

## BRITISH COLUMBIA TO ENGLAND

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**F**ROM the wastes of the frozen Yukon  
High up in the Northern lands;  
From the shores of the blue Pacific  
Ringed round with its silent sands;  
From the towns and the hiving cities  
And the far-off Kootenay,  
We have come to the tryst together  
And we're here in the fight to stay.

Ranger and hunter and rancher  
And men from the lumber camp;  
Doctor and lawyer and banker  
And miner with cast-off lamp;  
Farmer and preacher and idler,  
Where there's a will there's a way,  
We have come to the tryst together  
And we're here in the fight to stay.

English, Irish, and Scotch are we  
And men of the Maple Leaf;  
Sons of the old-time Loyalists  
And heirs of the Scottish Chief;  
Cornish and Welsh and Islanders  
And the Lion's whelps at bay,  
We have come to the tryst together  
And we're here in the fight to stay.

We have burned our boats behind us,  
We came when you signalled "Come";  
We have taken the sword and rifle  
To march to the pipes and drum.  
We ask for a fight to a finish,  
For that is the only way;  
We have come to the tryst together  
And we're here in the fight to stay.