

## When Great Britain Calls to Arms

(The Empire's Response 1914)

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A million men are marching, marching to the fray,  
They are coming in the morning, to the closing of each day,  
When the Empire calls, every patriot heart beats high :  
Veterans, young men, boys, ready for their flag to die.  
They are coming from the North, and hurrying from the West,  
Every man has sworn that he will do his very best.  
They're arriving from the South, advancing from the East,  
To offer up their lives and extend a helping hand at least.  
From Canada's domains beneath the Maple Leaf,  
Her sons have volunteered to leave their native heath.  
From Africa's hot sands they have rallied to the call,  
For King and Country to win, or sacrifice their all.  
From Loyal India they have left the coral strand,  
And crossed the deep blue sea to help the Motherland.  
Australia and New Zealand with ships and men have come,  
And answered most nobly to the bugle call and drum.  
Bonnie Scotland with the thistle, the enemy dare not touch,  
The Irish Shamrock to the fore, no foe shall ever clutch.  
From dear Old England's misty shores where blooms the  
lovely Rose,  
Every man has responded to meet our deadly foes.  
And the women of our lands are working night and day,  
To aid and cheer the wounded along their weary way.  
God save our King and Empire fighting for the right,  
And protect our comrades with His blessing and his might,  
Forward ! Soldiers of the Empire, hasten to the front  
To relieve our comrades who have stood the battle's brunt.  
Salute the noble heroes, who have fallen by the way :  
Push on with valour, and Victory will crown the day.

—Veteran