

My land is beauty's flag unfurled,  
A garden of increase,  
The crowning wonder of the world,  
Creation's masterpiece;  
And deathless deed and kingly name  
Her chronicles adorn;  
I'm pardonably proud to claim  
I am Canadian-born.

I love her cities old and new,  
Her crested mountain-chains,  
Her lakes and rivers fair to view,  
Her meadows and her plains,  
Her tented fields of yellow sheaves,  
Her spears of towering corn,  
Her forests with their maple leaves:  
I am Canadian-born.

I love her verdant springtime sweet,  
Her autumn red and gold;  
I love her summer's tropic heat,  
Her winter's arctic cold,  
The splendor of her evening glow,  
The glory of her morn;  
And day and night I love to know  
I am Canadian-born.

All honor to her pioneers,  
The gallant sons of France;  
All honor to their British peers,  
Who aided her advance;