

Sitka Spruce — Songs of Queen Charlotte Islands

But what we can we gladly do,
And pledge our utmost powers
To send the Sitka Spruce to you
And make your warfare ours.

We glory in your mighty feats
As war's slow years go by,
God speed the day when your hold fleets
Shall conquer in the sky;
When war withdraws its sable shroud
Loud shall we cheer for you,
And in our heart of hearts be proud
We helped a little too.