

The lands afar may vaunt their past
The glory won, the wealth amassed,
The lordly piles, the glittering domes,
The royal parks and princely homes ;
The broad estates, the tenant's cot,
The weaver's loom, the farmer's lot ;
The old cathedral's stately towers,
And darkest dungeon's fiercest powers ;
The symbol of the ruler's might,
The proof of tyrant's cruel spite ;
The Inquisition's dark career,
And seas of blood and Robespierre ;
And priests and monks and nuns in black,
That roll the bright'ning ages back ;
The frowning battlements of war,
And faiths whose priests the free abhor ;
May venerate the lifeless creeds,
And scorn the hero's noblest deeds ;
May execrate the true and brave,
And shout for joy at Freedom's grave :
Give me the land whose sons, freeborn,
The scowl of priests return with scorn ;
The tyrant's threats meet with disdain,
And fling them to their source again ;
The politician's arts suspect,
The briber's plans and pelf reject ;
And so maintain in manhood's tower,
The secret of the nation's power ;
And so hand on to Britons true
The freedom old, the freedom new.
This is the land of youth and hope
Where none pull down—where all build up—
Where ancient wrongs have found no place,
But truth and love invite the race
To industry and honest wealth,
To comfort, peace and surest health ;
To all the blessings God hath given
His children dear, this side His heaven.

A hundred years have come and gone,
Since loyal men that loved the throne,