

mong them all, thou reign'st supreme, The fairest of the fair.
three entwined, grow fresh and strong, Around our Maple Tree.

CHORUS.

Sopr.

We're Britons born, are Britons still, And Britons aye shall be, The

Union Jack, the flag we love, Shall guard our Maple Tree.

3 No foreign power shall o'er us rule,
Our liberties enthrall,
Fair British play shall hold the away,
With equal rights to all!
No other race shall o'er displace
The sons from Britain sprung;
Our schools shall teach our noble speech,
The Anglo-Saxon tongue.
Cho.—We're Britons born, etc.

4 In our loved land—so vast, so grand—
That spans from sea to sea,
Millions, unborn, shall find a home
Beneath our Maple Tree.
Three cheers for Britain's Empire vast;
Three cheers for Canada;
Three cheers for our beloved Queen!
Hurrah! Hurrah! Hurrah!
Cho.—We're Britons born, etc.