

Nor do they want such cowardly dupes
 To teach them how to fight ;
 Nor do they need your barb'rous aid
 To justify their right.

They are industrious, shrewd and brave,
 And free as men can be,
 For men of every race and creed
 In Canada are free.

OUR SONG OF TRIUMPH.

The red cloud of danger
 Hung over our land,
 And the foes of our nation,
 With weapon in hand,
 Were threat'ning to deluge
 Our country with blood,
 And sweep us forever
 Away in that flood.
 'Midst war's gloomy horrors,
 And danger's alarms,
 Our yeomen and soldiers
 At once flew to arms,
 And rush'd to the border,
 With wild battle cry,
 Determin'd and ready
 To conquer or die.

Chorus.

In triumph of vict'ry,
 Our voices we'll raise,
 With loud hallelujahs,
 And give God the praise.