

'Thus have we grown thus sped along,
Till now with myriad thousands strong,
Let's rise sublime and try to see,
How much like God and Heaven we'll be.

We may not count the shining sands,
Nor bind the orbs with starlit bands,
But we can lift the fallen up,
Can we not blight the drunkards cup?

Canada! Thou so much cans't do,
Enfeebled thousands call to you,
For laws all heaven would shout to see,
That blasts the cup and makes man free.

Be thou that nation on the hill,
Whose light the darkest home shall fill,
Shake thou the wilderness of sin,
And ring the joyful Gospel in.

See how the land is thronged with men,
How sin abounds, what grandeur then;
To fire the nations with the song,
We strike for God, to God belong.

So therefore strike! Take up the shout,
Unfurl the banner, fling it out,
Let Empires tremble if they will,
Our God directs the thunders still.