

East or west or north or south,
It matters not to-day;
We don't know where we're going,
But we are on our way!

Our flag is just as sacred
On Belgium's fields of woe
As floating o'er our village
In old Ontario.
So blithely we go sailing
Across the ocean grey,
We don't know where we're going,
But we are on our way!

The flag we love's in danger;
Oh, stirring days are these,
The flag that braved a thousand years
The battle and the breeze!
We hear the trumpets sounding,
Our hearts are light and gay,
We don't know where we're going,
But we are on our way!

We come from a throneless people
To shatter a far-off throne,
Haste to the world-wide battle,
Men of the Northern Zone!
Crossing the deep grey ocean,
Hastening to the fray,
We don't know where we're going,
But we are on our way!