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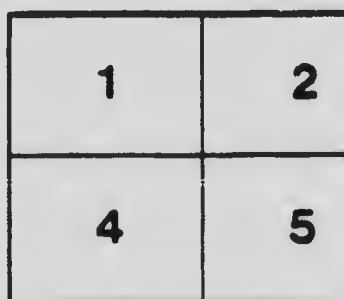
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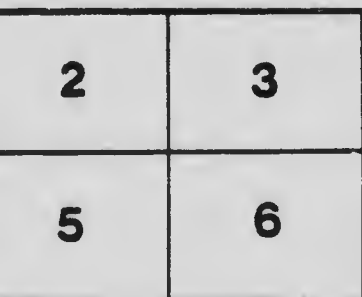
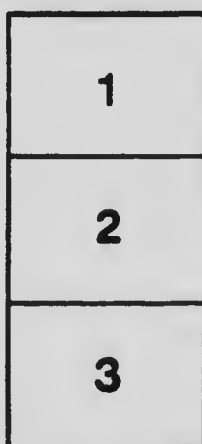
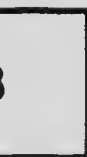
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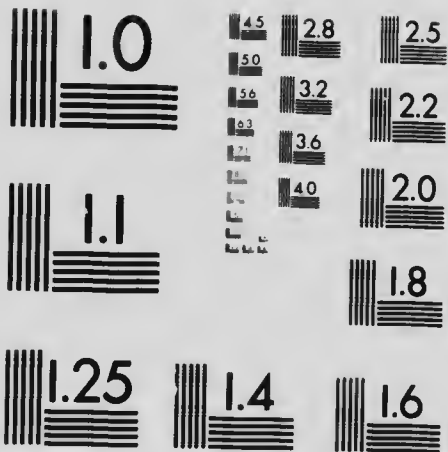
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De Actibus Sanctis

Index

Canada and  
Literature



Clark & Sons

London, England

## CANADA'S A

From the vales of Britis  
From the mill and fro  
We have rushed at Bri  
Proud to join the bat

From the far edge of A  
Where the solemn R  
Ranges of the mighty c  
We have come at Br

From the fields of Man  
Where we left the g  
Ready, waiting for the  
We have come with

And old Ontario's best  
From city and farm t  
In thousands, mother, th  
And march to the so

And all the Provinces  
Have answered in ha  
All armed for the fight  
Sons of the Saxon ar

Our Drill may strike yo  
We may fail at the  
But you'll find in the d  
We can fight and die

So give us a chance at  
T'at's why we cross  
To uphold the power o  
Old England, to fight

Salisbury



## A'S ANSWER

of British Columbia,  
and from the mine,  
at Britain's peril  
the battle line.

of Alberta  
the stern Rockies guard  
the mighty cow herds,  
at Britain's word.

of Manitoba,  
at the golden wheat  
for the sickle,  
we with hurrying feet.

's best are here,  
on farm they come,  
together, they heard your cry,  
at the sound of the drum.

of provinces by the sea  
at the call in haste your call,  
in the fight you'll find  
the Saxon and the Gaul.

to strike you as rotten,  
at the Drill Sergeant's test,  
on the day of battle  
and die with your best.

at the Germans,  
when they crossed the sea,  
the power of our Empire,  
to fight for thee.

FEB 17 1965

Salisbury Plain, November, 1914

## JOHNNIE CANUCKS

Johnnie Canucks, our time has come;  
Enough we've had of fife and drum;  
Stern is the work where bullets hum,  
That leads to victory.

Johnnie Canucks, we're now in France  
(Gun and bayonet and shining lance)  
Marching on to the Devil's dance  
On Belgium's blood-soaked lea.

Johnnie Canucks, right from the start  
We've tried our best to play our part;  
Now shoulder to shoulder, heart to heart,  
Till Belgium shall be free.

Johnnie Canucks, our country's fair;  
May thought of her be as a prayer  
To help us do our duty there  
Oh, Canada for thee.

Bravely facing death we'll stand,  
Doing our bit for the mother land;  
Oh, God, the issue is in Thy hand;  
We place our trust in Thee.

France, February 1915

TO THE C

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## THE CANADIANS WHO FELL NEAR YPRES

Mourn for your dead, oh Canada,  
Yet not as the hopeless weep,  
In a noble cause, for a country's love,  
They passed to their quiet sleep.

Pray for your dead, oh Canada,  
Yet not as the hopeless pray,  
For theirs was a death for a living hope;  
They died for the coming day.

Remember your dead, oh Canada,  
Yet not as the hopeless do,  
For the God above saw how they died,  
And His judgment is kind and true.

Think on these words, oh Canada,  
Christ died Himself to send;  
No man hath greater love than this,  
That he giveth his life for his friend.

Ypres, April 26th, 1915

## A SOLDIER'S PRAYER.

Oh God of Peace, Thou Who hast made  
The earth in beauty, wonderful and calm,  
With towering mountains, pointing to the sky,  
Serene and beautiful, protecting all  
The valleys nestling 'neath their sheltering care,  
Where little rills rush joyfully to join  
Their waters in the calm majestic river ;  
With shady woods, where helpless things may hide  
In happiness, from every foe secure ;  
With rolling prairies, bright with wondrous flowers,  
The granary of ages yet unborn,  
The heavens, filled with starry lights,  
Mysterious and full of peace,  
A rest for man's tired eyes,  
A hope and inspiration for his soul.

Why hast Thou then, in all Thy works,  
Taught man the tranquil joys of peace,  
And yet, with that same teaching, him inspired  
With love so fierce, of country and of home  
That, rise a breath of danger, threatening them,  
And he becomes a madman, wild with rage,  
Blood-thirsty, fearing naught in life or death,  
Throwing himself upon the threatening foe  
With utter disregard of Death's dread shape,  
As other times would hold him helpless and o'erawed.

And still, oh God, he feels in heart and soul,  
And every fibre of his throbbing being,  
A surety that Thou approvest what he does,  
And that Thy Son, the Prince of Peace, looks down  
And contemplates his death with loving eye,  
So that he fights in fairness for his home.

Oh God of Peace and Love, Who gave  
An only Son, that we might learn to love,  
Didst Thou not also give this instinct, old as life,  
That tells us, we must keep inviolate our land,  
And live our lives in our own way beneath Thy guiding Hand  
And firmly hold the freedom, made sacred by the blood  
Of countless generations gone before ?

Oh God of Peace, and God of Nature, we  
Look on Thy works, and scan in helpless maze  
Thy Book, in this, affliction's hour.  
Have we then blindly through the ages wrought  
Another Tower of Babel, thinking that we built  
A temple unto Thee, and that the time was near  
When peace and brotherhood would span the world ?

Thou art our only hope, and even now,  
While striking for our lives and all we love,  
We lift our faltering prayer, and ask that Thou  
Wouldst touch the heart of man, and rend the veil  
Of ignorance, that hides Thy face from him.

God of Mercy, God of Love  
Hear us as we humbly cry,  
Comfort those we leave behind us,  
Closely hold us, who must die.

God of Battles, Give us courage,  
Truth and Justice to maintain,  
May our sacrifice be holy,  
May it not be made in vain.

Belgium, July 1915.

## THE DAY OF ROMANCE.

Oh, many there be, who came with me  
On a venture far from home,  
We crossed the sea in merry glee,  
Glad of the chance to roam.

We thought of war as it was of yore,  
Of charges and red high lights,  
Of the battle's roar, with the flag before,  
And the chance of a thousand fights.

We knew we came, in our country's name,  
To fight for our country's cause,  
In a glorious game to win our fame  
And our homeland's wild applause.

But now alas, it comes to pass  
We fight not with ringing steel,  
And the colours bright fade out of sight  
In the mud of the battle field.

In helmets for gas, with their isinglass  
We parade at the dawn of day,  
With a curse of hate for our respirator  
We march to the field of fray.

A curse on the Hun, who spoilt the fun  
May he perish with all he has,  
In the depths of hell may he always dwell  
And strangle forever in gas.

We fight like the mole, in the gloom and cold  
Our battles are underground,  
Romance's day has passed away  
With the cheery bugle's sound.

Farewell Romance, with the shining lance,  
The flag and the pennant flying,  
When a day of life in the glorious strife  
Repaid the trouble of dying.

But we should worry, nor seek to hurry  
To join those warriors bold,  
In a hundred years they'll repeat with tears  
That we were the heroes of old.

Belgium, August, 1915.







