
Where bison feet no more may run,
Nor warring tribesmen roam,—
There, Arctic-crowned, behold the land,
In grandeur robed by lavish hand,
Fair Canada, my home.

O goodly Land! thy fervid praise
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!—
Unequaled 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.

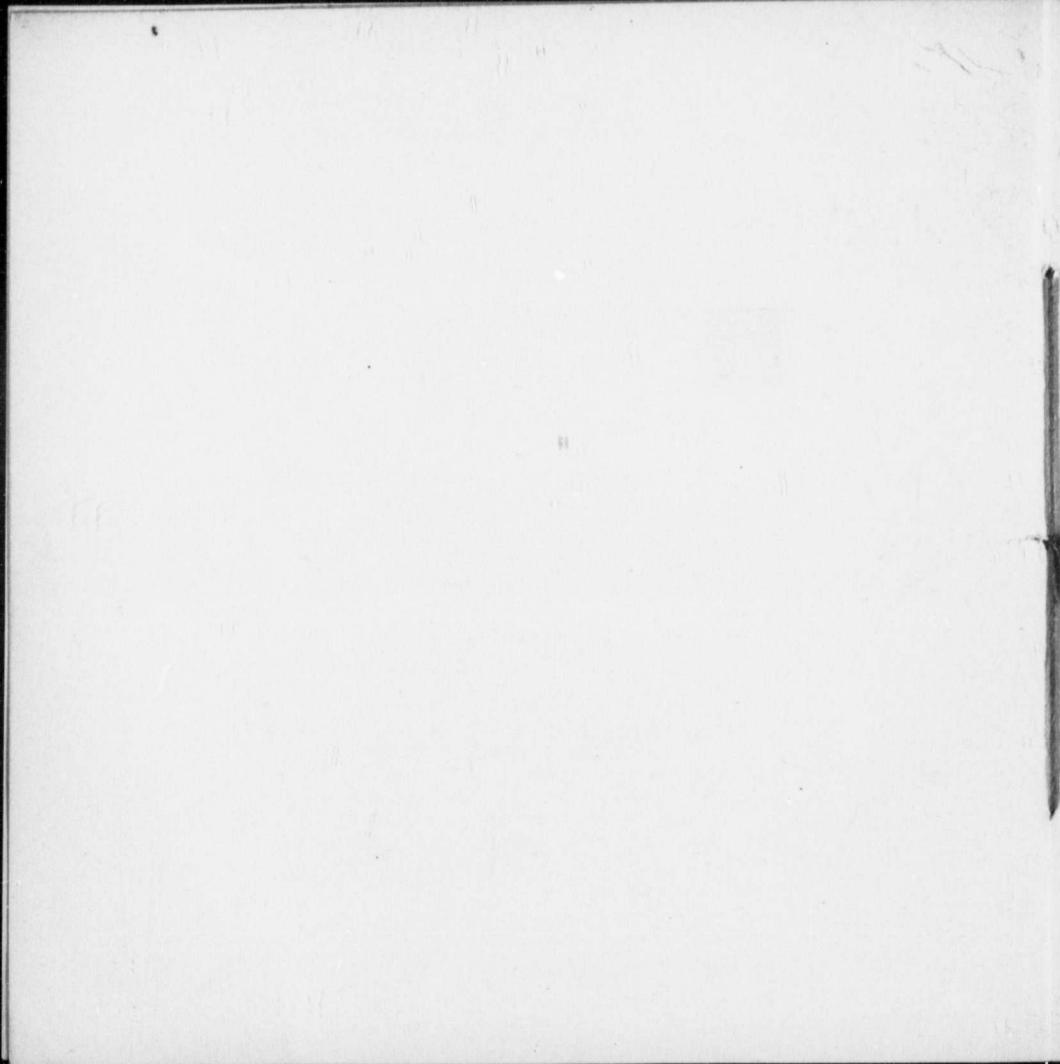




THY blue Expanse may justly vie
With warm Italia's cloudless sky—
Pellucid is thy dome;
My soul hath rest in gazing there—
I dream of higher rest to share,
Bright Canada, my home.

Like heavenly azure earthward blown
O'er arid deserts red and lone,
Thy brineless Lakes appear;
Vast inland sea enchained to sea,
Unparalleled in majesty,
Whose wrath the bravest fear.

The Seas, impatient, madly leap
Down, down destruction's cauldron deep—
Their dying roar appals;
They live again, in joy prevail,
And weave a snow-white, rainbow veil
O'er world-entrancing Falls.





THE patient fisher's luring strife
With swift, elusive, silv'ry life,
Where soothing music reigns;
Far-reaching leagues, thy Rivers roll
Thro' scenes sublime, to Arctic goal
And distant, mighty mains.

High, high the hoary Mountains tower,
Dread forms of everlasting power
That grandly "bridge the world;"
The Red Man, wrapt in garb of faith,
Passed o'er that mystic bridge when Death
The dart unerring hurled.

Where Indian phantoms love to dwell,
The daring hunter's potent spell,
The haunt of agile stealth,—
Great maze of verdure undefiled,
Thy virgin Forest, stately, wild,
Sad beauty robed in wealth.

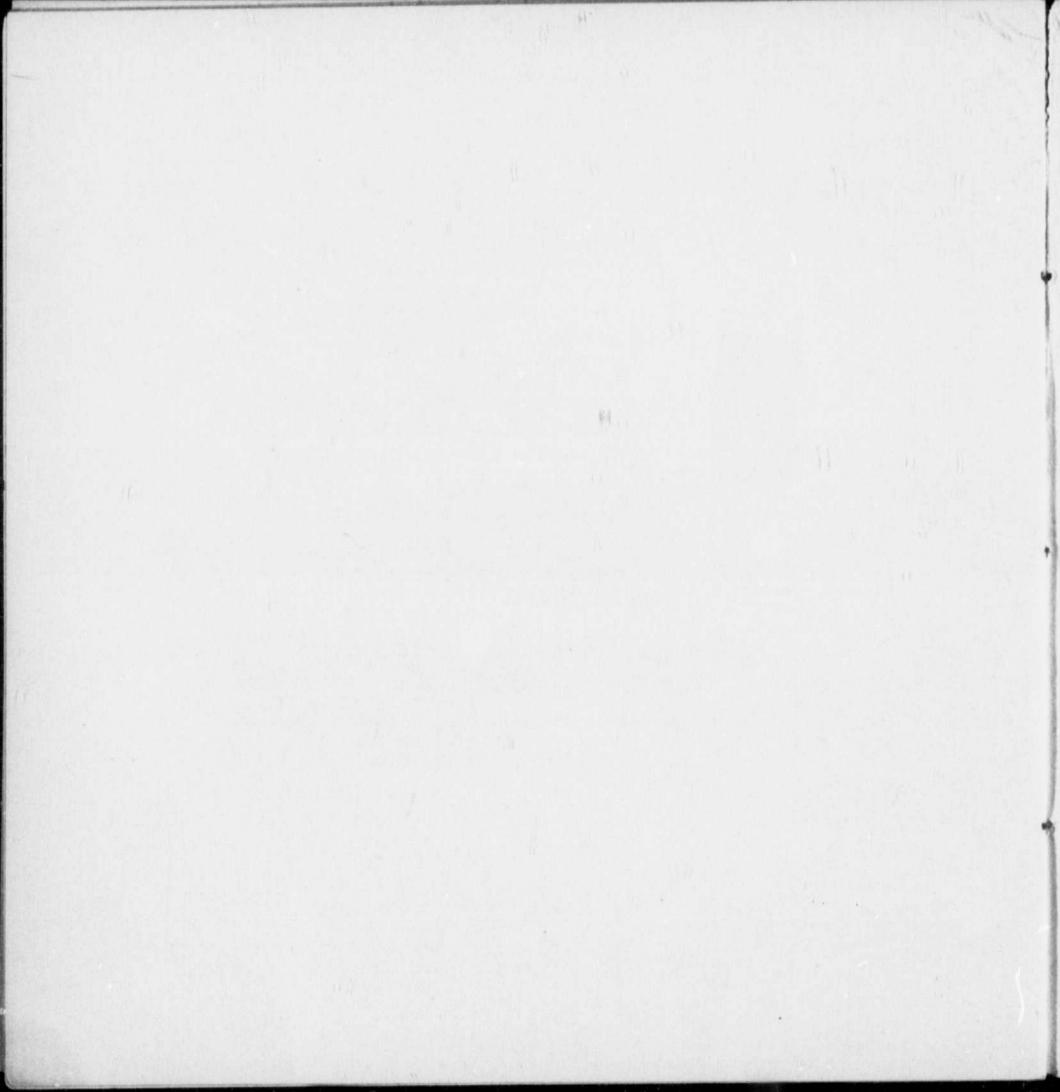




WILD wilderness our Fathers fought,
Blest heritage, excelling thought
The riches in thee stored:
Thy Strata-depths hide hoarded gold,
Thy Prairie-breast is wealth untold,
A garden of the Lord.

O Liberty, how sweet thou art!
My country thrills in every part
With thy true, living voice;
The famished poor, the trodden slave,
May come among the free and brave—
In Canada rejoice.

When vital virtue leaves the strong,
When thy pure robes are trailed in wrong,
When low thy virgin head,—
When the Maple, withered, breathes no sigh,
May God have mercy, and may I
Be numbered with the dead.





WILL thy fair feet depart from right,
Wilt thou immerge in starless night,
And lose the path divine?
No! No! my country, thou shalt see
Thy morning Star of destiny
In purer splendor shine.

No land illumed by yonder sun
Can more inspiring be than One
Where my far visions roam
O'er prairies wide, o'er mountains grand—
My love is thine, thou lavish land,
Dear Canada, my home.