

## THE MOTHERLAND.

Hear, my sons, the drums of war !  
I am seeking you afar.  
Rally ! rally ! here to-day !  
Though blood-red the price we pay.

Hear, my sons, the calling pipe !  
'Tis a stain they seek to wipe,  
Calling, calling, from afar,  
Rolling drums and pipes of war.

Yours, my sons, a freeman's pride !  
Rally, rally to my side !  
Rally, rally round to-day !  
Though blood-red the price we pay.



## CANADA.

We have come to thy side, our mother,  
We have rallied around to-day,  
We have claimed in our pride that birth-right,  
Though blood be the price we pay.  
We have come from the West, our mother,  
From the frozen land and the snow,  
We have rallied to-day at thy bidding,  
Lead on, and thy sons will go.

Rolling drums ! drums of war,  
Still I'm calling you afar.  
Rally, rally here to-day !  
Bloodier yet the price we pay.