

CANADA

Hail! Hail, to thee, Oh Canada!  
Behold our land so fair,  
Where Nature's bounteous hand doth spread,  
Her choicest favors there.

Gold as the sunshine of our land,  
The ripening grain doth shine,  
Rich emblem of a country's worth,  
An unexhausted mine.

Deep are thy woods, and wide thy fields,  
Great are thy mountains tall,  
That tower 'gainst thy matchless skies.  
My country! First of all!

Oh, sons of Canada, be bold,  
Be brave and true and strong,  
E'en as the country of thy birth,  
And guard her from all wrong!

Canada! My native land!  
We rise but at thy call,  
Swift champions in thy defense,  
My country -- First of all!

by Onoto Watanna.