

From all true hearts the prayer goes up
For our bit of "the thin red line."

They have gone to fight the freeman's fight,
For our far-off kith and kin;
Brothers of our own blood and breed,
In the fight where the right must win:

For the sacred cause of freedom's laws,
To win the glad release
Of those who tread 'neath tyrannies dread,
And widen the gates of peace.

We send them forth from our "True North,"
For sacred bond and sign,
That well or ill, to the great brave end,
We are Britons from brine to brine;

And whenever the Lion's hunters are out,
And danger threatens his lair,
Be the world on this side, he on that,
Canadian hearts are there;—

And stand or fall, though we go to the wall,
Canadian hearts are true,
Not only to stand for our own birthland,
But to die for the Empire too.

Yea, we send them forth, from our "True
North,"

Sons of the Empire's might;
And alien the heart that will not pray
For our soldier-boys to-night.

Yea, traitor the heart that takes our bread,
And drinks our free sunshine,
That will not throb when the battle joins,
For our bit of "the thin red line."