

Remember the mettle, the pluck and the will
 Ever trusted by Brock in the hard won fight,
 For it had the right ring and it has it still
 As at old Lundy's Lane and at Queenston Height.

And to hold this Dominion from sea to sea
 With its cities so rich and fruit laden farms,
 Old England for ever, our watchword shall be ;
 We wait for the bugle call, stand to your arms !

A gallant crew mans the Ship of the Nation ;
 Her lines are a marvel and trim are her sails,
 We launched and christen'd her Confederation,
 She's a bird on the billows and laughs at the gales.

And while at the helm stands honest Sir John,
 Steady boys ! Steady ! a pull altogether,
 The tide of prosperity carries us on
 In spite of the croakers or dirty weather.

Ah ! he is a limb of the Old Oak Tree,
 A champion of true British liberty,
 His heart is all oak and each fibre, you see,
 So honestly clings to the Old Countrie.