

In thee we've found a happy home,
By freedom's breezes fanned ;
And friendship's smiles, and beauty's wiles,
Our dear adopted land.
Our dear adopted land, my friends,
Our dear adopted land ;
Hip, hip, hurrah ! for Canada !
Our dear adopted land.

The past has found thee staunch and true
To duty's stern command ;
Thy shield, I wot, contains no blot.
Our dear adopted land.
Our dear adopted land, my friends,
Our dear adopted land ;
Hip, hip, hurrah ! for Canada !
Our dear adopted land.

Though varied climes thy children claim,
Yet love to thee's the band
That links the whole in heart and soul,
Our dear adopted land.
Our dear adopted land, my friends,
Our dear adopted land ;
Hip, hip, hurrah ! for Canada !
Our dear adopted land.

We need no seer's eye to see
Thy future great and grand ;
Thy deathless name, entwined with fame,
Our dear adopted land.
Our dear adopted land, my friends,
Our dear adopted land ;
Hip, hip, hurrah !
Our dear adopted land.

A Song of Labor.

Ho ! ye horny-fisted toilers !
Building up a nation's walls ;
Sowing seed, while loud-mouthed broilers
Waste their breath in useless brawls.
Ply the shuttle, wield the hammer,
Guide the sickle, mould the clay,
Leave to schoolmen greek and grammar,
Labour's sons are Britain's stay.