

To workers like the great Champlain,
And Dufferin and Lorne,
And those who could take up the strain,
"I am Canadian-born."

Here my allotted time I'd live
And play my little part,
My service here to Nature give,
To Industry and Art;
Here pluck life's roses when I may,
And when I feel the thorn
Look up with fortitude and say,
"I am Canadian-born."

And should unfriendly circumstance
(Which Providence forbid!)
Decree that from my latest glance
My country should be hid,
Ah, then 'twill ease my parting sigh
And cheer my heart forlorn,
To think, wherever I may die,
I am Canadian-born.