

Written for Alberta Jubilee Year

Valiant Land.

Oh land I love, you've come of age,
In wisdom, truth, and charity.
With gratitude I mark the ways
That bind you in maturity.
From snow-capped mountain heights,
To rivers broad and purple plain,
Where parapets of temples rise
Among the fields of yellow grain.
You marked your age in Golden years
Of pioneer hearts still beating true,
With voices swelling loud and strong
In their vigorous praise of you.
Cradled 'twixt the mountains and prairies,
Chinook winds whispered your lullaby;
You grew wise, impartial, and unafraid
As the good years were folded by,
The generous hills gave up their store,
Deep earth yielded her liquid gold,
And you waxed lusty and undismayed
For strength of youth had made thee bold.
Your courage beckoned, and gallant hearts
Came from afar to till your soil;
Work was their joy; and they proved,
This land was worthy of their toil;
For you gave back, "A Hundred-fold,"
Rewarding their simple faith in thee;
Deep-rooted, thy bosom nurtured them,
Blessed by the earth's sweet charity.
Blended was the blood of many lands
Fostering this courageous race of men,
While heaven looked down on Alberta
And seemed to smile again,
Some there were who sought the mountains;
And prairie-bred who loved the endless skies,
Stout frontier men with a touch of God,
And dreams of tomorrow in their eyes.
Around each hearth in a humble home,
Where love and patience quietly endured
Were heroic souls who worked and prayed;
Alberta, thy future was assured.
They built their walls of hope and faith
Safe 'gainst the winds of fate;
With charity and love for all,
And laughter that outstretched war and hate.
Oh Valiant land! I love thee well!
Secure in the promise that lies ahead,
Hide not thy light in grave misgivings,
For only the weak have cause to dread.
Swing wide the curtains of uncertainty,
And thy faith will make thee strong!
For thine is a noble heritage,
Come...grasp it, firm and long.
With a future that lies gloriously ahead
Profane not this fertile sod,
Alberta will walk joyously free
As long as her people walk with God.

To J. G. Card

W. John R. Holbey.

This verse is a small token of the respect & esteem which I hold for this land I live in and for the heroic men who pioneered and loved it well.

J. R. Holbey.