

### BOYS, DO YOUR "BIT."

Come, boys, get into the trenches  
And show you've got the grit,  
And prove you're British to the core,  
And keen to do your bit.

There ain't no use in hanging back,  
You'll lose your chance and name,  
By showing the "white feather,"  
With excuses poor and lame.

Your own folk won't feel proud of you,  
And your pals—what will they say—  
If you keep hanging around the town,  
Afraid to launch away?

Go, help to man the trenches,  
And help to play the game,  
To win—for right and freedom,  
And Britain's honored name.

We'll win, of course, but you can aid;  
Then claim your just reward.  
Go forth, my boys, all undismayed,  
That peace may be restored.

When you come back, we'll grip your hand,  
And slap you on the back,  
And say, "Old man, you did your bit"  
For the good old Union Jack.

LT. COL. A. E. BELCHER,  
Vice-President, Veterans, 1866.

### "STAND UP, THE TRUMPET CALL IS SOUNDING."

Dedicated to the Men of Canada by Lt.  
Col. A. E. Belcher, Vice-President,  
Veterans, 1866.

Tune: "Stand up, Stand up for Jesus."

Stand up, stand up for country,  
Ye valiant men and true;  
In fight for home and freedom  
There's work for you to do.  
Lift high the Empire's colors,  
The enemy assails;  
Your cause is true and righteous,  
And justice still prevails.

Go forth with dauntless courage  
Against the cruel foes;  
It's only men with faith and truth  
Such devils dare oppose.  
The task is great, but glorious;  
Obeys your country's call;  
For sisters, lovers, mothers,  
Ask you to risk your all.

Then spring to call of duty;  
God bless us and sustain  
The power of good old Motherland,  
And freedom shall remain.  
To bless the world and all therein;  
Then joy and peace and love  
Will lasting be eternally,  
And blessings from above. Amen.

### NO SURRENDER.

Tune: "Hurrah! Hurrah! for England,"  
or "British Grenadiers."

To arms, to arms, my Comrades!  
We'll battle for the right.  
We will not yield to Prussia none,  
Our manhood, nor our might.  
We'll fight for freedom and our homes  
As our sires did before,  
To glory—onward—Comrades,  
And peace for evermore.

Chorus:

Then to arms, to arms, my Comrades!  
Let all our foes remember  
That Freedom is our Battle Cry,  
Our Watchword, "No surrender."

Surrender not, ye Britons!  
We'll conquer in the end,  
Cheer, soldier heart, and do your part,  
For God will right defend,  
Then forward march to victory,  
And singing as we go,  
God bless the Right and give us Might  
To conquer Britain's foe.

Chorus:

Then to arms, to arms, my Comrades!  
Let all our foes remember  
That Freedom is our Battle Cry,  
Our Watchword, "No Surrender."

LT.-COL. A. E. BELCHER.