

1867-Canada-1927

*Not in the cannon's roar, the trumpet blast,
Or rattling sabre, we recall the past;
Nor yet with braggart tongue seek to acclaim
Our rightful sonship in an honoured name;
But, with a grateful heart and rev'rent mien,
We bridge the years 'tween now and what has been,
And, in a solemn silence, pledge a toast
To that great dead yet ever-living host
Of statesmen, traders, loyal pioneers,
By whose brave deeds our fair Dominion rears.
Ah, Canada! none but Canadians know
The aching love we bear though seldom show;
The confidence and calm, the joy, the zest
Which we have drawn abundant from thy breast
Till now we stand, to man's estate full-grown,—
The spreading maple from a seedling blown—
Wide as the seas, reaching from Line to Pole,
With brotherhood of all mankind the goal.
Thus, with a flow'ring sense of nationhood,
We hail the future as Canadians should,
Setting our shoulders to the common load,
Fitting this land we love for man's abode;
Fearless in right, contesting what is wrong,
Speeding that Dawn which man has waited long,
With malice, hate and greed forever hurled
From Canada, the Empire and the world.
Thus, in our pride of manhood, as we scan
The coming years that hold this vaster plan,
Sons of a union born of a peace within,
Salute thee, Canada, our parent kin.
And this our prayer, as to the daily task
Our duty calls us, this alone we ask:
May "reason, truth and justice" ever stand
The triune symbol of our native land,
Binding with love our country strong and free,
And crowning this our Diamond Jubilee.*

—Robert Watson.