

Let art record the number
 Of the years that have gone by,
 Since all agreed to be as one,—
 Auspicious destiny !
 Let it be long remembered,
 That to-day we celebrate
 The union of our Provinces,
 And rejoicings should be great.

Let flags with quarterings ample
 Float on the passing wind,
 That all, however distant,
 Their portion there may find.
 The red cross of old England,
 The graceful *fleur de lis*,
 The maple leaf and thistle,
 The ship to sail the sea.

The beaver, wise and willing,
 The royal lion, old,—
 And yet not all are entered,
 Nor the full number told.
 Rise ! with a pride of nation,
 Wide seas beat either shore,
 Our sun is only rising
 To grow brighter more and more !