

Britain's Call to Arms.

Sons of Empire, hear the message
Wafted to you o'er the waves,
Its voice permeates thro' highest prestige
To lonely attics, lanes and caves.

If ever loyal hearts were needed
To stem the tide of foreign seas
If Britain's rulers ever pleaded
For loyal subjects such as these.

'Tis at this stage of Britain's annals
When foreign powers would o'errun
And force an entrance through her channels
That Britain calls for sword and gun.

She calls each subject to his duty
To defend his country's cause,
To save the land of peace and beauty
From foreign nations' cannon roars.