Behold there comes a mighty multitude • From Britain's isle, from Erin's verdant strand, From craggy Scotland, and from sunny France. They come, they come, their native soil forsake, Pursuing fortune in another clime, A younger, sunnier land, where life breathes hope, While nature freely gives of her rich store. Here little children come from haunts of vice. From cities' pestilent and fevered streets. With wonder gaze they at the limpid streams, The lakes and flower-strewn plains of Canada. And here a mighty people shall arise, A people nurtured in full liberty, Free as the wind that blows from sea to sea, Strong as the eagle soaring to the sun; And they shall love their land with patriot's love. And guard her borders as the men of old Their country guarded in the hour of need; Yet not forgetful of the Motherland, Who scans with kindly eye her child's career, Wasting a blessing o'er the mighty !ea. And smiling homes shall blossom near and far, Adown the rivers glide the flying craft, The palpitating engine cross the plain, The busy murmur of a toiling world Shall violate the stillness of the woods, Where roam the deer in full security. Such be thy future, O thou land of hope, Where in the fear of God and loving home, Thy people shall increase; O may thy soil Bear many a thinker, many a man of might, Many a hero fitted to command, Many a statesman fitted to control. May enemies ne'er cross thy borderland; But if they come, if the stern blast of war Ring shrill and clear and rouse thee from thy rest, May all thy sons rise, valiant hearts and true, To battle for the land their fathers sought; Then safe, reposing on their laurels won, Love it with greater love for dangers past. Such may thy future be—nor great alone In never sated commerce—rather great In all that welds a people heart to heart: Among thy sons may many a leader spring, By whom the ship of State well piloted, Thy haven of wide empire thou mayest reach. An empire stretching from the western wave. To where the rosy dawn inflames the seas.