

THE MEN OF THE NORTHERN ZONE

Oh, shall we shatter our ancient name
And lower our patriot crest,
And leave a heritage dark with shame
To the infant on the breast?
Nay, nay—and the answer blent
In chorus is world-wide sent:
“Your blow at Freedom made her reel
And now ye must atone,
Your Germany never shall place her heel
On the Men of the Northern Zone!”

Shall the mothers that bore us bow the head
And blush for degenerate sons?
Are the patriot fires gone out and dead?
Ho! brothers, stand to the guns!
Let the flag be nailed to the mast,
Defying the coming blast;
For Canada's sons are true as steel,
Their mettle is muscle and bone,
And Germany never shall place her heel
On the Men of the Northern Zone!

Oh, we are the Men of the Northern Zone,
God Save the King, we call;
He sits on a bird's eye maple throne,
In our bird's eye maple hall!
Our people shall aye be free,
They never shall bend the knee,
For this is the land of the true and the leal
Where freedom is bred in the bone,
And Germany never shall place her heel
On the Men of the Northern Zone!