

Dying, they whispered still thy name—  
O Canada, wilt thou deny  
The prayer of these who dared to die,  
And let true greatness pass thee by?

“Prosperity, prosperity”!—  
’Twas not for this they took the sword,  
The ensign of thy destiny  
Unfurled for them a deeper word;  
In tears and blood they paid the price,  
And thou art pledged in sacrifice;  
Oh, not in vain  
The loss, the pain,  
If thou dost mourn thy mighty slain  
In hearts forsworn of greed and gain,  
In hearts that bowed and broken cry  
For light and guidance from on high,  
That greatness may not pass us by!