

What! shall we cravens be? Our fathers bled!
Sacrificed all for their country and king.*
Ne'er then of us, their sons, be it said,
"Cowards ye are," back the charge let us fling.
Not of our land shall the foe have a foot.
Back let us drive them, or conquer or die;
Maddened so long as our soil they pollute,
Shoulder to shoulder on, soon they will fly.

Chorus—Strike then for Canada, etc.

On then to victory, strike, and strike home.
Hurrah! no measured tread now do we hear.
See! they retreat! horses covered with foam,
Men terror-stricken, and pallid with fear.
Victory! Victory! Requiems sing,
O'er comrades slain bravely facing the foe.
O'er them spread laurel, their praises shall ring,
Down through the ages immortal shall go.

Chorus—Grasp, wring the victors' hands, welcome them home,
Conquerors they fought the fight of the brave.
Floating triumphant, the old Union Jack
Twined with the Maple Leaf, ever shall wave.

*This was literally true of the United Empire Loyalists.