Land of France, what mystic changes thou hast undergone. Thou who hadst made, midst conquests, one of self. Whom revolution rent, and war still scourges. Land of fair dreams, gay songs, laments, and dirges, Who, in adversity, surprised the world with wealth. Let no one say, for thee, the sun has shone To depart into the night forever: nay, there's a meeting—Thou, in the victory of Allies for Right, now greeting Comrades in arms, Sons of a noble Empire—

Again shall see the brightness hid by war-clouds sheeting.

Here we commemorate a day of days.

Britain outpouring strength of Empire's blood —

Truly, Republic and Monarchial sway

Are formed together, in one grand array,

To quell th'inimic War Lord's thirsty flood.

Mileage, nor sea, nor threats, nor Devil's ways

Shall daunt our courage; these Canadians aim

To help the eause, and mingle with the shame

Of violations, devastations, war and demolition.

The strength of righteous might, that shall wring from Huns'contrition.

There's man from the East, mid-west and West
Of the new world's hemisphere.
Britons and Frenchmen-Canadians all,
Short men, thin men, fat men, and tall
Now to the fight draw near.
A first contingent of the best.
They're gay but they're grim, and keen to keep from invasion's further harm
Their two old Motherlands; alike, they come from town and farm.
For men must fight, and women weep, when the God of Mars decrees.
And fear, or wrong shall not prevail, gainst the men from Overseas.

Now, today, we think of those who rest from the din of battle's roar. For many who stepped from the ship that day
When Phoebus brigtly shone, have fought their fight.
E'en then as the women churchward went, their dress was a sombre sight.
Oh, France, in mourning, what didst thou say?
The total of lives not spent in vain, shall show us a nation's core.

« Canadians, comrades, we know you come
To share our trouble, yea, to the tomb:
You'll carry the honour of men in arms,
Till Peace shall silence grim War's alarms. »