



O Canada! our home and native land,
True patriot love in all thy sons command
With glowing hearts we see thee rise,
The true North, strong and free;
And stand on guard O Canada,
Stand aye on guard for thee.

Chorus—O Canada! O Canada!
O Canada! we stand on guard for thee
O Canada! we stand on guard for thee.

O Canada! thy flags of old were free
Brave Union Jack and gallant Fleur de Lis
For God and right, by truth and might
Our fathers fought and fell,
From sire to son this prayer shall run—
O guard this guerdon well.

WINNIPEG

1915

Comrades

¶In the din of battle or on the camping ground there will come calm moments when you will pause and think, when you foregather with your brothers in arms, you will seek courage and confidence in one another's company.

¶My hope is that you will always find them there.

¶I have thought that at such times the singing of one or more of the hymns contained in this little book will be a source of comfort and inspiration. They will raise your hearts and minds to the Giver of all Good.

¶To His protecting care we commit our Heroes, and we earnestly pray that He will intensify in each of you, all that is noble, pure and good and bring you safely back to your loved ones at home when this war is over which God grant may be soon.

¶Such is the desire of your friend who would earnestly commend to your attention the texts selected by Admiral Jellico for his sailors :

¶**"Be strong and of good courage; be not afraid, neither be thou dismayed, for the Lord thy God is with thee whithersoever thou goest."**

¶**"Honor all men. Love the brotherhood. Fear God. Honor the King."**

A. MACDONALD

1

All people that on earth do dwell,
Sing to the Lord with cheerful voice.
Him serve with mirth, His praise forth
tell,
Come ye before Him and rejoice.

Know that the Lord is God indeed;
Without our aid He did us make;
We are His flock, He doth us feed,
And for His sheep he doth us take.

O enter then His gates with praise,
Approach with joy His courts unto;
Praise, laud, and bless His name al-
ways,
For it is seemly so to do.

For why? the Lord our God is good,
His mercy is forever sure;
His truth at all times firmly stood,
And shall from age to age endure.

2

The Lord's my Shepherd, I'll not want.
He makes me down to lie
In pastures green; he leadeth me
The quiet waters by.

My soul He doth restore again;
And me to walk doth make
Within the paths of righteousness,
Even for His own Name's sake.

Yea, though I walk through death's
dark vale,
Yet will I fear none ill;
For Thou art with me; and they rod
And staff me comfort still.

My table Thou hast furnished
In presence of my foes;
My head thou dost with oil anoint,
And my cup overflows.

Goodness and mercy all my life
Shall surely follow me;
And in God's house for evermore
My dwelling-place shall be.

3

Praise God from whom all blessings
flow:
Praise Him, all creatures here below;
Praise Him above, ye heavenly host;
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

4

O God of Bethel! by whose hand
Thy people still are fed;
Who through this weary pilgrimage
Hast all our fathers led:

Our vows, our prayers, we now present
Before Thy throne of grace:
God of our fathers! be the God
Of their succeeding race.

Through each perplexing path of life
Our wandering footsteps guide;
Give us each day our daily bread,
And raiment fit provide.

O spread Thy covering wings around,
Till all our wanderings cease,
And at our Father's loved abode
Our souls arrive in peace.

5

O God, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Our shelter from the stormy blast,
And our eternal home.

Under the shadow of Thy throne
Thy saints have dwelt secure;
Sufficient is Thine arm alone,
And our defence is sure.

Before the hills in order stood,
Or earth received her frame,
From everlasting Thou art God,
To endless years the same.

A thousand ages in thy sight
Are like an evening gone;
Short as the watch that ends the night
Before the rising sun.

Time, like an ever-rolling stream,
Bears all its sons away;
They fly forgotten, as a dream
Dies at the opening day.

O God, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Be Thou our guard while troubles last,
And our eternal home.

6

God is our refuge and our strength,
In straits a present aid;
Therefore, although the earth remove,
We will not be afraid.

Though hills amidst the seas be cast;
Though waters roaring make,
And troubled be; yea though the hills
By swelling seas do shake.

A river is, whose streams make glad
The city of our God;
The holy place, wherein the Lord
Most High hath his abode.

God in the midst of her doth dwell;
And nothing shall her move;
God unto her an helper will,
And that right early, prove.

The Lord of hosts is on our side
Our safety to maintain:
The God of Jacob doth for us
A refuge high remain.

7

Just as I am—without one plea,
But that Thy blood was shed for me,
And that Thou bidd'st me come to Thee,
O Lamb of God, I come!

Just as I am—and waiting not
To rid my soul of one dark blot,
To Thee, whose blood can cleanse each
spot,
O Lamb of God, I come!

Just as I am—of that free love
The breadth, length, depth and height
to prove,
Here for a season, then above,
O Lamb of God, I come!

8

All hail the power of Jesus' name!
Let angels prostrate fall;
Bring forth the royal diadem
To crown Him Lord of all.

Crown Him, ye martyrs of your God,
Who from His Altar call;
Extol the stem of Jesse's rod,
And crown Him Lord of all.

Let every kindred, every tribe,
On this terrestrial ball,
To Him all majesty ascribe
And crown Him Lord of all.

Oh that with yonder sacred throng
We at His feet may fall,
Join in the everlasting song,
And crown Him Lord of all.

9

God loved the world of sinners lost
And ruined by the fall;
Salvation full, at highest cost,
He offers free to all.

Oh, 'twas love, 'twas wondrous
love!

The love of God to me;
It brought my Saviour from
above
To die on Calvary.

Even now by faith I claim Him mine,
The risen Son of God;
Redemption by His death I find,
A cleansing through the blood.

Love brings the glorious fulness in,
And to His saints makes known
The blessed rest from inbred sin,
Through faith in Christ alone.

10

Fight the good fight with all thy might,
Christ is thy strength, and Christ thy
right;
Lay hold on life, and it shall be
Thy joy and crown eternally.

Run the straight race through God's
good grace:

Lift up thine eyes, and seek His face,
Life with its path before us lies,
Christ is the way, and Christ the prize.

Cast care aside, lean on thy Guide;
His boundless mercy will provide;
Trust, and thy trusting soul shall prove
Christ is its life, and Christ its love.

Faint not, nor fear, His arms are near,
He changeth not, and thou art dear,
Only believe, and thou shalt see
That Christ is all in all to thee.

11

Star of peace to wanderers weary!
Bright the beams that smile on me!
Cheer the pilot's vision dreary
Far, far at sea.

Star of hope! gleam on the billow;
Bless the soul that sighs for Thee,
Bless the sailor's lonely pillow,
Far, far at sea.

Star of faith! when winds are mocking
All his toil, he flies to Thee;
Save him on the billow rocking,
Far, far at sea.

Star divine; oh! safely guide him;
Bring the wanderer home to Thee;
Sore temptations long have tried him,
Far, far at sea.

12

Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!
E'en though it be a cross
That raiseth me.
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!

Though, like the wanderer,
The sun gone down,
Darkness be over me,
My rest a stone;
Yet in my dreams I'd be
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!

Or if on joyful wing
Cleaving the sky,
Sun, moon, and stars forgot,
Upward I fly,
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!

13

Tell me the old, old story
Of unseen things above,
Of Jesus and His glory,
Of Jesus and His love.
Tell me the story simply,
As to a little child,
For I am weak and weary.
And helpless and defiled.

Tell me the old, old story,
Tell me the old, old story,
Tell me the old, old story,
Of Jesus and His love.

Tell me the story slowly,
That I may take it in,—
That wonderful redemption,
God's remedy for sin.
Tell me the story often,
For I forget so soon;
The 'early dew' of morning
Has passed away at noon.

Tell me the same old story,
When you have cause to fear
That this world's empty glory
Is costing me too dear.
Yes, and when that world's glory
Is drawing on my soul,
Tell me the old, old story,
'Christ Jesus makes thee whole.'

14

Abide with me! fast falls the eventide;
The darkness deepens; Lord, with me
abide!
When other helpers fail, and comforts
flee,
Help of the helpless, O abide with me!

Swift to its close ebbs out life's little
day;
Earth's joys grow dim, its glories pass
away;
Change and decay in all around I see:
O Thou who changest not abide with
me!

I need Thy presence every passing hour;
What but Thy grace can foil the temp-
ter's power?
Who like Thyself my guide and stay
can be?
Through cloud and sunshine, O abide
with me!

I fear no foe, with Thee at hand to
bless;
Ills have no weight, and tears no
bitterness:
Where is death's sting? where, grave,
thy victory?
I triumph still if Thou abide with me.

15

Jesus, Lover of my soul,
Let me to Thy bosom fly,
While the nearer waters roll,
While the tempest still is high.
Hide me, O my Saviour hide,
Till the storm of life is past;
Safe into the haven guide;
O receive my soul at last!

Other refuge have I none;
Hangs my helpless soul on Thee;
Leave, ah! leave me not alone;
Still support and comfort me.
All my trust on Thee is stayed.
All my help from Thee I bring;
Cover my defenceless head
With the shadow of Thy wing.

Thou, O Christ, art all I want:
More than all in Thee I find;
Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
Heal the sick, and lead the blind.
Just and holy is Thy name;
I am all unrighteousness:
False and full of sin I am;
Thou art full of truth and grace.

16

Stand up! stand up for Jesus!
 Ye soldiers of the cross;
 Lift high His royal banner,
 It must not suffer loss;
 From victory unto victory
 His army He shall lead,
 Till every foe is vanquished
 And Christ is Lord indeed.

Stand up! stand up for Jesus!
 The trumpet call obey;
 Forth to the mighty conflict
 In this His glorious day:
 Ye that are men, now serve Him
 Against unnumbered foes;
 Your courage rise with danger,
 And strength to strength oppose.

Stand up! stand up for Jesus!
 The strife will not be long;
 This day the noise of battle,
 The next the victor's song.
 To him that overcometh
 A crown of life shall be;
 He with the King of Glory
 Shall reign eternally.

17

The Son of God goes forth to war,
 A kingly crown to gain;
 His blood-red banner streams afar;
 Who follows in His train?
 Who best can drink His cup of woe,
 Triumphant over pain,
 Who patient bears His cross below—
 He follows in His train.

The martyr first, whose eagle eye
 Could pierce beyond the grave,
 Who saw his Master in the sky,
 And called on Him to save.

Like Him, with pardon on his tongue,
 In midst of mortal pain,
 He prayed for them that did the wrong:
 Who follows in His train?

A noble army, men and boys,
 The matron and the maid,
 Around the Saviour's throne rejoice,
 In robes of light arrayed.

They climbed the steep ascent of heaven
 Through peril, toil, and pain;
 O God! to us may grace be given
 To follow in their train!

18

Now to Him who loved us, gave us
 Every pledge that love could give,
 Freely shed His blood to save us,
 Gave His life that we might live:
 Be the kingdom
 And dominion,
 And the glory, evermore,

19

God be with you till we meet again!
 By His counsels guide uphold you,
 With His sheep securely fold you!
 God be with you till we meet again!

Till we meet again! Till we meet
 again!
 Till we meet at Jesus' feet;
 Till we meet again! Till we meet
 again!

God be with you till we meet again!
 God be with you till we meet again!
 'Neath His wings securely hide you,
 Daily manna still provide you;
 God be with you till we meet again!

God be with you till we meet again!
 When life's perils thick confound you,
 Put His loving arms around you;
 God be with you till we meet again!

God be with you till we meet again!
 Keep love's banner floating o'er you,
 Smite death's threatening wave before
 you;
 God be with you till we meet again!

20

Hail to the Lord's Anointed,
 Great David's Greater Son!
 Hail, in the time appointed,
 His reign on earth begun!
 He comes to break oppression,
 To set the captive free,
 To take away transgression,
 And rule in equity.

He shall come down like showers
 Upon the fruitful earth;
 And love, joy, hope, like flowers,
 Spring in His path to birth.
 Before Him, on the mountains,
 Shall peace, the herald, go;
 And righteousness, in fountains,
 From hill to valley flow.

O'er every foe victorious,
 He on His throne shall rest,
 From age to age more glorious,
 All blessing and all blest;
 The tide of time shall never
 His covenant remove;
 His Name shall stand for ever—
 That name to us is Love.

21

Jesus, keep me near the cross;
There a precious fountain,
Free to all—a healing stream—
Flows from Calvary's mountain.

In the cross, in the cross,
Be my glory ever;
Till my raptured soul shall find
Rest beyond the river.

Near the cross, a trembling soul,
Love and mercy found me;
There the bright and morning Star
Shed its beams around me.

Near the cross! O Lamb of God,
Bring its scenes before me;
Help me wilk from day to day
With its shadow o'er me.

22

Little drops of water,
Little grains of sand,
Make the mighty ocean,
And the beauteous land.

And the little moments,
Humble though they be,
Make the mighty ages
Of eternity.

Little deeds of kindness,
Little words of love,
Make our earth an Eden
Like the heaven above.

Little seeds of mercy,
Sown by youthful hands,
Grow to bless the nations
Far in heathen lands.

23

From Greenland's icy mountains,
From India's coral strand,
Where Africa's sunny fountains
Roll down their golden sand,
From many an ancient river,
From many a palmy plain,
They call us to deliver
Their land from error's chain.

What though the spicy breezes
Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle,
Though every prospect pleases,
And only man is vile;
In vain with lavish kindness

The gifts of God are strown,
The heathen in his blindness
Bows down to wood and stone.

Waft, wift, ye winds, His story,
And you, ye waters, roll,
Till like a sea of glory

It spreads from pole to pole;
Till o'er our ransomed nature
The Lamb for sinners slain,
Redeemer, King, Creator,
In bliss returns to reign.

24

Safe in the arms of Jesus—
Safe on His gentle breast!
There, by His love o'er-shaded,
Sweetly my soul shall rest.
Hark! 'tis the voice of angels
Borne in a song to me,
Over the fields of glory,
Over the crystal sea.

Safe in the arms of Jesus!
Safe from corroding care,
Safe from the world's temptations,
Sin cannot harm me there.
Free from the blight of sorrow,
Free from my doubts and fears;
Only a few more trials,
Only a few more tears.

Jesus, my heart's dear refuge!
Jesus has died for me;
Firm on the Rock of Ages
Ever my trust shall be.
Here let me wait with patience,
Wait till the night is o'er,
Wait till I see the morning
Break on the golden shore.

25

Yield not to temptation, for yielding is
sin;
Each victory will help you some other
to win;
Fight manfully onward; dark passions
subdue;
Look ever to Jesus—He will carry you
through.

Ask the Saviour to help you,
Comfort, strengthen and keep you;
He is willing to aid you,
He will carry you through.

Shun evil companions; bad language
disdain;
God's name hold in reverence, nor take
it in vain;
Be thoughtful and earnest, kindhearted
and true;
Look ever to Jesus—He will carry you
through.

26

THE LORD BLESS THEE AND
KEEP THEE; THE LORD MAKE
HIS FACE SHINE UPON THEE,
AND BE GRACIOUS UNTO THEE.
THE LORD LIFT UP HIS COUNT-
ENANCE UPON THEE AND GIVE
THEE PEACE.

Onward, Christian soldiers, marching
as to war,
Looking unto Jesus, who is gone before.
Christ, the Royal Master, leads against
the foe,
Forward into battle see His banners go.

Like a mighty army moves the Church
of God;
Brothers, we are treading where the
saints have trod;
We are not divided, all one body we—
One in hope and doctrine, one in
charity.

Crowns and thrones may perish, king-
doms rise and wane;
But the Church of Jesus constant will
remain:
Gates of hell can never 'gainst that
Church prevail:
We have Christ's own promise, that
can never fail.

Onward, Christian soldiers, marching
as to war,
Looking unto Jesus, who is gone before.

28

What a Friend we have in Jesus,
All our sins and griefs to bear!
What a privilege to carry
Everything to God in prayer!
O what peace we often forfeit,
O what endless pain we bear,
All because we do not carry
Everything to God in prayer.

Have we trials and temptations?
Is there trouble anywhere?
We should never be discouraged;
Take it to the Lord in prayer.
Can we find a friend so faithful,
Who will all our sorrows share?
Jesus knows our every weakness;
Take it to the Lord in prayer.

Are we weak and heavy-laden,
Cumbered with a load of care?
Precious Saviour, still our refuge—
Take it to the Lord in prayer.
Do thy friends despise, forsake thee?
Take it to the Lord in prayer;
In His arms He'll take and shield
thee;
Thou wilt find a solace there.

From every stormy wind that blows,
From every swelling tide of woes,
There is a calm, a sure retreat,
'Tis found beneath the mercy-seat.

There is a place where Jesus sheds
The oil of gladness on our heads,
A place than all besides more sweet,
The blood-besprinkled mercy-seat.

There is a scene, where spirits blend,
Where friend holds fellowship with
friend:
Though sundered far, by faith they
meet
Around one common mercy-seat.

O let my hand forget her skill,
My tongue be silent, cold, and stilt,
This bounding heart forget to beat,
If I forget Thy mercy-seat.

30

God is our refuge and our strength,
In straits a present aid;
Therefore, although the earth remove,
We will not be afraid.

Though hills amidst the seas be cast;
Though waters roaring make,
And troubled be; yea though the hills
By swelling seas do shake.

A river is, whose streams make glad
The city of our God;
The holy place, wherein the Lord
Most High hath his abode.

God in the midst of her doth dwell;
And nothing shall her move;
God unto her an helper will,
And that right early, prove.

Unto the ends of all the earth
Wars unto peace he turns:
The bow he breaks, the spear he cuts,
In fire the chariot burns.

The Lord of hosts is on our side
Our safety to maintain:
The God of Jacob doth for us
A refuge high remain.

Standing by a purpose true,
 Heeding God's command,
 Honor them, the faithful few!
 All hail to Daniel's Band!

Dare to be a Daniel,
 Dare to stand alone!
 Dare to have a purpose firm!
 Dare to make it known!

Many mighty men are lost,
 Daring not to stand,
 Who for God had been a host,
 By joining Daniel's Band.

Manygiants, great and tall,
 Stalking thro' the land,
 Headlong to the earth would fall,
 If met by Daniel's Band

Hold the gospel banner high!
 On to vict'ry grand!
 Satan and his hosts hefy,
 And shout for Daniel's Band.

Lord, let mercy now attend us,
 As we leave Thy holy place;
 And from evil still defend us,
 While we run our heavenward race,—
 Hallelujah!—
 Till in bliss we see Thy face.

Jesus shall reign where'er the sun
 Does his successive journeys run;
 His kingdom stretch from shore to shore,
 Till moons shall wax and wane no
 more.

For Him shall endless prayer be made,
 And praises throng to crown His head;
 His name like sweet perfume shall rise
 With every morning sacrifice.

People and realms of every tongue
 Dwell on His love with sweetest song;
 And infant voices shall proclaim
 Their early blessings on His name.

Blessings abound where'er He reigns;
 The prisoner leaps to lose his chains;
 The weary find eternal rest,
 And all the sons of want are blest.

God save our gracious King,
 Long live our noble King,
 God save the King:
 Send him victorious,
 Happy and glorious,
 Long to reign over us;
 God save the King.

Thy choicest gifts in store
 On him be pleased to pour;
 Long may he reign:
 May he defend our laws,
 And ever give us cause
 To sing with heart and voice,
 God save the King.

THE OTHERS

Honor the brave who have gone to the field,
 And those who are going too,
 Remember they fight for truth and right
 Remember they go for you.
 But there are others who fight as well,
 Whose conflicts are never known,
 The wives and mothers and sweethearts brave
 The ones who are left at home.
 Burk's Falls, Ont.

Quotations.

"Remember the week-day to keep it holy."

"Aim high and consider yourself capable of great things."

"The tree of liberty only grows when watered by the blood of tyrants."

"God give us men! A time like this demands strong minds, great hearts, true faith and ready hands."

"No! Freedom has a thousand charms to show
The slaves, howe'er contented, never know." - *Cowper*

"I dare do all that may become a man,
Who dares do more is none." - *Shakespeare*

"But an honest peasantry, a country's pride,
When once destroyed, can never be supplied." --
Goldsmith

"Is life so dear, or peace so sweet, as to be purchased
at the price of chains and slavery?
Forbid it Almighty God! I know not what course
others make take, but as for me, give me liberty,
or give me death." - *Patrick Henry*

War time is a time for singing. Great Songs give wings to the soul. They quicken our noblest thoughts, stir our deepest emotions, kindle our finest enthusiasms, comfort our keenest sorrows, knit our sternest resolves, inspire our most daring deeds.

Soldiers are singing men. They love to sing, on the march, by the camp-fire, in the trenches, as well as at Church Parade—if only they have the words.

This booklet gives the words. Great words too, the greatest in the language. Words their fathers sang as they marched to battle, words their mothers sang as they hushed their babes to sleep. Words of hope and of courage and of tender love. They are God's own words.

Sing them boys! They will comfort and hearten you!

RALPH CONNOR

The Maple Leaf Forever

In days of yore, from Britains shore
Wolfe the dauntless hero came
And planted firm Britannias flag
On Canada's fair domain,
Here may it wave, our boast our pride
And joined in love together
The Thistle, Shamrock, Rose entwined,
The Maple Leaf forever.

Chorus—The Maple Leaf our emblem dear,
The Maple Leaf forever,
God save our King and Heaven bless
The Maple Leaf forever.

At Queenston Height's and Lundy's Lane,
Our brave fathers, side by side,
For freedom, homes, and loved ones dear,
Firmly stood and nobly died,
And those dear rights which they maintained,
We swear to yield them never,
Our watchword evermore shall be,
The Maple Leaf for ever.

On merry England's far famed land,
May kind Heaven sweetly smile;
God bless old Scotland evermore,
And Ireland's Emerald isle!
Then swell the song both loud and long,
Till rocks and forest quiver,
God save our King and Heaven bless,
The Maple Leaf forever!