

On that proud land of forests grand,
Of rivers lakes and streams.

Though Britain's bards with one accord
Old England's praises swell,
Give me the land where gallant Brock
And brave Tecumseh fell ;
For freedom dwells within its dells
And there it will remain—
Then sing the praise of Canada,
Again and yet again.

A song, a song for Canada—
The star of empire gleams
On that proud land of forests grand,
Of rivers, lakes and streams.

IMSBY."

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