

O, for a Man ! to stand for us within our Council Hall,
 With good red blood in heart and veins—and answer
 England's call !

To cut the Party questions from This Question all
 should feel,

And sever Truth from Falsehood with the sweep of
 polished steel :

Nor prate of "Finished work at Home," as though
 our goal were won !

(Thus should be keep our house, nor leave the wider
 work undone.)

No Opportunist ! but a Man ! to give—and Now—
 Today !

To meet the danger as it comes, and hold the Ocean
 Way !

Pour out the millions—Not a Gift—part Payment that
 we Owe !

Then, build the true Canadian fleet with healthy
 growth and slow.

Yea ! build the linkèd navies up—in concert—One
 to be !

To hold that Vital Cord of Life—the Empire of the
 Sea !

There is no Flag in all the world save Britain's blood-
 red Cross

That guards pure Justice, Honour, Truth ; and keeps
 the Weak from Loss.