

Where manly worth has large respect,
And fraud and crime are quickly checked ;
Where in the face of public wrong
The people's voice is prompt and strong ;
And where the spring of public good
Is faith in right and rectitude.
This is the land we call our own,
Land of all lands, preferred, alone ;
This is the Canada we love,
To which we turn where'er we rove ;
This the sweet name that charms our ear,
Lights up our eye and quells our fear.
Land of my life ! land of my birth !
Thou dearest land of all on earth.

Land of my toil ! land of my heart !
What soothing balm could heal the smart
Where flows the blood, if e'er we part ?
Could cure be found in Ceylon's vales,
In India's groves and spicy gales,
Where fragrance floats on every breeze
And precious gums embalm the trees ?
Could ease be had where richer flowers,
'Neath softer skies beguile the hours,
Embowered love despising care,
And music filling summer air ?
Could Persian pomp my longing stay,
Or Tuscan strains while grief away ?
Could Spanish grace my love engage,
Or Gallic art my woes assuage ?
Arabia's myrths, nor Afric's palms,
Nor softest oils, nor sweetest balms,
Nor greatest pomp, nor gentlest grace,
Nor noblest art, nor loveliest face
Could ever touch my heart's deep sore
If I could see my land no more.

The lands afar may boast their gems,
Their flashing crowns and diadems ;
Their lordly rank, their regal state,
Their masses poor, their rulers great ;