



Past are the years when, borne by fav'ring breeze,
CABOT and CARTIER reached this distant strand,
And brave CHAMPLAIN, and HUDSON stern and bold
Found in an unknown zone a wond'rous land
Lying unclaimed, its varied gifts untold,
Far o'er the boundless space of unsailed seas.

Past are the years when o'er the hapless land
War spread its pinions, till the fatal day
When willing peace returned amid the cries
Of raging battle, and in death's clasp there lay
Two hostile heroes; when, with weeping eyes,
England and France clasped each the other's hand.

Two peoples forming one, their common aim
Ignores all difference in faith and race;
Canada's sons are brothers one and all,
And in her glorious cause each claims his place;
He waits her summons, answers to her call,
And seeks, mid good and ill, his country's fame.