

And grow to greater greatness, Cry a halt—  
A word here—then away !

[*Flourish. The Volunteers halt, form line,  
and order arms.*

Ye men of Canada !

Subjects with me of that Imperial Power  
Whose liberties are marching round the earth :  
I need not urge you now to follow me,  
Though what befalls will try your stubborn faith  
In the fierce fire and crucible of war.  
I need not urge you, who have heard the voice  
Of loyalty, and answered to its call.  
Who has not read the insults of the foe—  
The manifesto of his purposed crimes ?  
That foe, whose poison-plant, false liberty,  
Runs o'er his body politic and kills  
Whilst seeming to adorn it, fronts us now !  
Threats our poor Province to annihilate,  
And should he find the red men by our side—  
Poor injured souls, who but defend their own—  
Calls black Extermination from its hell,  
To stalk abroad, and stench your land with slaughter.  
These are our weighty arguments for war,  
Wherein armed Justice will enclasp its sword,  
And sheath it in its bitter adversary ;  
Wherein we'll turn our bayonet-points to pens,  
And write in blood :—*Here lies the poor invader ;*  
Or be ourselves struck down by hailing death :  
Made stepping stones for foes to walk upon—  
The lifeless gangways to our country's ruin.  
For now we look not with the eye of fear ;  
We reck not if this strange mechanic frame—  
Stop in an instant in the shock of war.  
Our death may build into our country's life,  
And failing this, 'twere better still to die  
Than live the breathing spoils of infamy.  
Then forward for our cause and Canada !