

# Canadian Tapestry: A Journey's Melody

From east to west, a journey's call,  
In Canada's embrace, we find our all.  
First, Ontario's waters clear,  
With lakes and falls that draw us near.

In every ripple, a story told,  
By shores where tales of old unfold.  
Niagara's thunder, a mighty sound,  
In its spray, our spirits bound.

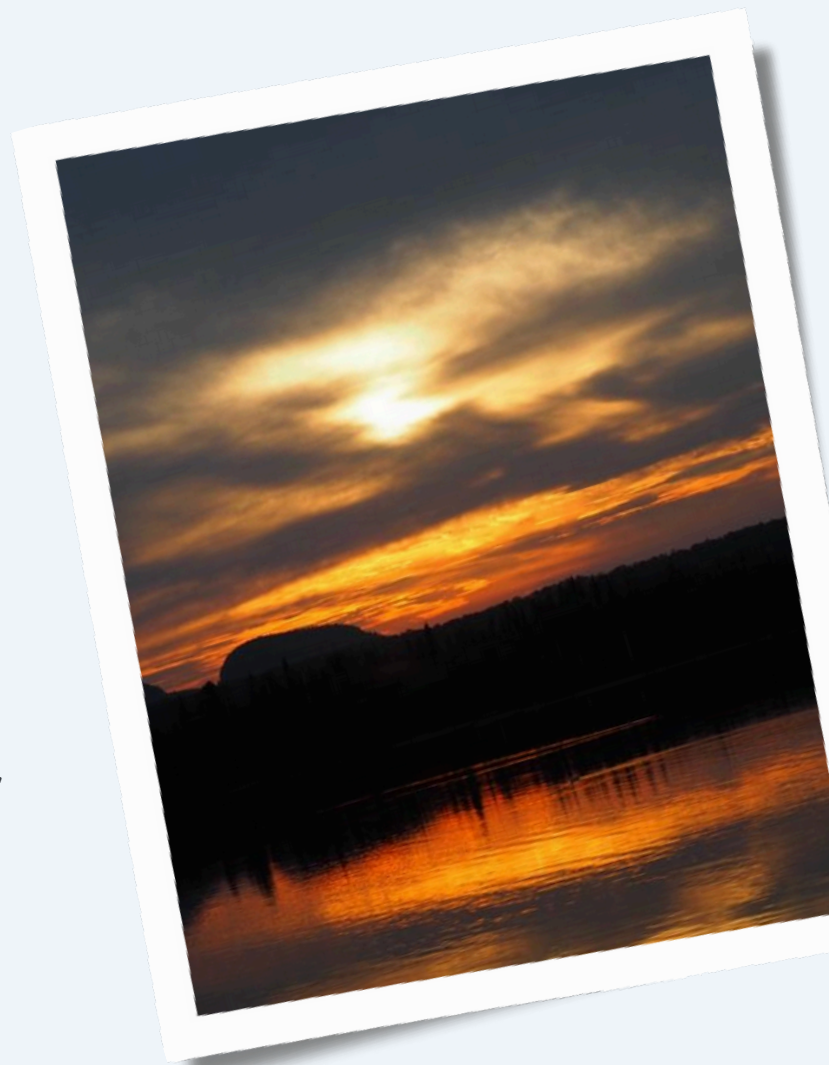
Onto the prairies, fields of gold,  
Where skies and lands in beauty hold.  
A vastness so profound, so pure,  
In these open arms, we feel secure.

Horizon meets the traveler's gaze,  
In these wheat seas, one could laze.  
The sun sets in a prairie fire,  
Painting scenes that never tire.

Then rise the mountains, peaks so high,  
Their majesty piercing the sky.  
Rockies stand in regal grace,  
In their shadows, our hearts race.

Snow-capped guardians of the land,  
Beneath them, our petty worries stand.  
Each vista a breathtaking sight,  
In their presence, we find our light.  
But more than scenes, it's people's warmth,

That makes this land of the north.  
In every town, a friendly face,  
In Canada, we find our place.



  
Thom Barrett