
THE VERTEBRÆ

Britain! when the war-god
Did sudden lift the lid,
We didn't get there soon
As other people did;
We did not bear the brunt
But proudly we remind you
That tho' we're not in front,
We're all right here behind you!

You'll find we're slow but sure,
We're never in a hurry,
So while these wars endure
We're with you—so don't worry;
And we will do our stunt
Where any dangers find you,
And tho' we're not in front,
O, Canada's behind you!

You'll find we're sure tho' slow,
We never hurry-scurry,
We'll to your rescue go,
And so you needn't worry,
We'll all be in the hunt,
No foeman's heel shall grind you,
And tho' we're not in front,
O, Canada's behind you.

It's many and many a mile
To those far-warring shores,
It took us quite a while
To finish up our chores;