

Canada, the Land of Promise

In days of old the hardy sons
Of La Belle France braved the unknown
To plant her flag behind the GUI,
Of Old Quebec: their spirit lives—
They sleep beside those pioneers
Of British freedom, they, who brought
Their heirship to a thousand years
To weld on this new soil, a nation.

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We are the sons of the Northland,
The finest, the best land on earth,
Massive and broad like our homeland
Aye boasting our might and our girth—
Cradled and sung to breezes
That spawn in the climate North,
Hardened by rigour that freezes
The bones of the weakly brought forth.

We are the race of the big men:
Full proud of our tendons we feel,
Smiling in strength at the foemen
Meeting their guile with our steel.
Cunning are we with the sword-hand,
Good neighbours when warring shall cease,
Praying that soon o'er our own land
Will dawn a victorious peace.