

APPENDIX

Beneath God's eye, near the river mighty,
In hope, the *Canadien* grows.
He is born of a proud race;
Blessed was his cradle.
Heaven marked his way
In this new world.
Guided always by His light,
He will defend the honour of his flag.

From his patron, precursor of the true God,
He takes the halo of fire.
Enemy of tyranny,
But loyal to his core,
He maintains in harmony
His proud liberty.
And by the effort of his genius
On our soil establishes the truth.

Sacred love of throne and altar,
Fill our hearts with thy immortal breath.
Among foreign races
Our guide is the law;
Let us be as brothers
Under the yoke of Faith;
And let us repeat like our fathers
The victorious cry: For Christ and King!