

Return of the Troops

(Ottawa, November, 1900)

CANADIAN heroes hailing home,
War-worn and tempest smitten,
Who circled leagues of rolling foam
To hold the earth for Britain;

When rose War's red and angry wraith,
Duty and death before you;
Our pledge to Empire of our faith,
You went and boldly bore you.

When late October, loath to die,
His wintry strain had sung us;
You kissed fond lips, and dauntlessly
Went marching from among us.

Your moment came; in letters large
You retold Britain's story;
At Paardeberg's immortal charge
You wrote our name in glory.

When sad November's grief doth throw
His autumn weird upon us,
You come returning with the glow
Of all the fame you've won us.

We hear old Britain praise your name,
The voice of Empire calling;
And glory leaps up as the flame
Of red leaves lately falling;