

Canada, Be Glad

Ten thousand homes the pale king know,
And feel his breath,
Remorseless breathed as he goes by,
And joy and hope hoar-frosted lie
In withered death.

O Canada! hope, hope thou still—
The dawn has come,
A ray of gold has reached the sky,
A radiance healing draweth nigh
To every home.

On darkness dense the wasting plague
Shall prey no more,
The light to simple life has come,
The hopeless find a hopeful home,
As ne'er before.

God bless, thrice bless, the open hand—
Thy praise we sing;
And blessing be, with deathless fame,
On him that lends his gracious name—
God bless our King!