

Rear up a nation firm and just,
A shrine of Liberty;
Raise up the earth-trod from the dust,
And make them strong and free,
Till none in all her wide domain
Be overwrought by power,
And they from every clime and strain
May bless her natal hour!
The millions in the future's hand
Look with all hope to you.
It is your duty to your land:
Canadians, be true!

Love her who guards you well and brave,
Unfeignèd loyally.
It is your right some day to have
With her th' enthroning sea,
The sway of fertile plain and isle.
The swarming homes of men,
Whom to defend and teach meanwhile
'Twill rest upon you then.
Love her howe'er her fate be cast,
And ever faithful do
Your duty to the Empire vast.
Canadians, be true!
