

Yea, we may trust the better sense
Of men who're true to right's defense;
The days of peril will soon be past,
For nation strong the mould be cast
By men who'll time's true signs discern
And threat'nings into blessings turn.
Peace too, we say, to all that love
The land all minor ties above,
That strive the patriot flame to guard
In hearts from which all guile is barred.
Truth mighty is and will prevail,
Nor can deceit or noise avail
With patriot's heart in any clime,
When rooted in a love sublime;
Canada, O Canada, thou fair,
Thou'rt free, and free as thy pure air
Thou shalt forever be; no dream
Of proud Napoleonic scheme,
No system, urged by puling man,
That's built on stern Cæsarian plan,
Can satisfy thy buoyant heart;
Nor will true loyal minds depart
From course that through wise statesmen's skill,
Thy larger wants will truly fill.
No commonwealth e'er could endure
With common rights left insecure;
Where equal statehood doth reside,
Alone, true trust and faith abide;
Each state must work in its own sphere,
A structure sound and true to rear.

Yea, then shall this our grand Dominion,
Safe poised on freedom's fearless pinion,
Arise, to play her splendid part
In onward march of peaceful art;
And then her noble purpose reach,
Model true to all of Saxon speech.
On truth and right she'll glory shed;
No more will traitor raise his head;
With great achievements she shall ring
And poets rise to gladly sing
Her people's virtues and her strength
In ev'ry zone throughout her length;