

The sky is streaked with golden light,  
Ships sail the main within our sight;  
The song birds warble wild and free,  
Their music floats upon the sea.

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The sun rides up the vaulted blue,  
The hills rejoice, the woodlands too,  
Fair ladies kiss the summers breeze,  
And love to dwell mid scenes like these.

The sun at last rides down the west,  
Sweet birds sleep in their leafy nests,  
The twilight sweeps Ontario's wave,  
And lovers in the moonlight bathe.

The Planets shine with dazzling light,  
And stars begem the beauties night,  
Mid scenes like these I feign would stay,  
Until the dawning of the day,

But turn we now to sweet repose,  
While curtained night perfumes the rose,  
The morn will break serene and clear,  
Thus may it be through all the year.

Our soil is good, our climate pure,  
Our barns are filled, our food secure,  
The reaper smiles where e'er he roams,  
Thus God doth bless canadian homes.