

Canadian Born

We first saw light in Canada, the land beloved of God;
We are the pulse of Canada, its marrow and its blood ;
And we, the men of Canada, can face the world and brag
That we were born in Canada beneath the British flag.

Few of us have the blood of kings, few are of courtly
birth,
But few are vagbonds or rogues of doubtful name and
worth ;
And all have one credential that entitles us to brag—
That we were born in Canada beneath the British flag.

We've yet to make our money, we've yet to make our
fame,
But we have gold and glory in our clean Colonial name ;
And every man's a millionaire if only he can brag
That he was born in Canada beneath the British flag.

No title and no coronet is half so proudly worn
As that which we inherited as men Canadian born.
We count no man so noble as the one who makes the
brag
That he was born in Canada beneath the British flag.

The Dutch may have their Holland, the Spaniard have his
Spain,
The Yankee to the south of us must south of us remain ;
For not a man dare lift a hand against the men who brag
That they were born in Canada beneath the British flag.