



THE P.P.C.L.I. (PRINCESS PAT'S).

THE trumpet sounded loud o'er hill and plain :
To Arms ! To Arms ! Our Empire is at war !
Come, join your colours, on the land or main,
All Britons who have served the King before.

And in the mountain mine ; by prairie plow,
They answered to the trumpet's brazen voice :
They, who had served the Empire long enow
As soldiers by profession and from choice.

No conscripts, these, in whose unwilling hands
Weapons are thrust, to wage unwilling strife,
But—freemen all, who needed not commands
To volunteer their service, limb and life.

Thus rose a regiment, as 'neath a wand,
Of seasoned men, with medalled service too :
Soldiers from every corps throughout the land—
Britons beyond the seas ; tried men and true.

This is indeed a princely gift to give
To our Imperial Realm in crisis sore—
Proud in the nation of the sturdy men,
And prouder yet of him who raised the Corps.

Then go, ye able sons of Britain's soil,
To take your place, wherever it may be ;
God speed you in the glory—and the toil,
Princess Patricia's Canadian Infantry.