

SONGS  
OF THE  
WORLD WAR

BY MICHAEL WHELAN

RENOUS RIVER, N. B.

1916

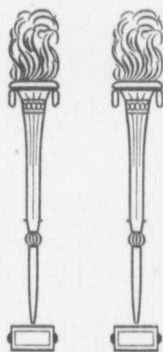


DEDICATED TO THE HEROES  
OF THE WAR

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# SONGS OF THE WORLD WAR



BY MICHAEL WHELAN  
RENOUS RIVER, N. B. :: 1916

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# Songs of the World War

By Michael Whelan

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## THE WORLD WAR, 1914-15-16

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Air: "Scots Wha Hae."

Britain brave, beyond the sea,  
Fighting that man may be free,  
Greeting do we give to thee,  
O'er the sounding wave.  
France and Belgium's brave sons  
Sternly standing by their guns  
Where the blood in rivers runs,  
Bravest of the brave!

Where the banners brightly glance,  
On the fertile fields of France,  
See the mighty host advance  
To stem the Teuton tide.  
Russia to the rescue runs,  
Crushes Austrians and Huns,  
Serbia's heroic sons  
Fighting at her side.

Canada, dear native land,  
Thy brave sons beside them stand  
In that great and gallant band  
Who for Freedom die.  
Hail to all the heroes, hail!  
May the Allied arms avail,  
May the patriot's prayer prevail,  
Grant it, God most high!

---

## OUR COUNTRY'S CALL

---

My country dear, Thy call I hear,  
The clarion call "To Arms!"  
And tho we shed the parting tear,  
The cry for duty charms,  
Then fare you well my fair, fond wife,  
Farewell, dear children all,  
I go to offer up my life  
At my dear country's call.

Brave Britain calls across the waves  
 To her heroic sons,  
 And Britons never shall be slaves  
 To Teutons or to Huns.  
 Then farewell friends and parents too,  
 Dear brothers, sisters, all,  
 We go to win a world for you  
 At our dear country's call.

The nations' banners are unfurled  
 We never shall be slaves,  
 We go to liberate a world  
 Or fill true freemen's graves,  
 The Turkish, Teuton, Hunnish host  
 Before our arms shall fall.  
 Great Father, Son and Holy Ghost  
 Bless our brave country's call.

---

### THE GRAND FLEET

---

"They also serve who only stand and wait"—Milton.

We may praise our brave armies who fight on the field  
 Conserving an Empire's fate,  
 But what of the great silent squadrons concealed,  
 The heroes now guarding the Gate?

Patrolling the path of the stormy North Sea,  
 They keep the base German at bay,  
 By their strong silent force the Atlantic is free  
 And Britain is Mistress to-day.

Hurrah! for the heroes who fight on the land,  
 Hurrah! for the heroes who wait,  
 The brave British seamen who silently stand  
 And sternly keep guard at the Gate.

With the great German fleet in the Kiel Canal  
 Unable to help her great host,  
 And the Grand British Fleet like a mighty sea wall,  
 Patrolling and guarding the coast.

God bless the brave boys who are facing the guns,  
 Their grit and their glory are great,  
 And God bless Great Britain's brave, stern silent sons,  
 Her heroes now guarding the Gate.

## THE COMRADE IN WHITE

Air: "Bury me not in the deep, deep Sea."

From the far-flung front of the Western line,  
To show the love of the Lord divine  
For the wretched victims of brutal war,  
This sad, sweet tale of that scene afar,  
To a simple soldier by Him revealed,  
The White-robed Friend of the Battlefield.

As with outstretched arms and an inward groan  
He cried "Alas! if th's world had known!  
"But now it is hidden far from its eyes  
"And the son of Man in His children dies!  
"The hearts of men are to ice congealed"  
Said the White-robed Friend of the Battlefield.

Alone and wounded the soldier lay  
When the Vis'on came at the close of day,  
All hope for help from his comrades vain,  
He lay and writhed in his bitter pain.  
To The Wounded Heart h's sad case appealed,  
To the White-robed Friend of the Battlefield.

The wounded man in His arms He took  
And bore him away to a babbling brook,  
Where his wounds He washed and dressed and bound  
As he lay on the earth-stricken battleground.  
"Now, rest you here from the foe concealed"  
Said the White-robed Friend of the Battlefield.

The soldier's soul was with joy replete  
Till he saw the Wounds in His hands and feet,  
And he cried: "Dear Friend, you are wounded too!  
Is there aught on earth I can do for you?"  
"These wounds are old, they are yet unhealed"  
Said the White-robed Friend of the Battlefield.

"Who was that Vision?" the critics cry,  
Who could it be but the Lord on high?  
Who could it be but The Crucified  
Who on Mount Calvary for all men died?  
Who in high heaven all power wields,  
The White-robed Friend of the Battlefields.

Dear Lord come down from Thy home on high,  
Hear Thy poor war-worn children's cry.  
Hear our poor prayer great Prince of Peace  
And bid this most cruel warfare cease.  
In this fearful strife be our Sword and Sh'eld,  
Thou White-robed Christ of the Battlefield.

## EARL KITCHENER

Mourn for the brave Lord Kitchener,  
 Kitchener of Khartoum!  
 And those six hundred seamen bold  
 Whose lifeless forms the seas enfold  
 In the dark caverns dense and cold,  
 Amid the awful gloom.

Mourn for the gallant Kitchener  
 Now sleeping in the sea,  
 Mourn for the many thousand souls  
 Above whose tomb the ocean rolls,  
 From farthest India to the Poles,  
 Who died to set us free.

Mourn for the mighty Kitchener  
 And his untimely fate,  
 For the many million men who died  
 On that vast warfield, far and wide,  
 The splendid spirits crucified  
 In a cause supremely great.

This is a time when souls are tried,  
 When antichrist abroad doth ride,  
 With Europe little else beside  
 A graveyard or a tomb.  
 Mourn for the great and gallant dead,  
 The hero-hearts that bravely bled,  
 Mourn for the Empire's martial head,  
 Kitchener of Khartoum.

## THE TYRANT OF THE RHINE

Loved Land of the Maple Leaf,  
 To the Motherland's relief  
 Went thy brave sons to the far battle line,  
 Where they faced the fearful foe  
 And in thousands now lie low  
 In the battles by the blood-red Rhine.

From the swift Saskatchewan  
 Have thy gallant heroes gone  
 To the land of the fair, fruitful vine,  
 From St. Lawrence sunny banks  
 They have rushed into the ranks  
 To beat back the Tyrant of the Rhine.

From the splendid, swift St. John,  
O'er the Grand Falls rushing on,  
From the forests of this fair land of mine,  
The majestic Miramichi,  
They have sailed the sounding sea  
To beat back the Tyrant of the Rhine.

From fair "Fundy's boisterous Bay,"  
From the region of Grand Pre  
And the fair Land of Evangeline,  
From "The Garden of the Gulf"  
They have gone to fight the Wolf,  
In the greatest war the world has ever seen.

Oh when shall they return  
To the faithful hearts that yearn  
(The laurels of their love to entwine?  
When shall we see them back  
Beneath the Union Jack?  
When they beat back the Tyrant of the Rhine.

What Briton's heart but swells  
At thy name, dread Dardanelles?  
Where the Cross above the Crescent soon should  
shine.  
From each sounding sea to sea  
Shall the nations soon be free  
From the tramp of the Tyrant of the Rhine.

From the Islands of the West  
On the broad Pacific's breast,  
From the mighty Rocky Mountains far decline,  
From the fogs of Newfoundland  
To the Islands of Japan  
Shall be free from the Tyrant of the Rhine.

From Australia's sea-girt shore  
And New Zealand, thousands pour,  
From the lands of the palmetto and the pine,  
From far India's sunny land  
And South Africa's golden strand,  
To beat back the Tyrant of the Rhine.

Those unhappy Balkan States  
Whom the Furies or the Fates  
To the Turkman and the Teuton would assign.  
Let us hope that day is done,  
That the Teuton race is run,  
That the battle shall be won  
By the Dardanelles, the Danube and the Rhine.



Loved Sarmtia long has wept  
 As the tyrants o'er her swept,  
     Her fate, heroic Serbia, like to thine,  
 And to thine, brave Belgium  
 Whose great day is yet to come,  
 That shall strike the tyrant dumb  
     And shatter his proud castles by the Rhine.

From the fertile fields of France,  
 That dear Garden of Romance,  
     All the brave friends of Freedom now combine,  
 From the fair Land of the Rose,  
 And where Scotland's Thistle grows,  
 Where the "River Shannon Flows,"  
     To beat back the Tyrant of the Rhine.

From the mighty Russ'ian slopes,  
 That brave land of heroes' hopes,  
 From the fair land of the Popes,  
     That the glory of its past shall not resign.  
 From "Our Lady of the Snows,"  
 Whose great heart with ardor glows,  
 Who is striking brilliant blows  
     To beat back the Tyrant of the Rhine.

In its magnitude so vast  
 (This World War shall overcast  
 All the contests of the past  
     And their carnage to oblivion shall consign,  
 This Crusade against the Turk  
 And the German's dirty work,  
 Where the darkest demons lurk  
     By the Dardanelles, the Danube and the Rhine.)

God of the nations all,  
 Whose brave sons in battle fall,  
 On Thy Sacred Name we call,  
     The ears of Thy mercy, Lord, incline,  
 B'd this cruel carnage cease,  
 All the world from war release,  
 Thou puissant Prince of Peace,  
     Thou, the Master of the World, Lord Divine.

### BALKAN BATTLEFIELDS

Air: "Hohenlinden."  
 (Expl. of "fez": the Turkish cap.)  
 Behold that brave Albanian band  
 Surnamed the "Balkan Firebrand,"  
 For God and Country firmly stand  
     Where rolls the Adriatic on

---

From Montenegro's mountains high  
Each hero comes and this his cry:  
"For Liberty we live or die,"  
"Where rolls the Adriatic on."

By that brave city, bold Belgrade,  
Each Servian soldier draws his blade,  
In war's wild panoply arrayed  
Where rolls the dark blue Danube on.

Beneath the Balkan Mountains frown  
Bulgarian armies thunder down  
To toss on high the Turkish crown  
Where roll the Black Sea waters on.

From Adrianople's warded walls  
The tyrant Turk in terror falls,  
This avalanche his soul appals,  
Where roll the dark blue waters on.

The gallant Greek has joined the fight,  
Great, glorious Greece, the world's delight,  
That lovely land of "living light,"  
Where rose the peerless Parthenon.

The glory that was ancient Greece,  
While time shall be shall never cease,  
In war and all the arts of peace,  
Wide o'er the world her splendor shone.

There, o'er the Macedonian hills,  
From east to west war's thunder thrills,  
The world with wildest wonder fills  
Where roll the blood-red waters on.

The tyrant Turk is trembling now,  
The fez has fallen from his brow,  
In vain his fierce, fanatic vow,  
His greedy grasp on Europe gone.

O city by the "Golden Horn,"  
Constantinople, trampled, torn,  
With worse than war thy heart is worn,  
Ah, would that this were Freedom's dawn!

Where St. Sophia's bright roofs swell,  
No sound of chimes or evening bell,  
Within, without, the hounds of hell  
Have held in thrall that peerless one.

God guard the heroes in the strife,  
Who fight for children, home and wife,  
For Liberty and Love and Life,  
The grandest cause He smiles upon.

## THREE WAR SONGS

In Memoriam Major Belyea, Gunner Samuel Regan, Pte.  
Gulliver, and all the dead heroes of Miramichi.

## OUR BRAVE CANADIAN BOY

Beneath the blue Canadian skies  
Our bonnie lad was born,  
But on a foreign field he lies  
And we are left forlorn.  
How brave and gay he sailed away  
Our pride and only joy,  
But he is lying dead today,  
Our brave Canadian Boy.

Upon the western prairies fair  
In eastern forests grand,  
Ah, there is many a vacant chair  
In our Canadian land.  
Ah, little did we ever deem  
That war should soon destroy  
Thy darling, dear, delicious dream,  
Our brave Canadian Boy.

We bow beneath the Will of God  
While falls the tender tear,  
Beneath the cold and cruel sod  
Lies all to us most dear.  
Our handsome and heroic son,  
Our grief has this alloy,  
You fell where heroes' crowns are won,  
Our brave Canadian Boy.

## THE SOLDIER BOY

With a sorrowful sigh and a tear in her eye,  
Said a wife to her husband one day:  
O how can you laugh and that strong liquor quaff,  
O how can your bosom be gay?  
My soul is so sad that I cannot be glad  
Since our soldier son sailed away

---

Said a mother one night with a face wan and white  
As her babe in its cradle she lay:  
O my dear little dove  
O my sweet little love  
So innocent there at your play,  
Ah little you know  
Of your poor mother's woe  
Since her soldier boy sailed away.

Said a beautiful girl,  
With a face white as pearl:  
Thy pity high heaven I pray,  
My poor bosom shall burst,  
For that tyrant accurst  
What a price our poor people shall pay  
I shall never know joy  
Since my dead soldier boy,  
Since my soldier love sailed away.

---

#### ANGEL AND STAR

---

An angel saw a splendid star  
High in the heavens shine  
And mounted his auroral car  
To reach that light divine.

The Teuton and the Turkman gazed  
Upon the splendid sight,  
The Bulgar and the Hun amazed,  
Cried out in wild affright.  
"What is that great and glorious thing  
That in the air we see?"  
And then they heard St. Michael sing:  
"Behold the world is free."

---

#### NURSE EDITH CAVELL

---

Air: "Annie Laurie."  
She died for her country's glory,  
This brave but gentle girl,  
Her name shall survive in story  
As Britain's peerless pearl.  
She faced her ferocious foemen,  
In vain had her friends appealed  
Shot down by those brutal yeomen,  
On that far-flung, fatal field,

With her country's brave old Banner  
 Pinned fast to her fearless heart,  
 She fell on the field of honor,  
 In glory d'ed she depart.  
 To her home on the English meadows  
 Her soul sent a message sealed,  
 As she passed thru the Valley of Shadows  
 From that far-flung, fatal field.

The fame of fair Edith Cavell,  
 From her humble place of birth  
 To the bounds of the world shall travel,  
 (To the farthest ends of earth.)  
 While the nations are slaying, snarling,  
 (To the death they will not yield.)  
 They buried this British Darling  
 On that far-flung, fatal field.

---

#### THE FOREST OF PINE

---

To Lieut. Frank T. Corr, of St. John, N. B.

My dear comrade Dan, we shall grieve at his death,  
 Your dear brother Frank, sleeping now,  
 On that far battlefield with a hero's bright wreath  
 Adorning his broad, manly brow.  
 Ah, little we dreamed the sad news we should hear  
 Of the death of this dear friend of mine,  
 That our song should be changed to the sigh and the tear  
 As we passed thru the forest of pine.

With the sun smiling down on the forest and stream  
 As we bagged the bright salmon and trout,  
 Or exchanged the fond fishermen's pleasure and dream  
 For the hunter's wild chase and the shout,  
 Alas, the brave boy, of our party the joy,  
 To whose memory this wreath I entwine,  
 In the fearful world strife yielded up his young life  
 As we passed thru the forest of pine.

In that sad, sylvan scene shall his memory be green,  
 If therein we should all meet again,  
 As with hearts full of pain thru the sunshine and rain,  
 We recall him, that man among men.  
 He has won the bright crown, he shall surely smile down  
 From the heights of Elysium divine,  
 Shall salute us once more from that beautiful shore,  
 As we pass thru the forest of pine.

## THE KAISER'S LAMENT

Air: "The Gay Banks of the Rhine." "Dam" as a "Stopper."  
 His country's Call caused a young native Canadian  
 To visit the banks of the Rhine,  
 When the Kaiser he saw and his hair he was tearing:  
 "Me'n Gott! if dis world it vash mine"

I make a big Var von I tot I vas ready,  
 But de Belgian he got in my vay,  
 He strook me a blow an my head ish unsteady,  
 I feels dat dam blow to dis day.

Mein Gott! if I only had got into Paris  
 An overrun France as I tot,  
 But Joffre's French troops my poor Germans did harass,  
 An make dat cam country too hot

De Rooshin got after de Austro-Hungarian  
 An play de dam fool mit his force,  
 I vish he was sent mit de silent Siberian,  
 Confined till he shout himself hoarse.

An if I gets after dat greasy Italian,  
 Whose solemn vord to me he proke,  
 And made me a rantin' and roarin' rapscallian,  
 Mit all my great plans gone in shmoke.

I join mit de Turk an de forces of evil,  
 I bribe de Bugarian to sell,  
 But all my great plan it haf gone to de devil  
 An I might as vell go to hell.

O vat shall I do! Gott Almighty haf left me,  
 De devil, he too haf turned Turk,  
 Of my crown an my country de foe haf bereft me,  
 And I am all shpoilt mit my vork.

My submarines sneak thru de sea like de vulture,  
 My zeppelins skip tru de air,  
 I kill and I shlay for de great German "kultur"  
 And now moost I die in despair?

I haf lived like a demon, I'll die like a hero,  
 Like great Alexander, get drunk,  
 The world shall proclaim me a tyrant like Nero  
 And all my great plan as a funk!

De world ish against me, no friend haf de Kaiser  
 No man ish so sorry ash me,  
 I'll get a big gun an I'll sharpen my razor,  
 To Berlin I'll go on der Spree.

Farewell to de land I haf doomed to destruction,  
 Poor people too faithful to me,  
 I moost leaf to de vorld de vast work of construction  
 An England is queen of de sea.

Farewell, too, to France and to fame and to glory,  
 Germania, I made you a slave,  
 My name shall go down in de darkest of story  
 And curses shall cover my grave."

---

### REQUIEM

---

Where the mighty Rocky Mountains  
 In their majesty arise  
 And amid their flashing fountains  
 Tower to the western skies.  
 Where Saskatchewan is leaping  
 By the prairies of the West,  
 For the gallant hearts now sleeping,  
 Lying in their long, last rest.

By the Great Lakes mighty waters,  
 Where the great Niagara Falls  
 To our country's sons and daughters  
 In a ceaseless cadence calls,  
 With its mighty thunders roaring  
 At the tyranny of kings,  
 Its vast volume ever pouring,  
 Our brave heroes' Requiem sings.

By the blue St. Lawrence sweeping  
 Thru the vast Canadian vales,  
 There are many mourners weeping,  
 Sighing with the gentle gales.  
 In each great Canadian city,  
 From each sounding sea to sea,  
 Loving hearts are pierced with pity  
 For this slaughter that should be.

Where our own St. John in splendor  
 Pours its waters to the Bay,  
 There are mourners true and tender  
 For some dear one far away.  
 Where our native forests tower  
 By majestic Miramichi  
 Droops some fair and fragile flower  
 For a dead friend o'er the sea,

Down in Nova Scotian meadows,  
Fair land of Evangeline,  
Where the spirits in the shadows  
Wander thru that old war scene.  
Where Prince Edward's fertile Island  
Rises red above the sea,  
In each vale and hardy highland  
Of this kingdom of the free.

There are bosoms sadly aching  
For their bright hopes bitter blight  
There are sad hearts slowly breaking  
For some victim in the fight.  
Some fond father sternly keeping  
Back the tears that fill his eyes,  
Some sad mother softly weeping  
For the light of all her skies.

Some dear sweetheart, wife or sister  
Who can only weep and pray  
For the hero-heart who kissed her  
As he proudly marched away.  
Some young brother sternly longing  
To avenge the brother gone,  
Where the hero hosts are thronging  
And the weary War goes on.

On the fields of France, in Flanders,  
In that city of the dead,  
Where the blood-soaked stream meanders  
By some gallant hero's head.  
Where the Marne and Meuse are flowing  
By some stricken soldier's grave,  
Some young heart once grandly glowing  
Mid the bravest of the brave.

Where the gallant heroes falling  
At the fortress of Verdun  
To their countrymen are calling  
"Come and help us, quick and soon,  
Countrymen of Nelson, Newton,  
Of great Wellington and Blake,  
Come and batter down the Teuton  
For humanity's dear sake."

"Countrymen of gallant Gordon,  
Of great Kitchener and 'Bobs,'  
Come and closer draw the cordon  
Where the heart of battle throbs."  
Where the blue Rhine sweeps in splendors  
From the forest to the sea,  
There the Empire's brave defenders  
Die to make the nations free.



God of Battles, high in heaven  
 In Thy Kingdom of delight,  
 Let the signal soon be given  
 For the finish of the fight,  
 Let the demon down be driven,  
 Bless the triumph of the Right,  
 Let the darkness soon be riven  
 By the glory of Thy Light.

---

Mlle. E. MOREAU

(The Heroine of Loos.)

---

At Linden, by swift Iser's flow,  
 A Moreau laid the Austrian low,  
 While on his banners grandly glow  
 The midnight flames in majesty,  
 At Loos, another Moreau maid  
 Most timid yet all unafraid,  
 A hero's part most nobly played  
 Amid "the dreadful revelry."

All honor to Miss Moreau brave,  
 Long may her country's banners wave  
 Above a land that nobly gave  
 Such glorious gifts to Liberty.  
 Amid a warfare worse than hell,  
 Five Germans by her small hand fell,  
 Afar the splendid story tell  
 To all the world of chivalry.

All honor to this glorious girl,  
 Fair France's Lily, Rose and Pearl  
 More splendid far than belted earl,  
 In their best days of bravery,  
 And honor to her sisters all  
 Who nobly went at Mercy's call  
 Where bombs and bullets flame and fall  
 And Death flies over land and sea.

Beside her British medals rest  
 The "Croix de Guerre" she fondly prest  
 Upon her fair and fearless breast,  
 Bon fille de terre de fleur de lis,  
 Land of the bright and beaming Star,  
 Lands of the Allied forces far,  
 We almost bless this beastly War  
 That shows such Love and Bravery,

---

**CANADIAN HEROES**

---

On that far-flung battlefield  
Where they die but do not yield,  
    While the German guns and gases on them play,  
Our brave boys, their country's pride,  
Bravely fought and greatly died,  
    Our brave Canadian heroes "saved the day."

Beat'ng back the German host,  
Counting not the cruel cost,  
    Ever foremost in the fiercest of the fray,  
On that foreign field they fell,  
The brave boys we loved so well,  
    Our brave Canadian heroes "saved the day."

Loved land of the Maple Leaf,  
Crowned with glory and with grief  
    For thy splendid sons so swiftly swept away,  
Lift thy lovely drooping head,  
For thy great and gallant dead,  
    Thy brave Canadian heroes "saved the day."

---

**FREEDOM'S CRY**

---

Brave friends of Freedom all  
    Hear the great cry,  
Hear your brave country's call,  
Free the world from its thrall,  
Don't let the the Old Flag fall,  
    Freedom, or die!

See where her splendid Star  
    Streams in the sky,  
Wage still the mighty War,  
Carry the banners far,  
Workmen of God you are,  
    Freedom, or die!

Fear not the tyrant's frown,  
    Soon shall he fall,  
Country, state, city, town,  
Put Turk and Teuton down,  
Wreathing fair Freedom's crown.  
    Freedom for all.

---

 THE BELLE OF BELGRADE
 

---

(Air: Dixie's Sunny Land.)

(Sophe Tcrnritch and Michael Stephanovitch.)

O, Michael, dearest Michael I'm off to battle too,  
 I feel this is my country's call, I'm to the front with you,  
 The cause of our contention I clearly understand,  
 We go to fight the tyrant Turk, to drive him from our land  
 He shall not trample on our homes, he shall not us degrade,  
 We'll fight him to a finish, said the brave Belle of Belgrade.

I have cut off my flowing hair, I've donned my soldier suit,  
 Dear, don't you think it fits me fine?—you bet that I can shoot!  
 And if they will not let me go I'll seek for suicide,  
 And then my dearest Michael I may not be your bride.  
 But do not fear, my hero-heart, or do not be dismayed,  
 I'll be your boon companion, said the brave Belle of Belgrade.

Remember that brave Maid of old who led the Arms of France,  
 Beneath the Banner white and gold she bravely did advance,  
 That hoary war of ninety years how quickly came its close,  
 Her spirit seems to urge me on to fight our fearful foes.  
 I know it is my Country's Call and cannot be delayed,  
 It is for God and Home we fall, said the brave Belle of Belgrade.

O, Sophe, dearest Sophe, it fills my heart with woe  
 To part with you, my brave brunette, to battle let us go,  
 And ere the war is over, ere this campaign is done,  
 I'll marry you, my Queen of Hearts, our ring from Turkish gun,—  
 The constancy and courage my darling has displayed  
 Have filled my heart with hope and love, my brave Belle of  
 Belgrade.

The gallant gl:il has gone to fight close by her lover's side,  
 Her splendid stand has filled her friends with patriotic pride,  
 "Queen of the Army" she is called on every battlefield,  
 Beloved by all those hero-hearts who die but do not yield,  
 When can their glory on her fame from history's pages fade?  
 Those gallant Balkan heroes and the brave Belle of Belgrade

---

 O'CONNELL'S PRAYER
 

---

(Air: "Afton Water.")

Flow gently fair Shannon, among thy green hills,  
 The state of thy country thy sad bosom chills,  
 The demon of Discord in Erin still lives,  
 The demon that neither forgets nor forgives.

A dark and dense cloud o'er dear Erin I see  
That hides the fair face of my country from me,  
But God guides the nations so do not despair,  
The fair face of Freedom shall smile on you there.

When I was in Erin I cast off her chains,  
In Dublin's dear city they placed my remains,  
They laid me to rest amid sorrow and gloom,  
A tall white Round Tower they built o'er my tomb.

Since then I have prayed for dear Erin on high,  
And smiled as I saw the dear hour draw nigh  
When beautiful Erin a queen should be crowned,  
In the green and gold robes of a sovereign be gowned.

When the brave sons of Erin return from the war,  
And, splendidly shining behold the bright Star,  
That over their country, north, south, east and west,  
Shall stream in its splendor on Erin's bright breast.

Then shall glorious Great Britain and Erin and France  
With Russia, Roumania, Italia, advance,  
And joining the Nations far over the seas,  
The fair Flag of Freedom fling forth to the breeze.

The dark cloud is drifting away from the strand,  
The angels of Heaven are guarding the land,  
My Mary, too, sleeps mid your murmuring streams,  
Flow gently, sweet Shannon, disturb not her dreams.

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### THE LUSITANIA

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The Germans have murdered another host  
Near the head of old Kinsale,  
From the homes of the hapless people lost  
Goes forth a nightly wail:  
O when shall this awful warfare cease?  
Shall our loved ones slaughtered lie?  
Shall we ever be blessed by the beams of Peace?  
We cry to Thee, God on High!

Avenge this cruel and cowardly deed,  
And put the dark demon down,  
By whom the hearts of our millions bleed  
And we wear the martyr's crown,  
Arise in your might ye men of the world  
And end the fearful strife,  
Let the despot down from the heights be hurled  
For Liberty, Love and Life.

## THE GOLDEN HILL

Admiral Makaroff

Brave Makaroff, his country's pride,  
 Her glory and her woe,  
 Far better had the hero died  
     While fighting with the foe.  
 Far fitter had he met the fleet  
     Upon the seas afar  
 Than such a fearful fate to meet  
     Beyond the Golden Bar.

Brave Makaroff, his country's hope,  
 That country's hope no more,  
 For whom his country's banner's droop  
     Her hero hearts are sore.  
 Well may thy nation mourn for thee  
     Her heart with horror thrill,  
 Those gallant ships beneath the sea,  
     Beyond the Golden Hill.

That country's cries go up to God  
     For mercy on her dead,  
 She sinks upon the stricken sod  
     And bows her haughty head.  
 Peace to the spirits of the brave  
     In slumber sad and still,  
 Beneath the grand and gloomy wave,  
     Beyond the Golden Hill.

## THE SPANISH GIRL'S PRAYER

A beautiful maiden was kneeling in prayer  
     In an old Spanish church far away,  
 Her exquisite form had the droop of despair,  
     At the close of an evening in May.

She had heard of the battle so recently fought  
     And the victory brave Dewey had won,  
 And she thought O how dearly that victory was bought,  
     With the bold Spanish squadron undone.

She raised her sad eyes, overflowing with tears  
     And a face full of beauty divine,  
 As she breathed forth to Heaven her agonized fears  
     At the foot of the beautiful shrine.

"O merciful One in the heavens above  
Hear a heart-broken Spanish girl's cry,  
And save him, my bright and my beautiful love,  
For I fear my Alfonso shall die!"

And many a fair young American girl  
With the beautiful Spaniard shall weep,  
And many a tear-drop as pure as a pearl  
Shall fall for this fight on the deep.

And if in the combat Columbia shall win  
And the gallant Iberian go down,  
O let us remember our hist'ry begins  
By a gift from the fair Spanish Crown.

O let not Americans ever forget  
The debt that is due unto Spain,  
But hear with a heart of the deepest regret  
That motto: "Remember the Maine!"

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### THE GOLDEN WEST

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O Shakespere, it is as you told us,  
This old world is only a stage,  
We are on it and nothing can hold us,  
We are actors in every age,  
Fate beckons, and presto! we follow,  
Quite blindly, the tyrants behest,  
We play many parts in the great Game of Hearts,  
L'ke "The Girl of the Golden West."

There's a part that the people are playing  
With the tyrants, the trusts and the thieves,  
There's a word that the Workman is saying  
Who gathers the great golden sheaves,  
The commonplace people are calling,  
The robbers are getting no rest  
Into Hades the heelers are falling  
In this Land of the Golden West.

Canadians, too, are beginning  
The Grafters' great feelers to feel,  
Our upper ten thousand are sinning  
And playing the great game of steal.  
Already throughout this Dominion  
We see this Political Pest,  
Soar swiftly on broad, brazen pinion  
Thro' this Land of the Golden West.

And down in our dear little Province,  
 New Brunswick that sits by the sea.  
 We have grafters and heelers in plenty,  
 Some hailing from Miramichi.  
 How long are our people to stand it?  
 Such fooling all freedom detest,  
 Reform is the watchword. Demand it,  
 Young man of the Golden West.

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### THE GOLDEN HORN

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The Golden Horn is gleaming,  
 In the glowing noon-day sun,  
 The Turk in his tent is dreaming  
 That his evil day is done.  
 The Russian is marching his forces  
 O'er the land of the smiling morn.  
 There are trampling of men and horses  
 In the land of The Golden Horn.

The battles are fiercely raging,  
 Round the City of Constantine,  
 The warfare still furiously waging  
 In the cause that is sure divine  
 Around the beautiful City  
 The pride of the Turk is shorn,  
 There is due neither mercy nor pity  
 To the Hun at the Golden Horn.

Sat a sultan in meditation  
 By His Picture\*, in silence, dumb,—  
 Said he after long contemplation:  
 "His hour has not yet come."  
 Is a scene in its splendor surprising  
 For the city long tramped, torn,  
 Is the glory of God arising  
 On that land at The Golden Horn?

\* The portrait of Our Lord on the whitewashed walls of the cathedral of St. Sophia, which had suddenly and strangely shone thru the daubing on the wall.

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**RESURGAM**

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When this mighty War is ended  
And the battle-flags are furled  
Then shall dawn an era splendid  
For the Kingdoms of the world.  
When the Nations shall assemble  
To proclaim the terms of Peace,  
Then shall tyrants truly tremble,  
Then their wickedness shall cease.

Then the peoples desolated  
Shall arise in might again,  
By fair Freedom elevated  
To their rights as sons of men.  
Then shall those who now are weeping  
In their happiness rejoice  
O'er their dead ones proud ward keeping,  
Raise a payerful, thankful voice.

To the God of Battles singing  
The great Anthem of the free,  
Thru the world's wide welkin ringing,  
Singing "Glory unto Thee,  
Thou great God of all creation,  
In Whom holy souls find rest,  
Ruler of each state and nation,  
Be Thy Name forever blest."



