

Ode to Newfoundland

When sunrays crown thy pine-clad hills
And Summer spreads her hand
When silvern voices tune thy rills
We love thee smiling land
We love thee, we love thee,
We love thee smiling land.

When spreads thy cloak of shimm'ring white
At Winter's stern command
Thro' shortened day and starlit night
We love thee frozen land
We love thee, we love thee,
We love thee frozen land.

When blinding storm gusts fret thy shore
And wild waves lash thy strand
Thro' spindrift swirl and tempest roar
We love thee wind-swept land
We love thee, we love thee,
We love thee wind-swept land.

As loved our fathers, so we love
Where once they stood we stand
Their prayer we raise to heav'n above
God guard thee Newfoundland
God guard thee, God guard thee
God guard thee Newfoundland.

-Sir Cavendish Boyle

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