

In its folds, in silent sorrow,  
 We will wrap our fallen brave,  
 But we'll wave it high in triumph  
 Over every traitor's grave ;  
 And in spite of Annexationists,  
 By the world it shall be seen  
 That we pride in our Dominion.  
 Love Old England and her Queen.

And our fathers up in Heaven,  
 In the leal-land far away,  
 Looking down with pride upon us,  
 Shall perhaps be heard to say:  
 These our children emulate us,  
 Tread the righteous paths we trod,  
 Live in peace and honest plenty,  
 Love their Country and their God.

G. W. J.

## THE OLD UNION JACK TO THE FORE.

Who dares to repeat to the face of a Briton  
 The falsehood that Russia to Germany said ?  
 "The Mother of Nations is dying—her prestige  
 Has faded—her mandates's no longer  
 obeyed—

Her friends are deserting—her foes are united,  
 Her soldiers and sailors faint-hearts to a  
 man—

She daresn't say *no!*—if she did, well, what  
 matter ?

We'll do what we like, let her do what she  
 can !"

But her soldiers sprang forward with rifles all  
 ready,

With face to the foe, held the braggarts  
 at bay ;

Her sailors re-echoed while pointing their  
 cannon :

"You'll do as you choose, if you choose as  
 we say !"

The Bear of the North, with a growl of sub-  
 mission,

Slunk back like a cur that is whipped—with  
 a groan

The German bowed with a grim acquiescence,  
 And England said sharply, "Let Turkey  
 alone !"

Who dares to repeat to the face of a Briton:  
 "The Mother of Nations is dying?"—Her  
 hand

Still is potent to punish the proudest oppressor,  
 Or succor oppressed ones on sea or on land :

Wherever the cause of humanity calls her,  
 There duty impels and she asks nothing  
 more ;

Wherever right beckons to might for assistance,  
 Her banner will ever be found at the fore !

In the days of Old Rome the proud boast,  
 "I'm a Roman,"

Held power more potent than princes pos-  
 sessed :

O'er a quarter of Europe, a portion of Asia,  
 The plea was a passport, the boaster was  
 blest.

But with a new watch-word a nation has  
 risen—

Wherever the banner of day is unfurled,

There flutters the flag of Old England trium-  
 phant—

"I'm a Briton" 's a passport all over the  
 world.

Then up, favored sons of this Mother of  
 Nations,

And fight for her fame while you share her  
 renown ;

Lift her banner aloft with a hearty "God  
 bless it !

And woe to the traitor that tramples it  
 down !"

St. Andrew's blue cross!—who shall dare to  
 deny it,

An emblem of peace wheresoever it stands ?

St. George's red cross!—who shall dare to  
 defy it,

This union of flags and of hearts and of  
 hands ?

Tune the Harp of Old Tara, ye sons of St.  
 Patrick,

And warble the lyrics of Erin once more ;  
 March forth with your shamrock and *cead*

*millé feathes*,

Great Britain and Ireland's flag to the fore.  
 Ye sons of Old England, rejoice in your  
 birth-right,

An honor not purchased with silver and  
 gold :

Your misletoe twine with your roses and holly,  
 And deck the Old Flag like a Druid  
 of old.

Ye brave, hardy sons of the mountain and  
 heather.

With strathspey and bag-pipe your pledges  
 renew ;

Hurrah for the flag that floats proudly above  
 you,

And doff in its honor your bonnets of blue.

Ye loyal Canadians, by birth or adoption,  
 The Mother of Nations bow down and  
 adore ;

Keep your Maple Leaf Land her most noble  
 possession,

Her Weal in your heart, her Flag to the  
 fore.

G. W. J.