

With my old shining gun.
But if the Lord will pardon me,
And forgive me of my sin,
I'll never raise a gun again,
If this victory we will win.

So good-bye, dear Father,
Please send me out a shirt,
You need never expect me home
While we get this German dirt.

DEAR OLD CANADA.

O Canada, dear Canada,
While in your youthful strife,
Why send all your good boys away
To sacrifice their life?
Just draw the line at their dear homes
This side the Atlantic shore;
Many of the boys that's crossed the pond
We'll never see them more.

This is the land of beauty, boys,
Where peace and pleasure lies,
And where the people sing to God
Of mansions in the skies;
But stop and think of our good boys,
Not the generals in the lead,
But the boys that lie low in the trench,
And take the German lead.

Think of the homes that they have left
Out in this golden West,
Where fortune comes to every one
That does his very best;
This is the land of plenty,
Where we get three meals per day,
And get one eighty for our wheat
And fourteen for our hay.
But sometimes we are up against
Hail batter on our head,
But that is not one half so hard
As that old German lead.