

XXVIII

Oh, Liberty! Thou art our souls' desire ;
Great Goddess! All thy benisons impart,
And fill with purest glow, the patriot fire
Unquenchable in each Canadian heart!
Thy sceptre, bloometh ever as the rod
Of Aaron, in the Temple of the free ;
And suppliant, we beg of nature's God
To bless this land from centre unto sea—

XXIX

To keep this land, Victoria's brightest gem!
To guard it ever from Disaster, dire ;
To crown it with Truth's radiant diadem,
And every soul with Freedom to inspire!
Oh, Canada! Adopted land of mine,
Accept this humble tribute of my song—
May Peace, dear land, with Happiness be thine,
And countless ages all thy joys prolong!

Quebec, 10th September, 1877.