



WILL thy fair feet depart from right,
Wilt thou immerge in starless night,
And lose the path divine?
No! No! my country, thou shalt see
Thy morning Star of destiny
In purer splendor shine.

No land illumed by yonder sun
Can more inspiring be than One
Where my far visions roam
O'er prairies wide, o'er mountains grand—
My love is thine, thou lavish land,
Dear Canada, my home.