

VII.

And thou Italia! of the golden skies—

What shall we say, fair sunny land, of thee?

Behold, in all her beauty, fair she lies

Beside her softly murmuring summer sea—

A land so beautiful must needs be free.

Holy to us thou art, for in thee lies

The poet of divinest liberty.

Whose soul was tuned to loftiest melodies,

And who so long did hope to see this bright sunrise.

VIII.

Great, O Canada! shall be thy name—

Among the nations foremost thou shalt be;

Perchance, as sister, thou shalt one day claim

Britannia, ancient ruler of the sea,

May thy new people be unchained and free!

For thee there sounds the tramp of freedom now,

The light of morning early dawns on thee—

The seal of greatness set upon thy brow,

To thee, from nature's hand, unnumbered blessings flow.