

"HANDS ACROSS THE BORDER."

O, it's hands across the border, and it's hands
across the sea!

"God Save the King," you're singing; we, "My
Country 'Tis of Thee."

Blood is thicker e'er than water, and we know
what friendship means,

For we've tried each other's mettle — Lundy's
Lane and New Orleans.

So we clasp our hands like brothers as we press
the forward track,

While Old Glory waves and ripples by the side
of Union Jack.

O, it's hands across the border and it's hands
across the sea;

For we've learned to know each other in our
wars for liberty;

And where'er you see those banners waving
'neath the vaulted dome,

You will always find true fighters for the cause
of right and home.

By the Old Star-Spangled Banner and the Red
Cross of St. George,

We have welded stoutest friendship in the fires
of freedom's forge.

O, it's hands across the border, and its hands
across the sea!

"Rule Britannia!" "Yankee Doodle," "Home
Sweet Home," where'er we be.

And we carry Freedom's banner 'round the
girdle of the earth,

Till in ev'ry heart and conscience love of liberty
has birth.

So it's hands across the border, and it's hands
across the sea,

While "God Save the King" you're singing,
we "My Country 'Tis of Thee."

DH