

Fair city of to-morrow, build!  
Be thou with Christian heroes filled.  
Vast thy boundaries, dome and spire,  
Radiant with light, flashing fire,  
A continent for Jesus crowned,  
Resplendent, Gospel truth unbound.

Fair city of to-day, farewell,  
We hear thy chim of Sabbath bell,  
The thunder of thy press for right,  
Warriors, heroes and men of might,  
Ready to fall beneath the sod,  
Or bring the continent to God.

Such is Toronto on one side.  
The other let the darkness hide,  
Or bring it to the light of day.  
On whiskey rings let fountains play,  
For earth hath lost its green and power,  
Without the sun and genial shower.

Fair city of to-morrow, stand,  
However broad, however grand,  
Imparadised with truth and love,  
Replete with blessings from above.  
In all thy splendour sound the notes  
O'er every sea where vessel floats,  
Of Christian triumph, wild and free,  
Just like the heaven that is to be.