

O'er the famous Road of story Caesar's legions, outward hurled,
Swept in triumph home returning with the spoils of half the world,—
Youth was mine and strong endeavour and a vow was mine to keep,
I would build a nobler Highway, it should stretch from deep to deep!
Sullen foes have watched the footsteps of thy sons who come and go,
Alien banners flaunted o'er them, snares and pitfalls spread below,—
I have hewed the path of Empire, I have linked the East and West,
And thy children pass rejoicing, 'neath the flag they love the best.

Fairer than the paths Elysian trod by poets in their dreams
Winds the Way that they shall follow down the clear Canadian streams,
Past the sea of amber cornfields where my prairie flowers bloom,
O'er the mountain's snowy rampart and the canyon's purple gloom,
By the verge of foaming torrents, by the gleam of golden sands,
Down the slope of flushing orchards, through the peaceful meadow lands,
Till a magic City rises from the blue Pacific's shore
Where the Lions of Vancouver guard my Gate for evermore.

We who forged the links of Empire, shall our hands not weld the chain?
We who wide the seed have scattered, shall we gather not the grain?
Can'st thou still deny our birthright who but ask thy toil to share,
Who would bring our love to lighten all the burdens thou must bear?
Must we stand without, unheeded, while thy rulers guide thy fate?
We have met the foe beside thee—shall we linger at thy gate?
May we know not of thy danger till our swords must make reply?
Shall we live not for thy glory, we who for thy sake can die?