

The grit of skates, the crack of sticks, the shouting,
fill the air.

Some slip and fall a thousand times and spring up in
a trice;

Some go to pieces on their feet and have to leave the
ice;

Some play offside, kick, tackle, trip, try every kind of
foul;

Some players are forever cheered, some only get a howl.

We seldom hear the whistle of the watchful Referee,

Who mostly lets the game go on as if He didn't see.

No gong rings out half-time to let the players get their
breath—

To most full time comes only with the solemn stroke of
death.

The winners are not always those who make the biggest
score:

The vanquished oft are victors when the stubborn game
is o'er;

For many things are added to make up the grand
amount,

And everything is taken at the last into account—

The sort of sticks we played with, and the way our
feet were shod,

For the trophy is Salvation and the Referee is God.

God prosper our Canadian sports and keep them clean
and pure,

Whole-hearted, manly, generous, and let them long
endure!