

In burning sands and distant lands,
 Privations great and long,
 The melodies sustain their hearts.
 Thou Land of sacred Song.

Amid the strife of savage life,
 In many a foreign tongue,
 My countrymen contend for Truth,
 As in the Land of Song.

And where that Name they do proclaim,
 With Right to conquer Wrong,
 The nations learn to imitate
 The peaceful Land of Song.

But when a Czar goes mad for war
 And beats his battle-gong,
 Thy heroes take his Malakoffs,
 Thou giant Land of Song.

And blissful days of peace and praise
 Like ours may God prolong,
 The British throne sustained by thee,
 Unconquered Land of Song.

Well may the Press allay their fears
 And find the kingdom strong,
 Our gracious Queen delights in thee,
 The faithful Land of Song.

At home, abroad, on land or flood,
 Where'er thy children throng,
 They celebrate thy worthy praise,
 Thou matchless Land of Song.

While history weaves the Maple leaves
 Around the Thistle prong,
 The Rose and Shamrock must confess
 A nobler Land of Song.

This country claims the greatest names
 That to our race belong,
 And we will make Young Canada
 A famous Land of Song.

While year by year assembled here
 We greet the old and young,
 As do our dearest friends at home
 In that sweet Land of Song.

Hark! hark! the strains o'er snowy plains,
 The pipers come along,
 Thy music thrills our very hearts
 Dear Scotia, Land of Song.