
For the Motherland

THE Empire lines are flung afar
From Southern Cross to Polar Star,
But unit strong if forced to war
For the dear old Motherland.

The prestige won in days of yore
On sea and land, in peace and war
Will gain with age, if souls outpour
For the dear old Motherland.

Then let your grasp be one of steel
For friendship's sake, or Empire's weal,
Your heart the bond, your hand the seal,
For the dear old Motherland.

"Aye, ready!" let your watchword speed
O'er hills and dales, town, hamlet, mead,
May strength be great if great your need,
For the dear old Motherland.

Quench not the spirit; let it rise
And conquer those whose jealous eyes
Becloud their minds to harmonize
With the dear old Motherland.

Up, Canada! and take your place—
The foremost in the Empire's race,
Give of your best, and that with grace,
For the dear old Motherland.