

"WE HEAR YOU CALLING, MOTHER."

We hear you calling, Motherland,
For men—to man your guns.
We'll answer by our presence
And prove we're worthy sons.
The best we have are none too good
To aid you and the right,
For which we'll sacrifice our all
And help you win this fight.

Our debt to you, dear Motherland,
We'll find it hard to pay;
The sum is great and long delayed,
But now will come OUR day
To show you that the Lion's Cubs
Are strong in might and main.
We'll fight for our dear Motherland
While one of us remain.

For we love you, dear old Motherland,
For all the good that's come
To us and all your faithful friends.
Our gratitude you've won.
The world will praise and bless you
In ages yet to come.
For honor, truth and liberty,
The battles you have won.

May God bless our noble women,
From the humblest to the great;
They swell the ranks of workers
From early morn till late.
We've always found them true as steel
To aid and comfort give;
They know the cause is worthy,
And they are faithful while they live.

God bless and keep you, Motherland,
For standing by the right;
We're glad to answer to your call,
And we'll fight with all our might.
God bless our men, and victory give,
And then the air shall ring
With songs of praise from thankful hearts
To God our Heavenly King.

For He's the God of Battles,
His promises are sure,
To those who call upon His name,
With faith in Christ endure;
And then with Crown of Glory
We'll worship Him as King,
And with the angels ever,
His praises we will sing.

LT.-COL. A. E. BELCHER,
Vice-Pres. Veterans of 1866, Toronto.

THE BRITISH LION SETS HIS JAWS.

We are coming, dear Old England,
A hundred thousand strong,
To help you conquer and subdue
Men who have gone wrong.
Their crimes are so repulsive
They appal the human mind,
Their punishment must be swift and sure
To satisfy mankind.

Worse than savages are they:
Void of all that's fair and right,
Honor, truth and virtue dear,
They're cast aside—like leasts they fight.
They must be met and beaten well,
As Britons we'll do this.
So firm and strong, men, grip your swords,
And prove what valor is.

The men we send are true as steel,
"They're British to the core,"
They'll prove not faint-hearted ones,
By deeds—as done of yore.
A noble work is theirs to do,
They're equal to the task,
And time will prove that our renown
Is widespread—and will last.

Time will test our valor true;
Inch by inch we'll make our gain;
Britons never stoop to sne,
Old traditions we'll maintain.
Men like ours cannot be beat,
At them, guards! the battle cry,
Show the world we don't retreat;
There's but for us to DO or DIE.

The cause that Britain fights for,
All true men love to aid;
For when the British lion growls,
The best—needs be afraid.
We want to share the glory won,
And to this, we do intend,
For when the Lion sets his jaws
It's BUSINESS—to the end.

No lands are lost, they've made no gains;
We're still the "Mistress of the Sea";
The old flag is, and ever was,
The flag of the brave and free.
We'll stand by you and the dear old flag,
Which has done so much for the world,
We'll give our wealth—aye, yes, our lives,
To keep it still unfurled.

LT.-COL. A. E. BELCHER,
Honorary President, Bruce Old Boys,
Toronto, 1915.