

Yet she has thrown the manacles aside,  
Which bound a fellow creature in their thrall;  
The gates of freedom she has opened wide,  
And paved the way to Liberty for all.

Then why not thou?—far brighter stars, I ween,  
Are centered in thy bosom's inmost core  
Than on thy banner's floating folds are seen,  
Or could be found among thy jewell'd ore.

Strike down, Columbia! strike thy motto down—  
Disgrace the name of "Liberty" no more;  
Dispel the nation's world-wide bitter frown—  
Let Freedom reign, *in truth*, from shore to shore.

Our Native land! with heart and hand,  
We strike a chord for thee,  
Whose every note shall wildly float,  
And *tell* that we are free.

We'll sound it wide o'er land and tide,  
From Freedom's broad domain  
To Europe's thrones, where crumbled bones  
Speak out that tyrants reign;

From the deep sea-beds of the icy realm,  
O'er many a fertile plain,  
'Mong the wavy tops of the ash and elm,  
To where ships are steered by a veering helm  
Through lakes in a mighty chain;

From the trackless bourn of that distant world,  
Where the sun's bright rays decline,  
To where morning light by the waves is curled,  
And St. Lawrence onward is swiftly whirled  
To the ocean's rolling brine,—

Is the Land we love,—'tis the land of Peace!  
Tho' never at duty's call  
Did her heart's allegiance to honour cease,  
Or her rights to a foeman e'er release,  
Or yield to a stranger's thrall.