

We would gladly hail and welcome
 Them beneath thy mother's throne,
 We would kiss the truant brother,
 Call him fondly yet our own.

Come, loved Princess, sway the magic
 Wand of power o'er them now,
 Like a gentle shepherd lead them
 'Fore their former throne to bow.
 Be a link to yet unite them
 To Britannia's hallowed shore,
 That one law of true affection
 May rebind them one o'er more.

Touch them with the magic beauty
 That adorns thy gifted mind,
 That a throne could not allure,
 Nor the proudest sceptre bind.
 Bring thy high-wrought sense of beauty,
 Chase the rudeness we may know,
 And, with native polished graces,
 Cause our humble land to glow.

We are only in embryo,
 Crystalizing to come forth,
 Come and guide our forms to beauty;
 Kin to those of highest worth.
 Come, direct the eye of Europe
 To our Province, wealth and power,
 Come, and o'er this vast dominion,
 More than Royal blessing shower.

Gentle one, O come, and quickly,
 Panting hearts of loyal love
 Wait to pour their fervour on thee,
 As some child of heaven above.
 Give us art and strike the rudeness
 Native to our shores away;
 Give our habits inspiration,
 Of a holier, brighter day.

We shall then embalm thy memory,
 In our country heart of fire,
 And Victoria's children's children
 Will be valued higher and higher.
 So our hearts will long retain them,
 Gentle in their folds of love
 Until borne on brighter pinions
 To seraphic thrones above.