

# PURELY CANADIAN



FOR CANADA  
JULY 1<sup>ST</sup> 2006  
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In quiet Canadian village streets  
in bustling Canadian city beats  
our country matures, visions endure.  
human rights secure, landscapes grandeur,  
tapestries unfurl, dreams most pure  
— dreams, most pure.

Our dreams are plentiful;  
our peace international.  
Quiet Canadian dreamers herald  
a multicultural world.  
Gold — and forever, green,  
our colourful, native land stands proud.  
Canada is a sunrise forever,  
everyone's dreams are allowed,  
dreams, most pure  
— dreams, most pure.

Canadian sunrise pours light,  
windy arms wave hope.  
There is an unbreakable,  
war-resistant slope  
to the reason that blows over our empire.  
Kids become dreamers—their desires set on fire  
Canadian heroes do inspire,  
personalities that they admire,  
Canadian experience they acquire.  
They learn they can always trust our country  
as they climb on the top of grace.  
They see the world with a different face—  
We all learn: to love, we're able;  
that impossible, thought possible, is probable.  
Canadians are not afraid; we're not outplayed;  
Our fears assuaged, our courage portrayed,  
we are the queens of creation.  
In a rich, fertile, noble nation,  
our dreams endure  
— dreams, most pure.

When the heart calls, home follows.  
The heart of our country bellows  
of a great democracy;  
feeling faith, we stay.  
Our satisfied minds feel its absolute sweetness.  
Darkness turns to light, every train in the night is a witness.  
All we really want to do is stay home.  
Our country is a touchstone—foreigners drawn to its safety zone.  
A rhythm of mercy washes between our oceans;  
they are less frightened, their pain lightens.  
In our rich, fertile, noble nation,  
dreams hold allure;  
their dreams, they can procure.

Citizens know they are on the eve of construction.  
For what we learn in Canada is a song  
for the weary, our country  
is the shelter for storms coming.  
The strong aren't the only who remain alive.  
Cruel and unfair climate teaches us to survive.  
We find, in our country, a paradise of hope.  
We are under its spell, a magical scope.  
For all we need is to choose to believe  
in every shadow, the darkness will leave.  
At its very edge, is an end to the dark.  
In our world, there's no need to cry;  
In our world, there's hope for all oppressed;  
In our world, terror and pain escaped.  
There's no fear, days and nights hold safety here.

Surrender to the magic of our paradise.  
Like a tattoo, Canada's landscape writes to your heart  
Gets under your skin with a colourful kaleidoscope of art.  
It is a place so holy, God lives here.  
As Canadians sons rise, hopes appear.

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in bustling Canadian city beats  
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Purely Canadian,  
my dreams endure  
— my dreams, most pure.