

HYMN III.

[Tune Adapted.]

WE are marching from the mountains,
We are marching o'er the plain,
To undo the heavy burdens
Where such want and sorrow reign!
'Midst the teeming life of millions,
In the busy marts of trade,
We are breaking off the fetters
On the dumb and weary laid.

Cho.—Who will join our Bands of Mercy
To undo the weary chain?
We will join your Bands of Mercy,
Send the answer back again.

You may see our peaceful banners,
They are floating near and far,
With a pledge of Love and Mercy
To each gold and silver star.
From the stately homes of England
Comes the greeting o'er the main;
And the wide plains of Columbia
Sound the watchword back again.

Cho.—Who will join, etc., etc.

From each city and each village
In our broad Canadian land,
Let us send the happy summons
Far and wide, from every Band.
Come and march beneath our banners,
They are everywhere unfurled,
That sweet Love and Peace and Mercy
May encircle all the world.

Cho.—Who will join, etc., etc.

HYMN IV.

NATIONAL ANTHEM.

GOD save our gracious Queen,
Long live our noble Queen,
God save the Queen.
Send her victorious,
Happy and glorious,
Long to reign over us;
God save the Queen.

Before *Thy* throne we bend,
To Thee our thanks ascend,
All praise to Thee;
That Thou hast been her stay,
Been with her all her way,
Brought her to this glad day—
Her Jubilee.

Such blessings from Thy hand,
Scattered upon *our* land,
Have ne'er been seen;
Thy word so full and free,
Thy dower of land and sea,
This gladsome Jubilee
Of England's Queen.

When health and strength decay,
Be Thou, O Lord, her stay,
God save our Queen;
Ever her people's friend,
Be with her to the end,
Till grace with glory blend,
God save the Queen.