

Our commerce hampered and ignored our name,  
Poor, feeble, helpless, though in seeming free,  
The question but remains—*Shall these things be?*  
Canadians, no! to these a glad adieu,  
A nobler prospect dawns upon our view,  
Behold! far stretching o'er the fertile earth,  
In freedom's cause, a nation has its birth!  
A land, whose deeds in commerce, not the sword,  
Make History pause and wonder to record!  
Columbia beckons, shall we keep away?  
'Tis nature bids us, shall we not obey?  
What though our country's, Canada's fair name,  
Ne'er 'lume the scroll or fill the trump of fame.  
Yet we shall share in glory and in might,  
Our cares be common, all our aims unite;  
Our nations one, our joyful people be  
From petty jealousies forever free,  
And be in feeling, as they are in blood,  
One glorious, universal brotherhood.