

That hearing no man may lag;
To-day a call rings loud and clear,
It stirs our hearts both far and near,
The call of the Old Home Flag.

(CHORUS:

Red for the blood that was shed for it,
Ere ever we saw the light;
White for the men that are dead for it
Giving their all for its might.
Blue as the seas that roll under it,
Far as the ends of the world.
Flag of our race, with its cross of God's grace,
We hail it our hope unfurled, our hope unfurled.

Wide strewn the Empire that we hold,
And never our work is done;
The chain that links us purest gold,
The love of a son for a son.
And none may hear it and say it may,
We are one in silk or rag.
Oh sons of the mother land obey,
The call of the Old Home Flag.

When Tommy Comes Home

When Tommy comes marching home again, hurrah!
hurrah!
We'll give him a hearty welcome then, hurrah! hurrah!
The men will cheer, the boys will shout,
The ladies they will all turn out;
And we'll all feel gay, when Tommy comes marching
home.

CHORUS:

His Khaki will be stain'd and torn, hurrah! hurrah!
His batter'd helmet battle worn, hurrah! hurrah!
His scars will show how well he fought,
To gain the victory dearly bought,
And we'll all feel gay, when Tommy comes marching
home.

In scorching sun and soaking rain, hurrah! hurrah!
He blighty faced the long campaign, hurrah! hurrah!
By lifted siege and conquered town,
With daring deeds he won renown;
And we'll all feel gay when Tommy comes marching home.