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HARK!
The Bugle Calls

Poems of
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Vancouver,
B. C.

DEDICATED TO

His Majesty the King

Who represents the millions of Loyal
Hearts that beat for Empire
and Unity.

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Britain's Call to Arms.

Sons of Empire, hear the message
Wafted to you o'er the waves,
Its voice permeates thro' highest prestige
To lonely attics, lanes and caves.

If ever loyal hearts were needed
To stem the tide of foreign seas
If Britain's rulers ever pleaded
For loyal subjects such as these.

'Tis at this stage of Britain's annals
When foreign powers would o'errun
And force an entrance through her channels
That Britain calls for sword and gun.

She calls each subject to his duty
To defend his country's cause,
To save the land of peace and beauty
From foreign nations' cannon roars.

At last we hear the bugle call
Through British isles both far and near.
Will our great nation stand or fall—
The home we hold on earth so dear?

Men and women to attention,
Would you slay your Motherland
Through your wilful detention
Of your time, and wealth, and hand?

Stand with your armour girded ready
In righteous wrath beside your King,
March with steps both firm and steady
When the battle cry shall ring.

Britain now and Britain ever
Should be the cry of every heart,
Let no foe seek our bonds to sever
Or of our Homeland share a part.

United Britain's subjects, stand
With loyal hearts and willing hand
To save their Empire from defeat
Which in Heaven's sight is just and meet.

Future of Britain.

“ Britannia rules the waves.
Britons never shall be slaves.”

How often we hear in the British nation
At every loyal celebration,
“Britannia ever rules the waves.
Britons never shall be slaves.”

The school boys shout with boyish glee,
“Britons ever shall be free.”
In triumphant pride their voices ring,
“God protect our gracious King.”

The mother tells with honest pride
The young child standing at her side
To have no fear, we can't be slaves,
For Britain rules the ocean waves.

Britons sometime will be slaves,
She will not always rule the waves
Unless her subjects rise from sleep
And help protect the ocean deep.

We must not wait till all is lost,
Then bitterly to count the cost.
Go! rise and do, not dream all day,
Then lose our freedom for our pay.

Don't leave our leaders all the work
While we at home our duty shirk,
Nor judge their actions as we please
While we remain in listless ease.

There's a duty that we each must do,
Let every man his work pursue,
And help our nation hold its own
'Gainst any other foreign throne.

May God our faith in him repay
In that we all in truth may say
"Britannia indeed does rule the waves,
Britons never shall be slaves."

Loyalty.

Our Empire is in danger
Through an enterprising stranger,
Who wants to claim our peaceful land
And of our ocean take command.

But we will show them how to fight
When e're their vessels come in sight,
We'll greet them with a right good cheer
That will scatter them both far and near.

We're ready both to stand or fall
When e're we hear the bugle call,
We'll thrash with steel and cannon, boys,
They who Britain's peace destroys.

Once and for all, we'll let them see
A just and loyal nation, we.
Those who fight will fight in vain
Who seek old Britain's shores to gain.

We'll show them that the boys in blue
Are to their country brave and true;
The bull-dog breed is in them still,
They'll fight for home with right good will.

Boys in Blue.

Cheer up, Britons, have no fear,
The boys in blue are always near,
With head erect and steady hand
To fight for King and native land.

They know their freedom is at stake,
And they will never swerve or quake,
But shed their life's blood in the fray
Ere they will ever yield the day.

No foreign power will claim our land
While the boys in blue can take their stand,
For a leech's hold is frail 'tis true,
Compared to that of the boys in blue.

God bless the noble boys in blue,
They'll help to see Great Britain through,
They'll stand by her, thro' shot and shells,
As Britain's past history tells.

Britain loves her noble sons,
She knows they'll not desert their guns.
Sons of the sea, loyal and true,
The brave, true-hearted boys in blue.

For God and Our King.

We'll stand by the Union Jack
Through every fierce attack;
In loyalty will our voices ring
For God and our King.

We'll storm the forts of Hell
Ere we our nation sell,
Our enemies in joy we'll fell
For God and our King.

Then send your bombs into our land,
The Empire's boys will firmly stand.
Through din of battle hear them sing
For God and our King.