

## OUR AIM.

In those days of trial, of stress and of strife,  
When everything seems somehow to bore,  
We ponder, we dream, and our thoughts they are rife  
On what we are all fighting for.

There are many we know who already have gone,  
And there are hearts in our homes that are sore,  
Theirs has been the grey, yet they ask not my man  
Of what we are now fighting for.

They were their sons and each dearly loved  
And you are all that, Yea, perhaps more.  
For you, and their home, their hearts are moved,  
Knowing that is what you are now fighting for.

Fair, fair is our Land of the Maple Leaf,  
There our homes are, and those we adore,  
Put the three into one, what a glorious sheaf;  
My boy, that is worth fighting for.

Then, there is Scotland, its rivers and heath covered hill,  
Where perhaps your forefathers came from of yore,  
For freedom and right, she aye fought with a will,  
That is what you are now fighting for.

There are the Lakes of Killarney and the Blarney Stone,  
For Old Ireland may be the spot you adore,  
And she calls you to save her, her hearth and her home,  
That is what you are now fighting for.

Or, is it Merry Old England, the Land of the Rose,  
It has seen lots of this thing before;  
To-day she needs you my Brother,  
don't look so morose,  
That is what you are now fighting for.

Then away, far away, neath the Southern Cross,  
Australia, right loyal to the core;  
Has deemed this fight for freedom, all gain and not loss,  
That is what you are now fighting for.

But what of great Africa, and her golden strand,  
With her varied tribes, true as her ore,  
Her thousands have bled in defence of our Land,  
That is what you are now fighting for.

And there is India too, with her dusky tribes,  
Has never rendered such service before;  
No hearts are more true, and they need no bribes,  
That is what we are fighting for.

We would remember our Allies, whoever they be,  
Some have been harassed and downtrodden sore;  
Their nations, homes and people, we yet shall set free,  
That is what we are fighting for.

How great then your mission, how important as well

Did you never see that man before,  
To drive out of him that agent of hell,  
That is what you are now fighting for.

Your home soon would suffer, if the Hun had his way  
Canada would then be the price of this war;

Against your will you would be made a German next day,  
That is what you are now fighting for.

Yet no such result shall ever occur  
From a plot hatched only in Hell's ore;  
Each for all we shall stand and our foes subdue,  
That is what we are all fighting for.

Combined our name is John Bull, what we have we hold,  
The Hun knows this trait of yore;  
For this rhyme tho' new, breathes a tragedy old  
We shall get his throat as we have others before.