



POETRY,

On the Departure of the First Canadian Contingent for South Africa.

Come all you loyal Canadians,
And listen to my song;
'Tis something very serious,
It won't detain you long.
'Tis all about war trouble,
As you have heard before:
Our brave Canadian soldier boys
Have gone to fight the Boers.

They've gone to help Old England,
That dear old Mother Land,
They're loyal to their country,
They take a noble stand;
And when they reach South Africa
I hope for them you'll pray,
For Old England is the nation:
She always carries the sway.

In that grand old city, Quebec,
That ancient capital town,
Which is most nobly guarded
With great big walls all round,
And cannon on the top of them,
Which is a noble plan:
We hope our boys will do
As Wolfe did on the Plains of Abraham!

On the thirtieth of October,
Eighteen hundred and ninety-nine,
Those brave Canadian heroes,
They marched right into line,
And formed a grand procession,
As you never saw before,
They're going to South Africa,
To face those daring Boers.

On the grand old ship Sardinian,
Which took those boys away,
Sailed down the St. Lawrence river
Into the open bay;
And there they fired the grand salute
That echoed through the wind,
For to bid "farewell" to all their friends
And the dear ones left behind.

Oh may the God of battles
Protect you on your way,
And when upon the battlefield
In the thickest of the fray,
'Tis there you'll show your courage
And make those Boers go back,
And protect the "noble banner"
The grand old Union Jack.

Farewell you brave Canadians,
We may never see you more,
Until we meet forever
On the bright eternal shore.
But we hope you'll all return again
And we'll give you a welcome hand
To land you safe in Canada,
In your dear old Fatherland.

And when the war is over,
We'll give three hearty cheers
For those brave English soldiers
And our Canadian volunteers,
Who fought for their dear country,
So nobly and so brave;
They're fighting for good liberty,
And noble lives to save.