

My Country

When I look in the face of my child,
It is Canada there, I see,
A mingling of races, by the hand of God
That she a Canadian might be.

Her hair just like the gold in the sunshine,
Her eyes as gray as the sea,
Skin as white as the driven snow,
What could her ancestry be?

Maybe from the highlands of Scotland,
There was one with vision looked west.
And saw in this grand northern country
The fulfillment of his quest.

From the crowded countries of Europe,
Where freedom was a word little known,
Stalwart folk came to carve a new country,
From a wilderness of forest and stone.

The Loyalist here found a refuge,
When his country was bitter with strife.
And love for the Monarch in Britain
Meant more to him than his life.

These then are the people who builded,
Who builded so much better than they knew.
And passed down the century a heritage,
Which, our children, we now give to you.

Dear child may you find in your homeland,
There is warmth in the ice and the snow;
In her clear running brooks there is laughter,
That only the children can know.

And freedom that runs like a river
Across this great noble land,
Celebrate little children this birthday,
Little brothers hand in hand.

H. Ruth Wright MacDonald UE (1928-2020)

H. Ruth Wright MacDonald was one of the thirteen charter members of the Prince Edward Island Abegweit Branch of the U.E.L. Association. She served various roles on the executive and contributed information for the book, *An Island Refuge*. Ruth penned this poem in 1967, Canada's Centennial.