

Exiled.



CANADA ! fair Canada ! thou art not the land of
my birth—

Save the country of my adoption no other has equal
worth ;

Thou hast fed me and nourish'd me, and ever blessed be
thy lay,

Blessed be thy rising Dominion on each succeeding day.

A theme I'll give to Canada ! and to each adopted son :

May prosperity e'er attend thee and the conquest thou hast
won !

The English, French and Germans have found a welcome
within thy lines,

Where a home thou hast found and shelter'd the people
from many climes.

O Canada ! fair Canada ! the English, the French and the
Dane

Find a Parliament at Ottawa out upon thy wide domain.

