

Canada, Canada, my dear native land,
Thou as a nation with nations may stand,
And thy children their loyalty proudly declare
Pure as the snow-drift, free as the air,
Know we full well the dawn has begun
Of a destiny bright, and as fixed as the Sun;
Fear we no traitor, let foes do their worst,
Canada to Canadians shall always be first.

Canada, Canada, the Sons of thy Soil
Like the Beaver in peace and with honor shall toil.
Let others, in folly, make warfare their trade,
While we work in peace, 'neath the Maple-Leaf shade.
Tho' through the Wide World Canadians may roam,
Their thoughts aye turn back to "Canada our home."
Then again from our hearts let the chorus out-burst
Canada to Canadians shall always be first.

