

From roses and from shamrocks, from the
thistle's hardy breast,
From fleur-de-lis and maple, faithful to the
sacred soil,
Came a cry to those who guarded treasured
blessings by their toil—
“Leave the plowshare and the harrow! Brain
and brawn must bend to yield
Greater harvest for the Empire on the blood-
red battle field!”
Then, indeed, a sound like thunder rose from
river, lake and plains,
True and clear as blood that courses through
the bold Canadian veins,
For to more than sound of battle did the
banners beckon now—
Fleur-de-lis and rose and shamrock, maple
leaf and thistle, bow
As the sword of Freedom knights them
champions of the King above,
Who hath given to their keeping peace and joy
for those they love.
Now the blessed word of Angels shall the
sword of Empire bear,
And the cross and crown and flow'rets laud
the King in praise and prayer!