

Our soldiers mustered near and far
And hurried to their post,
All armed and canopied for war,
A zealous loyal host ;
With guns and rifles, bayonet, sword
They left Toronto Bay,
All on the road to Battleford,
Two thousand miles away.

No boats could run, 'twas winter time,
No western railroad then ;
They went with courage true, sublime,
Those firm devoted men ;
Their country must be restored,
Be perils what they may,
By a forced march to Battleford
Two thousand mile away.

O'er rock and murkey mountain, lake,
All covered deep with snow,
They did their toilsome journey take
To meet a wily foe ;
But little grumbling was there heard,
Though suffering night and day,
That weary march to Battleford,
Two thousand miles away.

No harder march was ever made,
No hardier troops were seen,
And marvelous was the zeal displayed,
By the soldiers of the Queen ;
No toil or hardship them deterred,
Nor could their ardor stay,
Upon that march to Battleford,
Two thousand miles away.

The settler's home was in their eyes,
His children and his wife,
They toil and hardship did despise,
Ah ! even risk of life ;
For they protection must afford,
And that without delay,
The cry was on to Battleford
Two thousand miles away.

They nobly fought at Cut Knife Hill,
At Fish Creek and Batoche,
And with a glorious war like skill
They did rebellion crush ;
We loss of noble lives deplored,