

## Britannia's Brave

Across the peaceful waters  
There came a bitter cry,  
It stirred the souls of millions  
'Neath nigh and further sky.  
And Britain's war blast sounded,  
And Freedom made reply—  
"Not ours to idly suffer wrong,  
Ours but to win or die."

For we are brothers all, my boys!  
For we are brothers all,  
For king and country we go forth  
At Freedom's welcome call.

See mighty kings of India  
United heart and hand,  
With stalwart men of Canada  
And of the Southern strand;  
In fealty and devotion  
They come, a living tide,  
From lordly hall, from humble cot  
They rally side by side.

For we are brothers all, my boys!  
For we are brothers all;  
Since rank and riches never hold  
True patriot hearts in thrall.

We are not proud ambition's tools,  
Not ours to fight for fame,  
Nor wade through needless pools of blood  
To blaze a despot's name;  
But in fair Freedom's glorious cause  
Our banners are unfurled,  
Till right shall conquer grievous wrong  
And peace shall rule the world.

For we are brothers all, my boys!  
For we are brothers all;  
For King and Country we go forth  
At Freedom's welcome call.

—E. S. M.