

At Queenstown Heights and Lundy's Lane,
Our brave Fathers side by side,
For freedom, homes and loved ones dear,
Firmly stood and nobly died;
And those dear rights which they maintained,
We swear to yield them never,
Our watchword ever more shall be,
The Maple Leaf For Ever.

On merry England's far famed land
May kind Heaven sweetly smile :
God biess old Scotland evermore,
And Ireland's Emerald Isle.
Then swell the song, both loud and long,
Till rocks and forest quiver,
God save our King and Heaven bless
The Maple Leaf For Ever.

La Marsellaise

ENGLISH VERSION

Ye sons of France awake to glory,
Hark hark, what Myriads bid you rise,
Your children, wives and grandsires hoary,
Behold their tears and hear their cries.
Shall hateful tyrants, mischief breeding
With hireling hosts, a ruffian band,
Affright and desolate the land,
While peace and liberty lie bleeding.

Chorus :

To arms, To arms, ye brave,
The avenging sword unsheathe.
March on, March on, All hearts resolved
On victory or death.

With luxury and pride surrounded
The will, insatiate despots dare,
Their thirst of gold and power unbounded
To mete and wend the light and air.
Like beasts of burden would they load us—
Like Gods would bid their slaves adore us,
But man is man—and who is more?
Then shall they longer lash and goad us?