

CANADA ON PARADE

..... as featured in
General Motors of
Canada
Radio Programme

FORWARD WITH CANADA!

*"There is a marching forward taking
place—the country advances and the
people with it".*

Canada On Parade

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Le Canada En Parade

Words and Music

by G. B. CASTLE

Arranged by Percy Faith

Tempo di Marcia

The musical score is arranged in four systems, each with a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The piano part is in 6/8 time and features a strong, rhythmic march pattern. The vocal line is in treble clef and includes lyrics in both English and French. The score begins with a piano introduction marked *f* (forte). The first system of lyrics is: "Tramp - ing feet of march - ing mil - lions set a speed - y" (English) and "En a - vant mar - chons C'est le jour d'une è - re nou -" (French). The second system continues: "pace, _____ Up the road that leads to pro - gress Are you" (English) and "velle _____ La pros - pé - ri - té de re - tour, la pro -" (French). The third system concludes with: "in your place? _____ This fair land of ours holds prom - ise," (English) and "messe est belle U - nis - sons nos coeurs et nos bras" (French). The piano accompaniment includes various musical notations such as chords, single notes, and rests, with dynamic markings like *mf* (mezzo-forte) and *f*.

Tramp - ing feet of march - ing mil - lions set a speed - y
En a - vant mar - chons C'est le jour d'une è - re nou -

pace, _____ Up the road that leads to pro - gress Are you
velle _____ La pros - pé - ri - té de re - tour, la pro -

in your place? _____ This fair land of ours holds prom - ise,
messe est belle U - nis - sons nos coeurs et nos bras

For the man in step, ——— So put on your shoes, your march-ing shoes, and
dans un noble ef - fort Ton pa-ys est riche, O Ca - na-dien mon-

fall in-to line, No time to lose, and for-ward! Keep in step! ——— From
tre toi fort Vers le pro-grès en a-vant En a - vant De

cresc. *f*

CHORUS

coast to coast, — from lakes to pole, — Can - a - da is on pa -
l'At - lan - tique au Pa - ci - fique L'Ca - na - da est en pa -

rade, ——— Lis-ten! the trum-pets call ——— and drums an - nounce, — A
rade La trom-pet - te son - ne l'ap - pel et

pa - geant - try of trade; — Up in the van a - head, — gleam
 voi - ci l'a - vant garde — Vois - tu le dra - peau — grand

pen - nants bright, — Point - ing to pros - per - i - ty, — Swing
 é - ploy - é au vent de pros - pé - ri - té En -

in - to the pace, — put a smile on your face, — And march with a spir - it un - a -
 fants de la race Prenez tous vo - tre place Le monde en - tier est là qui re -

fraid, With Can - a - da on pa - rade. — From rade. —
 garde Le Can - a - da en pa - rade. De rade. —
 sfz

OUR CANADA



CANADA! A goodly name, that runs trippingly and musically upon the tongue. And a name, mark you, that slips easily into the speech of any race upon God's green earth, so that whoso shall come hither from any quarter may speedily learn to

utter it with fluency, with pride, and with affection. There is debate concerning what is meant when it was first uttered by Indian guides to French explorers as their vessels sailed up the mighty St. Lawrence, noblest river of the world. A futile debate, for whatever it meant then, it can now and henceforth mean no other thing than Canada!

A goodly name for a goodly land, that none have ever learned to know but they have learned to love. There have been those who spoke ill of her, but they were those who knew her not.

"A few acres of snow" they called her in France, and even while they spoke the words French hearts and French hands were laying deep and unshakeable the foundations of a great new French people in a greater France on the St. Lawrence shores.

"A millstone round the neck of the motherland" they called her later in England, and even while they spoke she was rearing the men of that Canadian spearhead army who were to help save the Empire and the civilized world at Ypres and at Cambrai. For those who spoke thus of her had never known her spell. And those who know her spell can never cease to love her, even to dying for her.

A rich land, a lovely land, and an infinite land, ever showing new aspects and new promise to her industrious people. (But never an easy nor a luxurious land—no hint of enervation in her glorious skies, no poison of softness in her Northern airs.)

At first a thin belt of farmsteads along her eastern waterways, with naught but solemn woods behind. Then the wild adventure of the fur trade in the lands of the aurora and the midnight sun. Then the push of the pioneers into the wilderness, the lonely clearing, the shack in the forest, the corduroy road—at last the railway. Then the prairie; the long fight with frost, with hail, with drouth, with the plagues of the wheat; the victory. Then the prospector's hammer amid the lakes and muskegs, the glitter of ore. And a wilderness that has parted East from West, like a desert between two fertile plains, becomes a land of riches beyond all fable—Nature's oldest and longest-hidden store of the metals of man's needs. Then the trees of the illimitable forests yielding their fibres to the chemist and the engineer; the miracle of paper, and of the silk that no worm spins. And that which was the settler's enemy, to be fought unrestingly with axe and saw, becomes the nation's wealth and the envy of the world.

The concrete dam, the turbine, and the network of

wires across the land. And the mighty cataracts, over which half the fresh water of the world has poured unharnessed since time began, are set to do man's work in a slavery that shall never cease until the world shall end. And from a million windows, in many thousand stately piles, the New Industry and the New Commerce flash back the morning sun. And over great fleets, that ply to and fro in traffic with the nations of the world, the flag of Canada flutters in the breeze.

And still a dozen other frontiers to push back towards the polar snows; and ever new powers at hand for the task. Aircraft moving easily above the pathless wastes, bearing the pioneers to the new lands that they shall subdue. Laboratories breeding new and hardier grains. Always new horizons, virgin hills and valleys, beckoning a people to whose expansion nature has set no final limit, and to whose ready gaze she is ever revealing new visions of the greatness of their heritage.

Great cities, with their millions of people. Great spaces, with their millions of miles. And over all, and always, the ever-changing beauty and magic of the north. The sparkle of snow on the hillsides at evening, a thousand lights of mauve and purple under the low sun; the bells of Benediction, and the bark of a fox in the distant wood.

A lake of dazzling blue beneath a sky of dazzling blue above, and a rim of mirrored trees all round; the hush of summer noon, and a heron drifting over. Or a plain of rippling wheat hot in the sun, far as the eye can reach, save where a snow-tipped summit breaks the horizon a hundred miles away. Or the stern Atlantic beating upon the shores that guard our Eastern gate. Or the smiling Pacific that laps the Western limit of our vast domain. Or soft lake mist in the city street, and the roar of evening traffic, and the flashing jewelry of the signs against the sky, and bright eyes and red lips that hurry by towards other eyes and other lips and smile as they pass.

A land of infinite variety, of infinite beauty, of infinite strength. A land of the future, whose greatness of today has been ever but a forecast of a more wonderful tomorrow. A land also of much liberty, being daughter indeed of the most liberty-loving land in this modern world. A land of justice, without which liberty can be but license. A land of human brotherhood, in which no man is belittled for color or tongue or race or religion. A land of law, and of respect for law.

But above all, a land where nature puts strength and purpose into the soul of man and builds a breed that rises indomitable before vicissitudes, and forges ever ahead with the calmness of courage and the certainty of a great destiny that must not be denied.

Canada—the land we love, the land our children will learn to love more deeply yet than we, since we must make it ever more worthy of their love. Canada! The land with the courage to be great!