

INDIA.

Hark to the call of the great white King!

Calling his sons to-day!

Stand we aside in his hour of need?

For blood is the price they pay.

We come to thy side, great Sahib,

Millions of men for the fray.

We stand 'neath the flag, lead on! lead on!

Though blood be the price we pay.

Still the drums go calling far,

Rolling drums and pipes of war!

We, thy sons, are by thy side,

Rallying round thee in our pride.

Marching men and tramp of feet,

Up and down each village street,

Here to-day from lands afar,

Answering drum and call to war.

