

### THE C. E. F.

From out the distant Northland  
Where eternal stillness reigns,  
From the shores of the lonesome Fundy,  
From verdant western plains,  
From the land of the flaming maple  
The fir, and the whispering pine,  
They have gathered by scores and thousands,  
To cross the ocean brine.

From the far Acadian country  
To the vast Pacific swell,  
Through all our broad Dominion  
True sons of England dwell;  
They have heard the Empire calling,  
Th'ey have answered to the call,  
And fighting, ever fighting,  
For freedom gladly fall.

### THE STAR OF EMPIRE.

Hath the star of Empire set  
And its glory faded away;  
Or is the night prophetic  
Before the dawn of day?

Our ships still cleave the seas,  
Our flag unchallenged flies,  
Our sons pour forth their blood  
'Neath far-off alien skies.

Across the desert sands,  
Beside the winding Nile,  
They face the dusky foe  
And meet death with a smile.

The once fair plains of France  
Are dyed a richer hue  
With the blood of England's sons  
To faith and freedom true.

Hath the star of Empire set  
And its glory faded away?  
No! 'tis the night prophetic  
Before the dawn of day.