

## Terra Nova

She is coming! She is coming! Her sister's fair to meet;  
How beautiful on the mountains is the impress of her feet,  
Lo in her chaplet virginal, rare, costly jewels shine,  
Pearls gathered from the sounding sea and rubies from the mine.

From far Belle Isle and Cape St John, to western cliffs of Ray,  
And south to sea-fringed Avalon, her greetings brings today:  
Clad in thy ancient loyalty, all thy credentials clear,  
Hail! Sister hail! We welcome thee among thy peers, a peer;

From where broad Bonavista's bay washes thy Eastern bound  
To where the sun's declining ray smiles warm on Puget Sound,  
Then sit not thou in gloom apart—no longer listless frown,  
But in our triumphs share thy part, a jewel in our crown.

Instinct with a young nation's life our quickening pulses thrill,  
The patriot and the statesman's dream\* today we would fulfil.  
Not in thy sea girt island pent, thy energies confined,  
But linked with half a continent, thy higher births—right find.

She is coming! She is coming!—Her sister's fair to greet,  
How beautiful on the mountains is the impress of her feet,  
Lo in her chaplet virginal, rare costly jewels shine,  
Pearls gathered from the sounding sea and rubies from the mine!

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\* "The dream of my boyhood." Vide: Speeches of the late Hon Joseph Howe. The patriot's and the poet's dream has meanwhile succumbed to the exigencies of party politics. But "Coming events cast their shadow before," and the day is not far distant when Her Majesty's "ancient and loyal colony" will rule the Confederation.

(Written by Charles Fenerty when it was first thought Newfoundland would come into Confederation.)