

Hail to the Canadian Band.

From dear Old Canada they came,
 "Hurrah and hurrah! Hurrah!"
 With arms of iron and hearts of flame,
 To fight the Huns and play the game—
 And bravely on to win the same—
 "Hurrah and hurrah! Hurrah!"

They joined to help "The Right you are"—
 "Hurrah and hurrah! Hurrah!"
 To help Old England's ways t' endorse,
 To slay her foes of savage force,
 May they be aided through their course—
 "Hurrah and hurrah! Hurrah!"

Then hail we the Canadian band—
 "Hurrah and hurrah! Hurrah!"
 The faithful band, who nobly stand
 For right and justice, and demand
 That honour's flame be ever fanned—
 "Hurrah and hurrah! Hurrah!"

They came to clasp the hands of friends—
 "Hurrah and hurrah! Hurrah!"
 To fight with all that justice lends;
 To fight till German mischief ends,
 And down their eagle quick descends—
 "Hurrah and hurrah! Hurrah!"

They sail beneath their colours true—
 "Hurrah and hurrah! Hurrah!"
 Their very wounds their crest shall be
 (No matter what their pedigree)—
 They sail through their integrity—
 That sailing is the best!"

None can prevent their gathering fame!
 "Hurrah and hurrah! Hurrah!"
 They let out might within the frame,
 And make themselves an envied name;
 Th' honour of the Right their aim—
 "Hurrah and hurrah! Hurrah!"

Hurrah to their loved Maple Leaf!
 "Hurrah and hurrah! Hurrah!"
 And to its wearers, brave and true,
 Who scoff at fear, and dare and do—
 And dauntlessly go terrors through—
 "Hurrah and hurrah! Hurrah!"

Hail to their enterprising land—
 For th' Maple Leaf, "Hurrah!"
 The German's sly inglorious ways,
 May win awhile their Devil's praise!
 But they'll ne'er win the "Victors' Bays"—
 "Hurrah and hurrah! Hurrah!"

Canadians sing for "Health and Home!"
 Ah, for blessed "Health and Home!"
 And for their cherished ones, who rise
 To fancy's sight! May Heaven's supplies
 Bless them with comfort, 'mid their sighs
 For the loved afar that roam.

Soon will their braves return in glee!
 "Hurrah and hurrah! Hurrah!"
 To their blest birth land, great and free,
 When joyful songs of victory
 Shall end with loud "Hurrah, hurrah!"
 Shall end with a loud "Hurrah!"

M.Y.W.

We'll Lay Him Low!

We come from over seas t' assist
 Old Britain, as chastisers
 Of men of guile
 Whose methods vile
 Are urged on by th' old Kaiser!

O, let him make his secret plans,
 But WE'LL give "The Surpriser!"
 Canadians true,
 Big bits can do
 T' help subjugate th' old Kaiser!

Then, come on lads! Who fears? Not we,
 Canadians show they're wiser!
 We'll beat the foe,
 And lay him low,
 And—well—we'll lick th' old Kaiser!

The Trickster says: "He hates our RACE,"
 As for her LAND he eyes her
 With greedy look—
 But to a hook
 We'll hang up high th' old Kaiser!

His Boches think it first rate sport
 To give folk a "Surpriser,"
 To women slay,
 And babes at play,
 But we'll repay th' old Kaiser!

For him, indeed, who would not turn
 Of Haman's fate, th' adviser?
 Let walk by side
 Of King who'll ride
 As conqueror o'er the old Kaiser!

And AFTER that let stand with plate
 (But not as would a miser)
 Great heaps to take
 For BELGIUM's sake—
 A PILL to that old Kaiser!

M.Y.W.