

To claim proud laurels that his sword has won.  
No battle war-cry mingles with thy name,  
To speak thy valour through the trump of fame ;  
No heart shall bleed anew, no orphan's tear  
Shall flow suggestive when thy steps are near ;  
But, binding on thy brow her stainless bays,  
Sweet heaven-born peace shall loudly sing thy praise.  
For nobler mission's thine than warrior brand,  
To bear us greetings from our native land,  
And teach our children that nor time nor space  
May from our breasts the love of home efface.  
Nor shall thy words of peace be breathed in vain,  
Nor fail due homage from our hearts to gain ;  
For, mark the varied hosts that throng the shore,  
And rival well the cannon's deafening roar,—  
Sons of New France stand brothers side by side,  
And close their ranks with England's flower and pride,  
The waving tartans of the stalwart Gael,  
The gay green banner of fair Erin's Isle,  
And nodding war plumes of the Huron brave,  
Together mingle free, together peaceful wave.  
No war paint now begrimes the red man's cheek,  
His tomahawk lies buried lone and deep,  
His wampum tells of feuds that rage no more,  
And pipe of peace succeeds the battle's roar.  
Sons too of sires that met in dread array,  
To pluck fresh laurels on each battle day,  
The weapons of a nobler warfare wield,  
And wage new battles on a bloodless field.