

Canada Day Poetry

Canada, 1882

By John Campbell

"Are hearts here strong enough to found
A glorious people's sway?"
Ask of our rivers as they bound
From hill to plain, or ocean-sound,
If they are strong to-day?
If weakness in their floods be found,
Then may ye answer "Nay!"



"Is union yours? may foeman's might
Your love ne'er break or chain?"
Go see if o'er our land the flight
Of Spring be stayed by blast or blight;
If Fall bring never grain;

If Summer suns deny their light,
Then may our hope be vain!

"Yet far too cramped the narrow space
Your country's rule can own?"
Ah! travel all its bounds and trace
Each Alp unto its fertile base,
Our realm of forests lone,
Our world of prairie, like the face
Of ocean, hardly known!

"Yet for the arts to find a shrine,
Too rough, I ween, and rude?"
Yea, if you find no flower divine
With prairie grass or hardy pine.
No lilies with the wood,
Or on the water-meadows' line
No purple Iris' flood!

"You deem a nation here shall stand,
United, great, and free?"
Yes, see how Liberty's own hand
With ours the continent hath spanned,
Strong-arched, from sea to sea:
Our Canada's her chosen land,
Her roof and crown to be!

O Canada

By Robert Stanley Weir

O Canada! Our home and native land! True patriot love in all thy sons
command. With glowing hearts we see thee rise, The True North, strong and
free! And stand on guard, O Canada, We stand on guard for thee.

Refrain

O Canada, glorious and free!
We stand on guard, we stand on guard for thee.
O Canada, we stand on guard for thee!

O Canada! Where pines and maples grow. Great prairies spread and lordly
rivers flow. How dear to us thy broad domain, From East to Western Sea, Thou
land of hope for all who toil! Thou True North, strong and free!

Refrain

O Canada, glorious and free!
We stand on guard, we stand on guard for thee.
O Canada, we stand on guard for thee!

O Canada! Beneath thy shining skies May stalwart sons and gentle maidens rise,
To keep thee steadfast through the years From East to Western Sea, Our own
beloved native land! Our True North, strong and free!

Refrain

O Canada, glorious and free!

We stand on guard, we stand on guard for thee.
O Canada, we stand on guard for thee!

Ruler supreme, who hearest humble prayer,
Hold our dominion within thy loving care;
Help us to find, O God, in thee
A lasting, rich reward,
As waiting for the Better Day,
We ever stand on guard.

Refrain

O Canada, glorious and free!
We stand on guard, we stand on guard for thee.
O Canada, we stand on guard for thee!



The Call of the Wild

By Robert William Service

Have you gazed on naked grandeur where there's nothing else to gaze on,
Set pieces and drop-curtain scenes galore,
Big mountains heaved to heaven, which the blinding sunsets blazon,
Black canyons where the rapids rip and roar?
Have you swept the visioned valley with the green stream streaking through
it, Searched the Vastness for a something you have lost?
Have you strung your soul to silence? Then for God's sake go and do it;
Hear the challenge, learn the lesson, pay the cost.

Have you wandered in the wilderness, the sagebrush
desolation, The bunch-grass levels where the cattle graze?
Have you whistled bits of rag-time at the end of all
creation, And learned to know the desert's little ways?
Have you camped upon the foothills, have you galloped o'er the
ranges, Have you roamed the arid sun-lands through and through?
Have you chummed up with the mesa? Do you know its moods and changes?
Then listen to the Wild—it's calling you.

Have you known the Great White Silence, not a snow-gemmed twig
aquiver? (Eternal truths that shame our soothing lies.)
Have you broken trail on snowshoes? mushed your huskies up the river,
Dared the unknown, led the way, and clutched the prize?
Have you marked the map's void spaces, mingled with the mongrel races,
Felt the savage strength of brute in every thew?
And though grim as hell the worst is, can you round it off with
curses? Then hearken to the Wild—it's wanting you.

Have you suffered, starved and triumphed, groveled down, yet grasped at
glory, Grown bigger in the bigness of the whole?
"Done things" just for the doing, letting babblers tell the
story, Seeing through the nice veneer the naked soul?
Have you seen God in His splendors, heard the text that nature renders?
(You'll never hear it in the family pew.)
The simple things, the true things, the silent men who do things—
Then listen to the Wild—it's calling you.

They have cradled you in custom, they have primed you with their
preaching, They have soaked you in convention through and through;
They have put you in a showcase; you're a credit to their teaching—
But can't you hear the Wild?—it's calling you.
Let us probe the silent places, let us seek what luck betide
us; Let us journey to a lonely land I know.

There's a whisper on the night -wind, there's a star a gleam to guide us,
And the Wild is calling, calling . . . let us go.

Just Think!

Just think! some night the stars will gleam
Upon a cold, grey stone,
And trace a name with silver beam,
And lo! 'twill be your own.

That night is speeding on to greet
Your epitaphic rhyme.
Your life is but a little beat
Within the heart of Time.

A little gain, a little pain,
A laugh, lest you may moan;
A little blame, a little fame,
A star-gleam on a stone.

