

O be thou martyr-like, firm to the death,
Endurance brave, gild peril's darkest hour

And what if felon nations should combine
To pour their hordes on Britain's sacred
shore ;

A three-fold cord these sea-girt Isles entwine,
There are invaders' graves, and room for
more.

And O ! the deep revered, grand old land,
Grander as time and distance intervene ;
Bold, loyal hearts on this Canadian strand,
Will ne'er desert their country and lov'd
Queen.