

Marks their trail centipedal with festering sores,  
The spume of a leprosy raging beneath,  
And making thy life one long, lingering death ?  
Shall the knave sanctimonious and smooth hypocrite,  
All the while, on thy breast, like an incubus sit,  
To mock thee with tales of the Heavenly Will,  
And tell thee thy woes are inevitable ;  
Till the wise of thy children—most loved of thy  
heart,—

Away from the sight of thy wretchedness start,  
In despair at thy ruin, and blushing with shame  
At the blight ignominious that clings to thy name,  
Poor Canada !

Let our songs of rejoicing be toned with the prayer,  
That thy future may brighten a record more fair ;—  
For that prayer will react on the uttering Will,  
To uplift, to expand, and intensify still.  
May thy sons, with due mete of their dignity rise,  
To wrestle, like men, with their destinies ;  
Put away childish things ; self-reliant and bold,  
Drawing lessons of truth from the lore of the old,  
Yet seeking forever intensified light,  
Rear thy empire proudly in wisdom and right ;  
And ever their glories ancestral advance,  
With more than the splendours of England and  
France ;