

Oh, it seems so strange that Ireland is a place
wherein to live,
And that enmities of olden time we'll pardon and
forgive;
But we know the night is breaking and the day-
star may be seen.
For it's not a crime in Ireland now the wearing
of the Green.

And, please God, the dear old banner, which in
freedom used to wave,
Shall again be seen in honor floating proudly
o'er the brave;
Ay, the green flag of old Ireland on the flag-
staff shall be seen.
And we'll fear no jail or gallows for the wear-
ing of the Green!

Canadian Patriotic Song

We are the sons of Empire,
And manfully we've stood
Beside the Mother of the Race
In stalwart Nationhood:
Our brothers and our kin have died —
If need be, so die we
As we fight for the right
'Neath the banner of the free,
In the struggle for our kindred race,
And the Empire of the free.

We are the heirs of Empire,
And ours it is to claim
The broadest rights of citizens
Where lives the British name;
And while such privilege as this
Is ours on land and sea.