

O CANADA, LAND OF OUR SIRES!

(From the French "O CANADA! TERRE DE NOS
AÏEUX" by Sir Adolphe Routhier)

O Canada! land of our sires,
Whose brow is bound with glorious bays,
The sword thy valorous hand can wield
And bear the Cross that faith inspires,
What mighty deeds hast thou beheld,
An epopee of glorious sights!
The faith, thy shield through all thy days,
Shall still protect our homes and rights,
Shall still protect our homes and rights.

By the broad river's giant stream,
Beneath God's ever-watchful sight,
Canadians thrive in Hope's bright gleam,
Sprung from a great and noble race,
Cradled by self-denial's hand,
In the new world high Heaven did trace
The pathway of their progress grand,
And ever guided by its light
They'll guard the banner of their land,
They'll guard the banner of their land.

Christ's forerunner, their patron saint,
From him they bear a crown of fire,
Enemies of the tyrant's base restraint
The depths of loyalty their deeds inspire.
And their proud liberty they would keep
With never-ending concord blest,
While by their genius sown deep
Upon our soil the truth shall rest,
Upon our soil the truth shall rest.