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THE MAKING OF
CANADA'S FLAG

EDITH LELEAN

PS 8513
R86
M34
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Juv
~~Pxxx~~

Jan. Jones, Esq. L.

CANADIAN PATRIOTISM

The Making of Canada's Flag

(A PATRIOTIC PLAY)

BY

EDITH LELEAN



PRICE 25 CENTS

WILLIAM BRIGGS

TORONTO

ONTARIO

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DESCRIPTION

B **BRITANNIA** should be a tall girl with a good speaking voice; she should also be a good singer. Her dress should be of white, draped with the Union Jack. Her helmet may be made of pasteboard covered with silver paper; her trident and hauberk also of pasteboard covered with silver paper. At the back of the stage have a pedestal arranged with three footstools, all covered with a large flag.

CANADA'S dress may be as elaborate as desired, but trim it with maple leaves and have her wear a wreath of maple leaves. A very pretty costume for her pages consists of white satin breeches and velvet coats, with long white stockings and slippers.

The **ENGLISH, SCOTCH** and **IRISH** girls, who carry the crosses, should wear dresses in keeping with the country each represents. A white dress with a trimming of her country's crosses, in each case, will be all that is required.

THE SPIRIT OF LONG AGO should wear a dress of brown lining with a hood. She should walk with a stick and act the part of an old woman.

LAURA SECORD may be dressed in an old-fashioned costume. As each child or group of children finishes

what they have to say, pay strict attention to the grouping around BRITANNIA, at the back of the stage, leaving the front of the stage clear for the next performers, and thus build up a pretty tableau.

FLAG. Choose a flag for BRITANNIA to carry, not too large, one that she may gracefully handle. Have the Jack in the corner; and the red field ready to receive the Canadian emblem.

MUSIC

A great deal of the success of this play depends upon the selection of the music and the manner in which it is played. The marches should be played with a dash and a swing, always bearing in mind the fact that the children have to march to the music; therefore the *time* should be of paramount importance.

The following marches are suggested:

British Grenadiers.

It's a Long, Long Way to Tipperary.

Highland Laddie.

March of the Men of Harlech.

Charlie is My Darling.

The following patriotic songs are used in this play:

O Canada.

Carry On.

The Call of the Motherland.

Canada, Fall In.

Heroes and Gentlemen.

There's a Corner of the Flag for You to Hold.

The marches, together with many others, may be found arranged as a medley, under one cover—"Patriotic Memories"—and may be obtained, together with the songs, at the Anglo-Canadian Music Publishers' Association, Limited, 144 Victoria St., Toronto.

Britannia (carrying the flag furled).

Have ye heard of a flag, an old, torn, tattered flag,
That has waved many years in the breeze?
That still keeps a-flying, though aliens are trying
That old colored ensign to seize.

Foes say that its day has long since passed away,
That it's time to take down that old rag,
It's torn and it's tattered, its staff is all shattered,
It's no further use as a flag.

But we—we adore it, our forefathers bore it
On high, as they charged at the foe;
And even when gory, 'twas covered with glory,
And we, shall we e'er let it go?

It never shall perish, for who would not cherish
A flag for which fathers have died?
And foemen shall never, from Freedom's name sever,
This flag which we wave in our pride.

(Raises the flag.)

The banner of Britain, its history is written
In gold, which no lustre doth lack.
O list to the story! 'tis filled full of glory,
This tale of our own Union Jack.

(Enter an English girl carrying the cross of St. George.)

English Girl.

For years, when 'twas waving, the elements braving,
St. George's Red Cross on white field,
Alone in its splendor, waved as the defender
Of English, who never would yield.

(Enter a Scotch girl carrying the cross of St. Andrew.)

Scotch Girl.

Next a cross that defended old Scotland was blended
With that of St. George on the flag,
On a deep blue background that white cross is found,
Adorning that precious old rag.

(Enter an Irish girl carrying the cross of St. Patrick.)

Irish Girl.

Now comes into the story, all covered with glory,
That cross for which Ireland has bled;
See! St. Patrick's cross laid, may its hue never fade,
White diag'nally crossed with red.

Britannia.

Thus are blended these three colored crosses, you see,
In making this old Union Jack;
'Tis a glorious design, of freedom the sign,
That freedom which Britons ne'er lack.

(Britannia goes to the back of the stage, mounts a pedestal, which has been placed in the centre. The

English, the Scotch and the Irish girls group themselves at her feet, by sitting on low stools covered with flags.)

(Enter Canada attended by two small pages, while the piano softly plays "O Canada." If it can be arranged, it will prove most effective for an invisible choir to sing a verse of "O Canada" while Canada and her pages advance to the centre of the stage.)

Canada.

From the far Pacific Ocean
To the distant Eastern sea,
Waves that flag in all its splendor,
And Canadians loyally
Love that flag and guard its honor,
Proud they watch it as it flies
From the tops of highest buildings,
Outlined 'gainst Canadian skies.

Not one cross must be omitted,
Not one hue must be left out;
At the head of many an army,
It has put the foe to rout.
Union Jack! we sing its praises,
Never waves that flag in vain;
And on land or on the ocean
May its glory never wane!

Proud are we of all three crosses
That this Union Jack adorn;
Scotsmen love best old St. Andrew's,
To uphold it they have sworn;

While the Irish love St. Patrick,
For their patron saint is he,
And the red cross of St. Patrick
On that flag must ever be.

Don't leave out St. George's red cross,
Laid upon a field of white;
In the blending of these crosses
That must e'er be kept in sight.
Th' English love to see it waving,
Oft they've followed where it led;
How their hearts thrill as 'tis waving,
Good St. George's Cross of red!

But there's something we want added
To this banner of the free—
'Tis our own Canadian emblem,
Emblem of our liberty.
Have we any right to ask it?
Enter Sprite of Long Ago.

(The pages go to meet her, and they advance to the centre of the stage with the Spirit of Long Ago between them. The pages make a low bow and retire to one side.)

Will you tell to us a story
That all Canada should know?

Spirit of Long Ago.

Come, gather round me, little children,
For I've a tale to tell;
'Tis a tale of loyal Britishers,
Who loved Britannia well.

So well, that when their friends and neighbors
Cried, "Throw off Britain's yoke!"
Their angry cries of protestation
All round the echoes woke.

And when they saw a strange flag flying,
Their grief could not disguise.
They sadly said, "We'll cross the border
To where our own flag flies."

So this loyal band of colonists—
Courage they did not lack—
Travelled full many a weary mile,
To view the Union Jack.

How joyfully they watched it waving,
Their gladness knew no bounds;
Their cries and shouts of glad rejoicing
Were happy, thrilling sounds.

And Canada, in brightest welcome,
Offered her outstretched hand
To United Empire Loyalists,
In welcome to her land.

'Twas years ago, my little children,
That all this happened here,
But no stauncher, braver settlers
E'er came from far or near

Than these splendid U. E. Loyalists,
Who've long since passed away,
Though numbers of their children's children
Love this dear land to-day.

What did they do for Canada,
Those loyal hearts and true?
They helped to keep the colors flying,
The Red and White and Blue.

And when danger seemed to threaten
The land they cherished so,
These Loyalists were ever ready
To march to meet the foe.

Your forefathers fought for Canada,
This land so fair and free.
You be worthy sons of your fathers,
And guard her liberty.

(As the Spirit of Long Ago finishes her recitation have a soloist—either a boy or a girl—walk to the side of the Spirit of Long Ago, and after a low bow to Britannia, sing "Carry On." When the solo is finished, the Spirit of Long Ago and the soloist take their places on Britannia's right hand.)

Canada. You have heard, oh! Britannia, one reason why the Canadian emblem should find a place upon that flag, but there are many others. Call Laura Secord.

Pages. Laura Secord! Laura Secord!

(The piano plays a patriotic march; the pages, side by side, advance to the door to meet Laura Secord as she enters. They escort her to Britannia by marching one on each side of her. She makes a low old-fashioned curtsey to Britannia, and the pages step back.)

Laura Secord.

I'm here, a queer old-fashioned figure,
From out the misty past;
I've come to tell what a woman did,
When skies were overcast,

And in the blue the war-clouds gathered,
And all were filled with dread,
Dread of the darkening storm that threatened
To break from overhead.

It was in the year 1813 that, all along our Canadian frontier, many American raids took place. Both my husband and I were children of United Empire Loyalists, and because of wrongs done to our parents we hated the Americans. We lived at Queenston, and my heart was sore, for my husband lay wounded. Many miles away, at Beaver Dams, was the British post, in command of an officer whose name was Fitzgibbon, a staunch, brave-hearted Irishman.

One sad day the Americans reached Queenston, and overhearing a conversation they were having, I gathered that they were on their way to surprise Fitzgibbon and his loyal band of about thirty soldiers and a few Indians.

My husband fretted and fumed. There he lay sick and wounded; he could do nothing. I made up my mind that *I* would warn Fitzgibbon of the danger that menaced him. There was no way of getting to Beaver Dams but on foot. The roads were muddy, the country sparsely settled, and many Indians haunted the woods through which I had to pass.

In the early dawn, with a pail upon my arm, as if my only mission on earth were to milk a cow in the field beyond, I passed the sentry, and then began my long, long walk. In the distance, many a time, did I hear a wolf howl, and sometimes close at hand the rattle of a deadly snake, but on, on, I pressed. Sometimes I forded a swollen stream; once I lost my way; but I never faltered in my purpose. Fitzgibbon must be warned. Just as I neared the end of my journey, and the goal was almost in sight, I stumbled upon a band of sleeping Indians. Shall I ever forget their terrible yells as they surrounded me? My heart sank, for I thought my last hour had come. I tried to tell the chief my story, but it was hard to make him understand; he knew but a few English words. At last he did consent to take me to Fitzgibbon, and as the morning of the next day broke, weary and footsore, I fell at the feet of the British officer and, in halting phrases, told him my story.

How far did I travel? It seemed to me 'twas a hundred milès, but history says 'twas but nineteen.

Soon after the warning was received five hundred Americans with two guns endeavored to surprise the

British post at Beaver Dams. "Forewarned is fore-armed," and Fitzgibbon was ready to meet the foe. Such a repulse as they received! The British force was far outnumbered by the Americans, but what they lacked in numbers they made up in zeal. The Americans lost their nerve and surrendered.

Although only a woman, in the long, long ago, I, Laura Secord, did my bit.

(The piano strikes up "The Call of the Motherland"; if the girl who takes the part of Laura Secord be capable of doing so, let her sing it as a solo; if not, have her join the others in the group around Britannia, while a soloist advances to the centre of the stage and sings the verses, while all who are now on the stage join in the chorus.)

Canada. In the building up of this great Dominion men are not the only ones who have played a part. With the deepest gratitude women of Canada point to Laura Secord, and rejoice to tell the story of her heroic deed. Another reason, Britannia, why Canada's emblem should be placed upon the flag.

Britannia. The Spirit of Long Ago has shown me one reason, and Laura Secord has shown me another. Is that all?

Canada. By no means. (To pages) Call the boys of '66.

Pages. The Boys of '66! The Boys of '66!

(The piano plays a patriotic march; the pages go to the side to meet two boys dressed in old-fashioned uniforms who take the part of Veterans of '66. The pages escort them to Canada's side and then retire.)

Canada. Have you two men forgotten what you did for the Empire in 1866? Did you not upon that occasion help to keep the old flag flying?

Two Veterans (in chorus). We did our bit.

1st Veteran. What an eventful day that was, that second of June in 1866, when we met the Fenians at Ridgeway.

2nd Veteran. It was, indeed. It is as clear in my mind as though it were but yesterday. Do you remember the corner of the old snake fence that you and I ran to, as a slight protection from the bullets that were humming around us, as the enemy in the woods beyond found our range?

1st Veteran. I should say I do. But the histories tell us that we fought well, and I know we did. We knew the objective point of the Fenians was the Welland Canal, but we headed them off, and General O'Neil, with his force of trained soldiers, was forced to retire and make his way, as best he could, across the river.

2nd Veteran. How humiliated he must have felt when the American authorities took them in charge!

1st Veteran. Shall you ever forget the Queen's Own and old K Company from the University? Why, some of those men are living still.

2nd Veteran. And the Grenadiers—they knew how to fight.

1st Veteran. We must never forget the men from Lincoln and the 13th from Hamilton under Colonel Booker. It seems to me, had the Fenians had any idea of what they were going to encounter, they would have thought twice before they invaded a peaceful country such as Canada was.

2nd Veteran. The United States should never have allowed them to arm.

1st Veteran. That is so (turning to Canada). Yes, we helped to keep that old flag flying in the long ago. Old as we are, we will yet fight to keep it flying if the necessity should arise. So, representing the brave men of '66, we ask to have added to the flag the emblem of the land we love so well—the emblem of Canada.

Canada. Another reason, O Britannia!

(The piano strikes up "Canada, Fall In!" If one of the veterans can sing, have him take it as a solo; if not, have a good soloist sing it; when the song is finished, the two veterans and the soloists will join the group around Britannia.)

(A loud knocking is heard at the door, the pages hurry to answer it.)

Pages. At the door, O Britannia! are a number of South African Veterans, who crave admission.

Britannia. Ask them to come in.

Canada. They will have an interesting story to relate.

(The piano strikes up a patriotic march, and a number of boys in khaki—say twelve or sixteen—march on. If they can give a military drill it will add to the interest.)

1st South African Veteran. Such a wave of enthusiasm as swept Canada when war broke out between the Transvaal and the dear old Motherland!

2nd Veteran. Such offers of help as Canada gave! For the first time in its history our Government officially took part in an Empire's war, though many a time had Canadians, individually, helped the Motherland in time of trouble, but now 'twas national help she gave.

3rd Veteran. It was the 30th of October in the year 1899 that the first contingent of one thousand men sailed from Quebec.

4th Veteran. To be quickly followed by the second contingent.

5th Veteran. And when the Strathcona Horse, a regiment of rough riders, five hundred strong, embarked at Halifax, under Colonel Steele, all Canada rejoiced.

6th Veteran. How the action of our brave Canadians strengthened the bond that already existed between Canada and the Motherland.

Britannia. A bond that never has been broken.

Canada. And never will, O Britannia.

(The piano strikes up "Heroes and Gentlemen"; if possible, have one of the South African veterans step out and sing it as a solo, then have all who are on the stage join in the chorus. When the song is finished have these boys join the group around Britannia.)

Britannia. No further proof is needed of Canada's loyalty to Britain! For the part Canada has played in the building up of the Empire, for the help she has given the Motherland, for the way in which she has helped to keep the old flag flying, to this grand old flag shall be added the emblem Canadians love so well. Bring on the national emblem of Canada.

Canada. From our hearts we thank you, Britannia. But were we to add that emblem now, our strongest argument in favor of doing so would have been omitted. Where are our boys in khaki?

Pages (at the entrance). Here they are, waiting to be admitted.

Canada (to Britannia). May they come on?

Britannia. We shall welcome them with joy.

(To the strains of a patriotic march, sixteen boys in khaki march on. A simple drill, such as the teacher can arrange, would add greatly to the interest. As the boys finish let them form a line across the stage; stand in line like good soldiers, then have a girl reciter come on and give the following recitation with great feeling):—

Girl Reciter.

When the tocsin of the country sounded,
And the cry, "To arms! Ho! to arms!" rang out,
Without parley or delay, there proudly marched away,
With a smile upon their lips and a shout,

Thousands of our own brave boys in khaki,
Who'd heard the cry for aid from Motherland;
They were ready, one and all, to answer to the call,
And on the side of Right to take their stand.

Sadly did we watch the boys in khaki,
And sadly heard the sound of trampling feet,
Yet our hearts were filled with pride, as bravely, side
by side,
They marched with rhythmic step adown the street.

And away off there in France or Flanders,
They fought and died for Britain's dear old flag,
They were heroes, every one, each brave Canadian son,
And never did their splendid courage lag.

Many of our own dear boys in khaki
From bloody battlefield will not come back,
And though we mourn them so, our loving hearts well
know
They died a-fighting for the Union Jack.

(Boys in khaki take their places in the group
around Britannia.)

Canada. Indeed, they did, Britannia, and it is
still flying.

Britannia. We all know that. Canada, your argu-
ments are most convincing. You have shown us five
good reasons why the Canadian emblem should have
a place upon that red background. From the U. E.
Loyalists down to our own dear boys in khaki, there
has been but one object in view, the keeping of this
old flag flying; and so Britannia asks you to bring
on Canada's emblem, and to place it upon that back-
ground of red, and then, and only then, shall Can-
ada's flag be complete.

(The pages go to the door and meet two little
girls, who carry the National Emblem; the piano
softly plays "O Canada," and the emblem is securely
pinned in place upon the flag.)

Britannia. Canadians, behold the Canadian Flag!

(Britannia raises the flag in her right hand. Chil-
dren all look towards it. Boys salute it by raising
the right hand to the position of salute and holding
that position, while the girls draw themselves up to
full height, raise the right arm to full extent, fin-
gers and thumb extended toward the flag, left hand
at the side. This should make a very pretty tableau.)

Children (in chorus). Our own Canadian flag!

(The piano strikes up the song "There's a Corner of the Flag for You to Hold." Britannia sings it as a solo, holding the flag out to the different groups, who, in turn, reach up and take hold of a corner of it. Children march off the stage, to the music of a rousing patriotic march, Britannia and the three girls carrying the different crosses bringing up the rear and directly in front of them Canada attended by her two pages.)

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