

OVER THE BORDER.

(AIR—" *All the Blue Bonnets are Over the Border.*")

March ! March ! Canada's bravest,
How my lads can you help marching in order ?
March ! March ! the Grits are retreating,
Cartwright and Farrar will fly o'er the border.

Come from the west, where your cattle are grazing,
Come from the loom, and the furnace, and mill,
Come as the fire, when the prairie is blazing,
Think of your country, and strike with a will !
SIR JOHN is in the van, God spare our grand Old Man !
Fierce is the fight, but the chief's march in order,
Britain for many a day, will speak about the fray,
How we kept back her foe over the border.

(Chorus.)

March ! March ! Canada's bravest,
How my lads can you help marching in order ?
March ! March ! the Grits are retreating,
Cartwright and Farrar will fly o'er the border.

Canada's sons are not prone to wailing,
Cartwright may groan and cry " We are lost,"
The " Silver voiced Rouge" finds all unavailing,
Back to their lairs the wolves will be tossed.
Men, keep your native land, free from an alien's hand !
We'll ne'er be taxed at some proud Yankee's order.
Cursed be the traitor's pen, that said we were not men
Up ! and drive back the foe over the border.

(Chorus) March ! March, etc.

O'HARA BAYNES