

NEW DOMINION.

Hail, my country, hail to thee!
 Seat of institutions free;
 Let thy flag of glory wave
 O'er the happy free and brave;
 It has braved a thousand fears,
 More than braved a thousand years!
 Many a noble nature died
 Neath its folds of British pride;
 Many a foe before it fell,
 Lower than the depths of hell;
 Many a hero 'neath it grew
 Desperate to attack anew—
 Falling—all its glories flow
 On their hearts as white as snow
 And death could not dim such light
 Shining round its folds so bright
 Stainless valour 'neath it reigns,
 Noble hearts and lustrous brains
 Rooted in our hearts of truth
 It shall bloom in fadeless youth;
 Justice written on each fold
 Every nation shall behold—
 Wave o'er the New Dominion free,
 Those affections hallow thee.
 Let "Ontario" nor "Quebec"
 Never see thy sheet a wreck.
 Let Prince Edward's little Isle
 Nestle on the breast awhile,
 And New Brunswick, heart expand
 O'er the marriage of each land.
 Nova Scotia of renown
 Cast thy honours 'fore thee down,
 Newfoundland and Hudson Bay
 Feel for ever thy gracious sway,
 And Vancouver's Island green
 Rest in love to Britain's Queen.

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