

INTERNATIONAL ANTHEM.  
XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX

(AIR-GOD SAVE THE KING-MY COUNTRY T'IE OF THEE.)

God hear our humble call,  
Save us from slavery's thrall,  
Heed us we pray.  
Our hope of liberty,  
Freedom by land and sea,  
All trust we place in Thee,  
Hasten the day.

Grant peace throughout the land,  
Stretch forth Thy mighty hand,  
Our guide and stay.  
By Thy eternal light,  
Lead us through darkest night,  
Show paths of truth and right,  
Our only way.

May Thy great love abound,  
Circling this world around,  
From shore to shore.  
Lord let our Allies be,  
United, loyal free,  
True to themselves and Thee,  
For evermore. Amen.

OUR HONORED UNKNOWN DEAD.

Somewhere across the ocean wide,  
Brave Mothers breathe a prayer;  
Somewhere friends from comrades hide,  
Thoughts of lost ones Over There?  
Mayhap they sleep in shot-tern fields,  
Where tens of thousands rest,  
Or grandeur of great Abbey shields,  
Hands crossed on warrior's breast.

Sleeping there, with Knights of old,  
One Unknown Soldier lies, ---  
Awaiting God's one great command;  
"Men, Sons Of Men Arise!"  
"Midst Laurel leaves and poppies red,  
The Union Jack his pall;  
Rest in peace, Our Honored Dead,  
Fear not the last great call.

Sleep on our honored nameless dead,  
In crypt or grass-grown plain;  
Thy battles fought and nobly won,  
Though 'Unknown' amongst the slain.  
No blazon on thy shield to tell,  
Of honors or renown, ---  
For King and Country fought and fell,  
Laurel leaves thy earthly crown.

Time like an ever-running stream,  
Bears human souls away;  
Our deeds forgotten as a dream,  
Though a part in each we play.  
O God our help in ages past,  
Our hope forevermore,  
Guide our footsteps here at last,  
To Thy eternal shore.

*Thomas Deasy*

Our Red Cross Nurse.  
-----

In Belgium's shot-torn, grieving land,  
Ten thousand helpless soldiers lay;  
The Red Cross banner flies o'erhead,  
Angels tending, night and day.  
Gliding through the filled up wards,  
Soothing every care and pain;  
Ne'er asking whether friend or foe,  
From mountain, sea and arid plain.

Out from the halls of high degree,  
To tend the suffering, banish care;  
Caste and rank, all cast aside,  
A woman's place is always there.  
None too high, none too low,  
Where sorrow grim racks every heart;  
Men may wound; but women, they,  
Forever fill the noble part.

In darkness of the early morn,  
A lantern lights the prison cell;  
What patriot marches out to doom,  
Who, flanked by monsters straight from hell?  
A Red Cross Nurse, 'midst firing squad,  
Placed there with back to prison wall;  
What sight is this, for man, for God?  
Why should this woman swoon and fall?

Ten shots ring out upon the air,  
Inside those four closed prison walls;  
Uncanny sight, in lantern's glare,  
The guns point where the woman falls.  
Out steps a demon, pistol aimed,  
Points slowly at defenceless head;  
All there must take a common share,  
Another shot, the Nurse lies dead.

A woman's life for country's sake,  
A patriot dead, brave men to save;  
Murdered where alone she stood,  
In death the bravest of the brave.  
List! "Patriotism," it is not enough,  
"Duty" called to save and die;  
"No bitterness and hatred now,  
"Glad in an unknown grave to lie."

Oh, God, the Judge of heaven and earth,  
Into Thy care this soul has passed;  
May her prophetic words come true,  
Her soul Abide With Thee at last.  
Free from this weary world of pain,  
Death, where thy victory, where thy sting?  
In promise "We Shall Meet Again,"  
Where God's bright angels sweetly-sing.

*Thomas Deasy*

Queen Charlotte Islands, B.C.,

December 27th, 1915.

THE DAYS THAT ARE NO MORE.

Tears, idle tears, I know not what they mean.  
Tears from the depths of some divine despair  
Rise in the heart, and gather to the eyes,  
In looking on the happy Autumn fields,  
And thinking of the days that are no more.

Fresh as the first beam glittering on a sail/  
That brings our friends up from the underworld,  
Sad as the last which reddens over one  
That sinks with all we love below the verge;  
So sad, so fresh, the days that are no more.

Ah, sad and strange as in dark Summer dawns,  
The earliest pipe of half-awakened birds  
To dying ears, when into dying eyes  
The casement slowly grows a glimmering square; S  
So sad, so strange, the days that are no more.

Dear as remembered kisses after death,  
And sweet as those by hopeless fancy feigned  
On lips that are for others; deep as love,  
Deep as first love and wild with all regret;  
Oh death in life! the days that are no more.

) Tennyson.

The days of "Diamond Jubilee" are upon those who lived and aided in the development of this portion of the British Empire. Archives are being searched, while newspapers and books scanned, for records of hardy pioneers of the past century, whose lives were devoted to the upbuilding of the land over which untutored savages roamed, not unlike the fabled Robinson Crusoe-The Monarche of all they surveyed.

Well may we, who shared in the hopes and life-work of the noble women and men who have gone before, still keep fresh, in the storehouse of memory, scenes depicting their presence and the deeds they performed far away from the busy haunts of civilization without thought of self, in their efforts to uplift humanity, in whatever walk of life they occupied under conditions that no longer exist where modern ways and means clear the path before their successors. Truly, "the days that are no more" brings back "so sad so fresh," memories of the days that have gone. The allotted span of life was not permitted to a majority of those who pioneered in this country prior to Confederation. Our Colony Days were ~~filled~~ filled with adventure, coupled with scenes that will never be duplicated by modern men and women.

When the tinkling Convent Bell called first, for scholars and worshippers, a wooden hut was the building considered sufficient to house the four devoted women and their schoolhouse was within the same small structure. Our relatives and friends attended the school of the pioneer Sisters of Charity in the early days. Before us is a copy of the first edition of The Victoria Daily Colonist, which newspaper will celebrate its Diamond Jubilee later in the year 1933. Memory of the days that are no more brings one back to three years of employment, during the early seventies, on that newspaper, when our then Colony, became a Province in the Dominion of Canada. Time has removed from earth all of my fellow workers, excepting those who took up positions on the pioneer newspaper after the writer joined the staff of The Colonist. Employment under Municipal, Provincial, and Dominion governments followed, which afforded the opportunity to become acquainted with all of the pioneer legislators, governors and officials. The late Governor Sir James Douglas, with his son-in-law, Speaker J. S. Helmcken, were familiar figures met while crossing James Bay Bridge, the one whose figure will never be forgotten; the other, with his overcoat wrapped around his form, oftentimes met at night, speeding to the bedside of some sick patient, no matter whether rich or poor, and always studying the welfare of the men, women and children of the community. Then the next picture appears when the late Bishop Demers stretched his hands over the heads of his youthful followers, in the Conformation service, at the first Church edifice, which is still

LIFE'S LITTLE SPAN.

Whose duty to size up the man of the hour?  
By his wealth, by his strength, by his God-given power;  
Shall we wait till we place him beneath the cold sod,  
Or leave his life story to his soul and his God?  
He lived as we live, he worked as we work.  
The world owed him nothing, no duty to shirk;  
Eating drinking and merry, like all of his kind,  
Brought nothing along, leaves nothing behind.

In a moment he comes, in a twinkling he goes,  
For a time, through his veins, the red life-blood fast flows;  
He crawls, then he walks, then he stands there alone,  
In the full pride of manhood, like a flower full blown.  
Up the hillside of life, climbing on day by day,  
Star of hope for his guide, light of faith for his stay;  
Onward, still onward, as the years roll along,  
Doing and daring, with a voice filled with song.

Over the top, with a heart filled with vim,  
Into entanglements, voice and eyes growing dim;  
Down the steep precipice, into swift running streams,  
Hopes dashed into fragments, brain crowded with dreams.  
Blindly he gropes for the haven of rest,  
With a prayer on his tongue, with a sigh in his breast;  
Along moves the world, others come others go,  
From the green fields of youth, to the mountains of snow.

We judge him, we pass him, in life's weary climb,  
Forgetful of fate, heedless of life's evening time;  
Knowing each minute, each month, even each year,  
Souls pass into shadows o'er ~~this~~ this world's mountain drear.  
Have we thoughts of the future, of this wierd shortened span,  
Where man knows not the moment, though we scheme, plot and plan;  
Where the God of the just and oppressed has the power,  
Alone to judge rightl~~y~~ the man of the hour.

J.D.

Homeland, mother of forbears all,  
Land of shamrock, thistle and rose;  
Sons are fleeing to answer thy call,  
From tropics to North Arctic floes.  
Help of the helpless, scourge of the vile,  
Just in your battle for right;  
Mother a place for me, either by land or sea,  
In the war to keep love's armour bright.

Motherland, despots traduce thee,  
Seeking to shield dire disgrace;  
Calling our God, on bended knee,  
To grant in the sun a place.  
the injured ones, Mother of nations,  
Aid of ~~the~~~~injured~~~~ones~~ ~~zppzzzzzz~~  
Struggling to keep all men free;  
Though ~~we~~ ~~fall~~ and die, keep honor <sup>high,</sup>'s banner  
Truly our hope is in thee.

Motherland, queen of sea, our trust and guide,  
~~our~~~~trust~~~~and~~~~guide~~;  
~~our~~~~loyal~~~~sons~~~~honour~~~~thee~~, what'er betide;  
Country who kindness shows Pity all e'en our foes  
~~our~~~~loyal~~~~sons~~~~honour~~~~thee~~  
Justice our emblem and guide.  
High the royal ensign flies,  
Prayers ascend to yon skies,

101

BRITISH COLUMBIA POLICE

INDIAN AGENT'S OFFICE,

IN YOUR REPLY REFER TO  
No. \_\_\_\_\_  
ALSO  
TO DATE OF THIS LETTER.

191

Sir,—

Very much obliged to you for the  
letter of the 10th inst. and for the  
information you have given me  
concerning the same. I am sorry  
that I cannot do more for you at  
present. I will, however, do all  
in my power to assist you in the  
future. I am, Sir, very truly  
yours,  
The Indian Agent, District of  
Columbia, British Columbia.

1111 11111A 11111

We love our little island home,  
Far o'er the trackless sea;  
Let others prate how they may roam,  
From France to Bonnie Dee.  
Our warrior forbeararomed at will,  
On island, rock and shore;  
Haidas then, and Haidas still,  
As in the days of yore.

Thirty thousand of our race,  
Sleeping 'neath the sod;  
Scarce six hundred now to trace,  
The Mystery Ways of God.  
Thirty thousand fought and died,  
For home and native land;  
Scarce six hundred now beside,  
Queen Charlotte's e8ergreen strand.

Legends tell of mighty deeds,  
Both on land and main;  
How enemies were bent, like reeds,  
O'er sea coast and on plain.  
How our forbears wandered forth,  
Seeking slaves and pelt;  
How the terrors of the North,  
made their presence felt.

The fittest lived, the weakling died,  
Each Chief knew but his own;  
Paddling forth in all their pride,  
Or midst his slain alone.  
Hand to hand, and eye to eye,  
Each warrior fought and bled;  
The slogan "conqueror die!"  
With Red Man against Red.

British laws,  
What knew they then of ~~Exitninxling~~,  
Of God and nystic ways?

20

10-27-1936
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10-27-1936

INDIAN AFFAIRS OFFICE



INDIAN AGENT'S OFFICE,

IN YOUR REPLY REFER TO

No. \_\_\_\_\_

ALSO

TO DATE OF THIS LETTER.

191

Sir,—

OF GOD AND MANKIND  
AND FROM THE HAND OF THE  
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GREAT SPIRIT

THE SOLDIER BOY'S FAREWELL.

---

(By Thomas Deasy, Queen Charlotte Islands, B.C.)

I'm leaving you, my colleen dear,  
Brave heart so kind and true,  
All Britain's sons must answer "here,"  
'Neath the red, the white and blue.  
Calla lillies you I'll bring,  
From France and Belguim too;  
With a little yellow golden ring,  
When I come to marry you.

Chorus.

We go to save the Union Jack,  
Our Country, King and you;  
To fight with men from every clime,  
For the red, the white and blue.  
Farewell, Allana, kiss your boy,  
Though parting gives you pain;  
God be with you, darling,  
Until we meet again.

Mother calls, we must obey,  
Bound in honour, all;  
From Snowy Klondike far away,  
To the fields of Donegal.  
My heart is in thy keeping love,  
Take this bunch of shamrocks too;  
On fighting line, with stars above,  
My thoughts will be of you.

Dry your tears, my colleen dear,  
My Molly Bawn Asthore;  
Right must win oh never fear,  
And when the war is o'er-  
King and country will us bless,  
Peace will come with hopes galore;  
Your soldier boy fond lips will press,  
And never leave thee more.

TWINING FLAGS OF FREEDOM.

Twine them, twine them, twine them,  
The red, the white and blue;  
Starry flag of freedom,  
Britain's emblem true.  
Twine them, twine them, twine them,  
Raise their folds on high;  
The Union Jack, the Stars and Stripes,  
Victory is nigh.

Chorus.

The Stars and Stripes, forever,  
Britain's crosses, three;  
Hurrah for Merry England,  
My Country, T'is of Thee.

Twine them, twine them, twine them,  
Guard them with your might;  
Across the stormy ocean,  
Where camp fires burn at night.  
Twine them, twine them, twine them,  
Forever we'll be true;  
The Stars and Stripes, the Union Jack,  
The Red, the white and blue.

Twine them, twine them, twine them,  
Stand firm beneath their folds;  
They mean freedom for our country,  
For all that manhood holds:  
Twine them, twine them, twine them,  
Once more boys, three times three;  
The Union Jack, the Starry flag,  
Entwined for liberty.

*Thomas Deasy,*  
Queen Charlotte Islands, B.C.

THE DAYS THAT ARE NO MORE.

-----

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Rise in the heart, and gather to the eyes,  
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"The Day"

"Only a scrap of paper,"  
Setting a world afire;  
Emperor holding the taper,  
Chancellor starting the pyre.  
Burning up all men cherish,  
Honor, glory and fame;  
What care they who perished  
While diplomacy plays the game.

"Only a scrap of paper,"  
Britain's promise is there;  
Sealed with crowned wafer,  
Signed by men who do and dare.  
Plighted our word to nations,  
Matters not what betide;  
Untrammelled by despot's gyrations,  
Faith in God on our side.

"Only a scrap of paper,"  
Covers a million of graves;  
"Only a scrap of paper,"  
Honoured dead; but never slaves.  
Radiant in all men cherish,  
Though sleeping 'neath the sod;  
Mortal may fall and perish,  
~~Righteousness ends at the throne of God.~~  
Righteousness ends at the throne of God.

T. D.

Duty Nobly Done.

(Dedicated to the late Rev. William Hogan.)

" Lay me by the seaside,  
Close beside my Haida Braves;  
Where Beacon Lights shine forth and guide,  
Among the bar and ruthless waves.  
There I laid them down to rest,  
Among them would I lie;  
Hush, dear one, do not weep,  
T'is God's will that man must die."

"Sure, I preached and prayed among them,  
In the happy days of yore;  
Baptized and praised their children,  
Married those who fealty swore.  
Sat with them in festive hall,  
Each Sunday all I blessed;  
And when God sent the parting call,  
Laid them down to rest."

" Help me read the psalm of praise,  
"God's mighty will be done,"  
Hear, the voice, O Lord I raise,  
For life's hard race is run.  
"Alanna!" Lord, the life line throw,  
Bless Thy Holy Name;  
Save the souls left here below,  
With love their hearts inflame!"

Bless them, Lord, my Haida braves,  
My children one and all;  
Those resting in the sand-blown graves,  
Those who wait Thy deathless call.  
T'is thy will, I go before,  
To Thy eternal rest;  
Duty done, O lord what more?  
A home among the blest.

Masset, Queen Charlotte Islands,  
March 1st 1914.

By  
Thomas Deasy

THE SOLDIER BOY'S FAREWELL.

I'm leaving you my colleen dear,  
Brave heart so kind and true;  
All British sons must answer "here,"  
'Neath the red, the white and blue.  
Calla lillies you I'll bring,  
From France and Belguim too;  
With a little yellow golden ring,  
When I come home to marry you.

Chorus.

We'll fight for freedom night and day,  
For England, home and you;  
Long live our King and Country,  
'Neath the red, the white and blue.  
Farewell my own sweet colleen;  
My Molly Bawn Asthore;  
British arms and British hearts,  
Strong as in the days of yore.

Mother calls, we must obey,  
Bound in honour, all;  
From snowy Klondike far away,  
To fields of Donegal.  
My heart is in thy keeping love,  
Take this bunch of shamrocks too;  
On fighting line, with stars above,  
My thoughts will be with you.

Dry your teems my colleen dear,  
My Molly Bawn Asthore;  
Right will win, oh never fear,  
And when the war is o'er-  
King and country will us bless,  
Peace will come with hopes galore;  
Your soldier boy fond lips will press,  
I'll never leave you more.

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INDIAN AGENT'S OFFICE,

IN YOUR REPLY REFER TO  
No. \_\_\_\_\_  
ALSO  
TO DATE OF THIS LETTER.

191

Sir,

[Faint, mostly illegible text, likely a letter or official communication]

MS-1182 DEASY, Thomas, 1857-1936. Masset, Victoria; Indian agent.  
Box 1 Miscellaneous poetry [74-A-117, File V]  
File 08



1111 111111 11111

Motherland, home of forbears all,  
Land of thistle, shamrock and rose;  
Sons are fleeing to answer the call,  
From tropics to Arctic's icy floes.  
Help of helpless, scourge of vile,  
Just in battling for the right;  
Mother a place for me, either by land or sea,  
In the struggle to keep love's armour bright.

Motherland, despots traduce thee,  
Seeking to shield dire disgrace;  
Groveling there, on bended knee,  
Craving in God's sun a place,  
Aid of wife and child,  
Refuge of homeless ones,  
Struggling to keep the world free;  
Though all should fall and die,  
Keep honour's banner high,-  
Truly our hope is in thee.

Motherland, trust and guide, queen of the sea;  
High the royal ensign flies,  
Though dire distress betide, one, all with thee.  
Seeking no earthly prize,



"Qu'Appelle? Qu'Appelle"? No answer, and the night  
Seemed stiller for the sound, till round we fell  
The far-off echoes from the far-off height-  
"Qu'Appelle?" my voice came back, "Qu'Appelle?  
"Qu'Appelle?"

This and no more; I called aloud until  
I shuddered as the gloom of night increased,  
And, like a pallid spectre wan and chill,  
The moon arose in silence in the East.

I dare not linger on the moment when  
My boat I beached beside her tepee door;  
I heard the wail of women and of men,-  
I saw the deathfires lighted on the shore  
No language tells the torture or the pain,  
The bitterness that flooded all my life,-  
When I was led to look on her again,  
That queen of women pledged to be my wife.  
To look upon the beauty of her face,

The still closed eyes, the lips that know no breath;  
To look, to learn, to realize my place

Had been usurped by my one rival - Death.

A storm of wrecking sorrow beat and broke

About my heart, and life shut out its light

Till through my anguish some one gently spoke,

And said " Twice did she call for thee last night."

I started up - and bending o'er my dead,

Asked when did her sweet lips in silence close.

" She called thy name- then passed away", she said,

" Just on the hour whereat the moon arose."

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Among the lonely lakes I go no more,  
For she who made their beauty is not there;  
The paleface rears his tepee on the shore  
And says the vale is fairest of the fair.  
Full many years have vanished since, but still  
The voyageurs beside the campfires tell  
How, when the moonrise tips the distant hill,  
They hear strange voices through the silence swell.  
The paleface loves the haunted lakes they say,  
And journeys far to watch their beauty spread  
Before his vision; but to me the day,  
The night, the hour, the seasons are all dead.  
I listen heartsick, while the hunters tell  
Why white men named the valley The Qu'Appelle.

1111 111111 1151

47

"Lay my body by the seaside,  
Close beside my Haida braves;  
Where beacon lights the ships do guide,  
O'er harbor bar and ruthless waves,  
There I laid them down to sleep,  
Among them would I lie;  
Hush, Mother, do not weep,  
T'is God's will that man must die.

"Shure, I preached and prayed among them,  
In the happy days of yore;  
Baptized their little children,  
Married those who fealty swore.  
Sat beside them in the festive hall,  
Each Sunday all I blessed;  
And when God sent the parting call,  
I placed them there to rest.

"Help me read the psalm of praise,  
God's mighty will be done;  
Hear the voice, O Lord I raise,  
~~Thy~~ ~~mighty~~ ~~will~~ ~~be~~ ~~done~~ ~~;~~  
~~Thy~~ ~~life~~ ~~is~~ ~~hard~~ ~~race~~ ~~is~~ ~~run~~ ~~;~~  
O'er life's hard race is run.  
Selanna, Lord, throw out the life line,  
Bless Thy holy name;  
Trusting to the mercy thine,  
With love our hearts inflame.

Save them Lord, my Haida braves,  
My children, one and all;  
~~Those~~ ~~resting~~ ~~in~~ ~~their~~ ~~sand-blown~~ ~~graves~~  
Those resting in their sand-blown graves  
With those who wait Thy call.

(4)

the Province. Amor DeCosmos; J. F. McCreight; George Anthony Walker  
Robert Dunsmuir; John Robsen; A. C. Elliott; Thomas Humphreys; A. R.  
Robertson; all of the past political "giants" have gone to their  
reward, and the words of the poet, ~~xxxxxxx~~ may well be applied to  
them:

"Once to every man and nation,  
Comes the moment to decide,  
~~xxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxx~~  
In the strife of truth and falsehood,  
For the good or evil side.  
Then it is the good man chooses;  
While the coward stands aside,  
Doubting in his abject spirit  
Till his Lord is crucified.

If there is one thing that can be said for the early legislators,  
it is that they were true, vigorous and forceful. Honor, with them  
meant more than "capital," or any other consideration. Behind them was  
no strong party, to belater them ~~xxxx~~ up in office, and to provide cam-  
paign funds. The leader depended on his strength of character, to hold  
his following, and it was men, not measures, that brought out the  
value of the highest office the people could bestow. When the people  
objected to any measure, they showed their disapproval by burning  
the leader of the government, in effigy, on the public streets, or in  
storming the legislative hall.

WHERE THE RIVER SHANNON FLOWS.

There's a pretty spot in Ireland,  
I always claim for my land;  
Where the fairies and the blarney,  
Will never, never, die.

It's the land of the shillalalah,  
My heart goes back there daily;  
To the girl I left behind me,  
When we kissed and said good-bye.

Where dear old Shannon's flowing,  
Where the three leaved shamrock grows;  
Where my heart is I am going,  
To my little Irish rose.

And the moment that I meet her,  
With a hug and kiss I'll greet her;  
For there's not a collen sweeter,  
Where the river Shannon flows.

Shure no letter I'll be mailing,  
For soon will I be sailing;  
And I'll bless the ship that takes me  
To my dear old Erin's shore.  
There I'll settle down forever,  
I'll leave the old sod never;  
And I'll whisper to my sweetheart,  
Come and take my name ashore.

Motherland, home of forbears all,  
Land of shamrock, thistle and rose;  
Sons are fleeing to answer thy call,  
From tropics to where the cold North arctic flows.  
Help of the helpless, scourge of the vile,  
Just in the battle for right;  
Mother a place for me, either by land or sea,  
In the war to keep love's armour bright.

Motherland, despots traduce thee,  
Seeking to shield dire disgrace;  
Groveling there on bended knee,  
Craving in God's sun a place.  
Aid of wife and child, refuge of homeless,  
Struggling to keep all men free;  
Though men should fall and die, keep honor's banner high,  
Truly our hope is in thee.

High the royal standard flies,  
Motherland, trust and guide, queen of the sea,  
Trust and guide, queen of the sea;  
High the royal standard flies;  
Though dire distress betide, one all with thee.



INDIAN AGENT'S OFFICE,

IN YOUR REPLY REFER TO

No. \_\_\_\_\_

ALSO

TO DATE OF THIS LETTER.

191

Sir,-

THESE ARE THE FIRST PARTS OF THE LETTERS

WHICH I HAVE RECEIVED FROM YOU  
AND I AM GLAD TO HEAR THAT YOU  
ARE INTERESTED IN THE HISTORY OF THE  
INDIAN PEOPLE.

THEY ARE ALL VERY INTERESTING

AND I AM SURE YOU WILL ENJOY  
READING THEM.

THEY ARE ALL VERY INTERESTING  
AND I AM SURE YOU WILL ENJOY  
READING THEM.

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AND I AM SURE YOU WILL ENJOY

READING THEM.

THEY ARE ALL VERY INTERESTING

AND I AM SURE YOU WILL ENJOY

READING THEM.

Twining Flags of Freedom.

Twine them, twine them, twine them,  
The red, the white and blue;  
Our Starry Flag of Freedom,  
Our British emblem true.  
Twine them, twine them, twine them,  
Blaze on God's altar high;  
They stand for home and country,  
Ne'er will their glory die.

Chorus.

The Stars and Stripes, forever,  
Britain's crosses three;  
Hurrah for Merry England,  
My Country T(is) of Thee.

Twine them, twine them, twine them,  
Guard them with your might;-  
Across the stormy ocean,  
Where the camp fires gleam at night.  
Twine them, twine them, twine them,  
Forever we'll be true,  
To Stars and Stripes and Union Jack,  
The Red, the white and blue.

Twine them, twine them, twine them,  
Stand firm beneath their folds;  
Means freedom for our nation,  
For all that manhood holds.  
Twine them, twine them, twine them,  
Hurrah boys, thee times three;  
The Starry Flag, the Union Jack,  
Entwined for liberty.

(Rights reserved.)

*Thomas Deasy*

The Mill of Life.

(Wm. Alexander Caruth.)

So this is the night you go over it all,  
Through it from first to last-  
This is the night of the wormwood and gall,  
Black with the shrouds of the past,  
When you sit in the gloom and watch the ghosts  
Of the futures that should'nt have died,  
As they come and go with the shadowy hosts  
Of the chances you tossed aside.

Well, here's to what's done-  
The Mill will run-  
And here's to all that's been missed!  
And there's nothing to it but grist, my son,  
Nothing to it but grist!

To-night the spirit is broken and sore  
For the fight it should'nt have lost,  
For the right that spent its worth in war,  
The victory that cost,  
For the friends it should have held for aye,  
The foes it should'nt have found-  
And the mad remorse of the wasted day  
Revives its torturing round.

But lost or won,  
'Tis over and done,  
So tighten your jaw and fist-  
For there's nothing to it but grist, my son,  
Nothing to it but grist!

To-night the smile of the woman-to-be  
Makes recollection grave  
With the thought of what one did not see  
When the blood was hot and brave,  
To-night the songs that once were sung  
Laugh with the girls that were;  
Small comfort that youth is known to be young  
When the mind would hold but her.

Well, remember or shun,  
Here's to all that was done,  
And the lips one should'nt have kissed!  
Oh, there's nothing to it but grist, my son,  
Nothing to it but grist.

This is the night you are sick at heart,  
And weak of stomach too.  
Thank God for the mill that can do its part  
To grind the grist in you!  
Pity the soul whose surface bears  
On a memory smooth and clean  
The life that only races and wears  
With never a grain between.

All said and done,  
Were it lost or won,  
'Tis little indeed you've missed.  
There's nothing to it but grist, my son,  
Nothing to it but grist!

-----

OUR HONORED DEAD,  
~~XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX~~

Somewhere across the ocean wide,  
A fond mother breathes a prayer;  
Some where one from her bairns hide,  
Fears of kindred "Over There."  
Mayhap asleep on shot-torn fields,  
Where countless thousands ~~rest,~~<sup>rest,</sup>  
Or splendor of vast Abbey ~~shields,~~<sup>shields,</sup>  
Hands crossed on warrior's breast.

Sleepin g there in Abbey grand,  
Our honored hero lies;  
Awaiting one more dread command,-  
"Men, sons of men, arise."  
\*Midst laurel leaves and flowers red,  
The Union jack his pall;  
Rest in peace, our Glorious Dead,  
Fear not the last great call.

Sleep on, our martyred nameless dead,  
In crypt or grass grown ~~plain;~~<sup>plain;</sup>  
A battle fought and nobly won,  
Though "unknown" amongst the ~~slain;~~<sup>slain;</sup>  
No blazon on thy shield to tell,  
Of lineage or renown;  
For King and Country fought and fell,  
Laurel red thy earthly crown.

"Time like an ever running stream,  
Bears all its sons away;  
They fly forgotten as a dream,  
Does 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.



ONLY A FIREMAN.  
-----

"Only a-Fireman," tied to a bell,  
A hero they called him last night;  
When he rushed through a fire, hotter than hell,  
And saved a dear little sprite.  
The newspapers say, he a medal should get-  
Some advise a raise in his pay;  
T'is so with the people, they fume and they fret,  
Then forget all about it next day.

"Only a Fireman," watching the clock,  
On the hour he goes to his home;  
Mary and little ones live in next block,  
Waiting for daddy to come.

"The time is quite short, I spend with you dears,  
"Little Jenny come sit on my knee-  
"Last night, when they called for volunteers,  
"Your voice said; 'Papa, suppose it were me?'"

" Only a Fireman," back of that door,  
"Waiting for duty's call;  
Ready to aid the rich or the poor,  
Be his reward a medal or pall.  
Mary and Jenny may never again,  
Gaze on those bright, fearless eyes;  
The clock and the bell, bring sorrow and pain,  
Where the "Fireman Conquers or dies.

Duty First.

Answer Britons, one and all,  
Shall flag of freedom float on high?  
What your response to country's call,  
Shall best and bravest do or die?

Each answer means another man,  
Within the ranks, or lagging low;  
~~With fear or faith, with doubt or doubt.~~

Though life be dear, t'is but a span,  
Don't be a "slacker," join and go.

See the husband leave his wife,  
Offering up his ~~home, his child~~; child his home;  
Manfully gone, to risk his life,  
To keep the flag on'er land and foam.  
Better far an honored grave,  
In the smoke-grimed foreign land;-  
Than a slacker and a slave,  
Unfit to grasp a Briton's hand.

Keep the flag of freedom high,  
Show your worth and be "a man;"  
Prove you do not fear to die,  
~~Stand for your country, stand for~~  
Do your best, that's all man can.  
The greatest test that e'er was known,  
You're passing through, don't shirk it now,-  
This day you have to manhood grown,  
Hold up your head, for freedom vow.

THE SOLDIER BOY'S FAREWELL.  
-----

I'm leaving you, my colleen dear,  
Brave heart so kind and true;  
All British sons must answer "here,"  
'Neath the red, the white and blue.  
Calla Lillies you I'll bring,  
From France and Belguim too;  
With a little yellow wedding ring,  
When I come home to you.

Mother calls, we must obey,  
Bound in honour, all;  
From snowy Klondike far away,  
To the fields of Donegal.  
My heart is in your keeping love,  
Take this bunch of shamrocks too;  
On fighting line, with stars above,  
My thoughts will be with you.

Dry your eyes, my colleen dear,  
My Molly Bawn Asthore;  
Right will win, oh never fear,  
And when the war is o'er;-  
King and country will you bless,  
Peace will come with hopes galore;  
Your soldier boy fond lips will press,  
Faith, I'll never leave you more.

*Thomas Deasy*

INDIAN AGENTS OFFICE



INDIAN AGENT'S OFFICE,

IN YOUR REPLY REFER TO

No. \_\_\_\_\_  
ALSO  
TO DATE OF THIS LETTER.

191

Sir,—

THEY' I, THE GREAT BRASS AND GOLD  
LONE SOFTLY AND LONG THE MITS BLESS  
LARGE MITT COME WITH UNDER BATTLE  
THESE AND COME THE MITT FOR PIONE  
YOU HAVE THE WAY TO GO!  
THESE MITT WITH THE GREAT BRASS  
THE GREAT BRASS UNDER  
THE GREAT BRASS AND COME THE MITT

THE GREAT BRASS AND COME THE MITT  
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OUR LOYAL FARMER BOY.  
-----

A maple leaf on should strap,  
Wears the boy we sent to war;  
Little we thought our husky chap,  
Would fight like sires of yore.  
Forgotten is the creek and mill,  
The schoolhouse near the farm;  
God be with you, Our Boy Bill,  
And save you from all harm.

King and Country called our boy,  
With a hundred thousand more;  
Britons all, without alloy,  
In defense of England's shore.

~~Out to sea with the fish and the boat~~ "Bilky"

~~Back to the land with the fish and the boat~~

"ack Canuck" they call him now there,

And "Bravest of the Brave;"

In danger bearing up a share,

His land and home to save.

Proud are we of our Farmer Boy,  
And the Maple Leaf he wears;  
~~Marked with the maple leaf~~

Kind hearts will overflow with joy,

Though he may not come for years.

Our pride is that we had to give,

Each night we humbly pray,-

Dear Lord let our boy "Bill" but live,

Thy Will be done each day.

BRITAIN'S SONG OF FREEDOM.

(Written by Thomas Deasy.)

See the flag of freedom flying,  
Crosses three, red, white and blue;  
In the right and still undying,  
Emblem of the brave and true.  
Look! our ships on every ocean,  
Swords unsheathed to right the wrong;  
Kindred, sons inspired with loyal devotion,  
Voice again the good old song:-

Chorus.

Rule, Britannia, Britannia rules the waves,  
Britons never, never, never, shall be slaves.

Standard of our ~~law~~ ~~and~~ ~~justice~~ homes, our honor,  
In all climes where Britons dwell;  
Ne'er brought down with dire dishonor,  
Battling at the gates of hell.  
Britain's might guards every sea, boys,  
Hearts of oak make answer plain;  
Victory, freedom's pledge must come, boys,  
Sing once more the grand refrain:-

Chorus.

Rule, Britannia, Britannia rules the waves,  
Britons never, never, never, shall be slaves.

Millions of our best are marching,  
Ships in battle sweep the main;  
Mothers, wives and loved ones praying,  
Shall the struggle be in vain?  
Answer comes from out the trenches,  
High in air, on land, on sea;  
Where our heroes life blood drenches,  
King and Country All For Thee.  
Rule Britannia, Britannia rules the waves,  
Britons never, never, never, shall be slaves.

*Rough Copy Original*

Motherland, home of forbears all,  
Land of the shamrock, thistle and rose;  
Sons are fleeing to answer thy call,  
From tropis to North Arctic floes.  
Help of the helpless,  
Scourge of the vile,  
Just in the battle for right;  
Mother a place for me,  
Either on land or sea,  
In war to keep love's armour bright.

Motherland, despots traduce thee,  
Seeking to shield ~~fire~~ disgrace;  
Kneeling there on bended knee,  
Craving in sunlight a place.  
Aid of the wife and child,  
Refuge of homeless ones,-  
Struggling to keep all men free;  
Though we should fall and die,  
Keep honour's banner high,-  
Truly our hope is in thee.

Motherland, trust and guide <sup>us,</sup> queen of the sea,  
High the royal ensign flies  
~~Queen of the sea~~  
Though dire distress betide, one all with thee;  
~~Prayer of homeless ones for thee.~~

Britons can conquer-or dies.

Country who kindness shows, just in your might,  
Safely in God place your trust;  
Pity all e'ne our foe; dare to do right  
Though sword in ~~its~~ scabbard ~~may~~ rust.  
Through good and ill, keep honour still,  
None can ~~change~~ alter God's simple decree.

INDIAN AGENT'S OFFICE,

IN YOUR REPLY REFER TO

No. \_\_\_\_\_

ALSO

TO DATE OF THIS LETTER.

191

Sir,

RECEIVED BY THE INDIAN AGENT'S OFFICE  
Masset, B.C. on the 1st day of  
January 1911. In reply to your  
letter of the 27th inst. regarding  
the application of the Indian  
Act to the Indians of the  
Masset District.

The Indian Act applies to all  
Indians in British Columbia  
except those who are exempted  
therefrom by the provisions of  
the Act.

Very truly yours,

W. J. H. GIBSON, Indian Agent.

By \_\_\_\_\_

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Beneath The Lighthouse Shade.

Late

(Dedicated to The/Rev. William Hogan.)

By the sad sea-waves we laid him down,  
Beneath the lighthouse shade;  
Where rippling waters ebb and flow,  
Hallowed ground, where oft he prayed.  
'Midst countless sands ~~among~~ among Haida graves,

~~With~~ sea-birds hovering o'er;  
Awaiting God's last trumpet call,  
When time shall be no more.

Loving eyes forever closed,  
Heart of oak at rest;  
Never more the clasp of hands,  
Folded o'er great warrior's breast.  
Stentorian voice, dumb to the world,  
Tongue stilled in death's embrace;  
Majestic form, filled with God's love,  
Foremost in life's fitful race.

Though voiceless sleeping near the sea,  
Beneath the lighthouse shade;-  
Though sands of earth are heaped above,  
N'er will thy glory fade;

Though grief and sorrow fills the heart,  
Hope's banner floats on high;  
We'll meet again at God's White Throne,  
Where loved ones never die.

Brave Irish heart, we love thee still,  
As in the days of yore;  
Our Christian hero is not dead,-  
Not dead but gone before.  
Wet are the sands with tears of love,  
Bright flowers strew thy tomb;  
Stars of earth, their fragrance sweet,  
Dispelling friendship's gloom.

Sleep on, beneath the lighthouse shade,  
Brave soldier of the Cross;  
Let sea-birds sing thy requiem,  
Your gain, our Country's loss.  
In realms on high, free from all pain,  
At peace for evermore;  
Pray for your loved ones till we meet,  
When time shall be no more.



INTERNATIONAL ANTHEM.

(Air-God Save The King-My Country T'is Of Thee.)

God hear our humble call,  
Save us from slavery's thrall-  
Heed us we pray,  
Our hope of liberty,  
Freedom by land and sea,  
All trust we place in Thee,  
Hasten the day.

Grant peace throughout the land,  
Stretch forth Thy mighty hand,  
Our guide and stay,  
By Thy eternal light,  
Lead us through darkest night,  
Show paths of truth and right,  
Our only way.

May Thy great love abound,  
Circling the world around,  
From shore to shore.  
Lord let our Allies be,  
United, loyal, free,  
True to themselves and Thee,  
For evermore. Amen.

*TD*







International Hymn.

(Air-God Save the King-My Country T'is of Thee.)

God hear our humble call,  
Save us from slavery's thrall,-  
Hear us we pray.

Our hope of liberty,  
Freedom by land and sea;-  
All trust we place in Thee,  
Hasten the day.

Grant peace throughout the land,  
Stretch forth Thy mighty hand,-  
Our guide and stay.  
By Thy eternal light,  
Lead us through darkest night,-  
Show paths of truth and light,  
Our only way.

May Thy great love abound,  
Circling the world around,-  
From shore to shore.  
Lord may our allies be,  
United, loyal, free,  
True to themselves and Thee,  
For evermore.

Amen.

*Thomas Deasy*  
Queen Charlotte Islands, B. C.

Beneath The Lighthouse Shade.

(Dedicated to the late Rev. William Hogen.)

By the sad sea waves we laid him down,  
Beneath the Lighthouse shade;  
Where rippling waters ebb and flow  
Hallowed ground where oft he prayed.  
'Midst countless sands of Sentinel Isles,  
Bright plumed sea-birds hovering o'er;  
Awaiting God's last trumpet call,  
When time shall be no more.

Loving eyes forever closed,  
Heart of oak at rest;  
Never more the clasp of hands,  
Folded ~~o'er~~ o'er brave warrior's breast.  
Stentorian voice, dumb to this world,  
Tongue stilled in death's embrace;  
Majestic form filled with God's love,  
Foremost in life's fitful race.

Though voiceless sleeping near the sea,  
Beneath the lighthouse shade;  
Though sands of earth now heaped above,  
N'er will thy glory fade.  
Though grief and sorrow fills the heart,  
Hope's banner floats on high;-  
We'll meet again at God's White Throne,  
Where loved ones never die.

Brave Irish heart we love thee still,  
As in the days of yore;  
Our Christian hero is not dead,-  
Not dead but gone before.  
Yet are the sands with tears of love,  
Bright flowers strew thy tomb;-  
Stars of earth their fragrance sweet,  
Dispelling friendship's gloom.

Sleep on beneath the lighthouse shade,  
Brave soldier of the Cross;  
Let sea-birds sing thy requiem,  
Thy gain our Country's loss.  
In realms on high, freed from all pain,  
At peace forevermore;  
Pray for your loved ones till we meet,  
When time shall be no more.

OUR HONOURED DEAD.

XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX

Somewhere across the ocean wide,  
A mother breathes a prayer;  
Somewhere a wife from bairns hide,  
Fears of one lost "Over There."  
Mabap he sleeps on shot-torn fields,  
Where countless thousands rest;  
Or grandeur of vast Abbey shields,  
Hands crossed on warrior's breast.

Sleeping therein Abbey grand,  
Our honoured hero lies;  
Awaiting one more dread command,  
"Men, sons of men arise."  
"Midst laurel leaves and flowers red,  
The Union Jack his pall;  
Rest in Peace, our Glorious Dead,  
Fear not the last great call.

Sleep on our martyred nameless dead,  
In crypt or grass-grown <sup>plain;</sup> ~~field~~  
A battle fought and nobly won,  
Though "unknown" amidst the slain.  
No blazon on thy shield to tell,  
Of lineage or renown;  
For King and Country, fought and fell,  
Laurel leaves thy earthly crown.

"Time, like an ever rolling stream,  
Bears all its sons away;  
They fly forgotten as a dream,  
Does 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."

TWINING FLAGS OF FREEDOM.

Twine them, twine them, twine them,  
The red, the white and blue;-  
Starry flag of freedom,  
Britain's emblem true.  
Twine them, twine them, twine them,  
Raise their folds on high,  
Cheer boys cheer now, once again,  
Victory is high.

Chorus.

The Stars and Stripes forever,  
Britain's crosses three:  
Hurrah for Merry England,  
My Country T'is of Thee.

Twine them, twine them, twine them,  
Guard them with your might:  
Across the stormy ocean,  
Where camp fires burn at night.  
Twine them, twine them, twine them,  
Forever we'll be true;  
The Union Jack, the Stars and Stripes,  
The red, the white and blue.

Twine them, twine them, twine them,  
Stand firm beneath their folds;  
Means freedom for our country,  
For all that manhood holds.  
Twine them, twine them, twine them,  
Once more boys, three times three;  
The Starry Flag, the Union Jack,  
Entwined for liberty.

*Thomas Deasy*

## Twining Flags of Freedom.

Twine them, twine them, twine them,  
The Red, the White and Blue;  
Starry Flag of Freedom,  
Britain's emblem true.  
Twine them, twine them, twine them,  
Raise their folds on high; -  
Sheer boys sheer, - now, once again,  
Victory is nigh.

### Chorus.

The Stars and Stripes forever,  
Britain's crosses three;  
Hurrah for Merry England,  
My Country 'Tis Of Thee

Twine them, twine them, twine them,  
Guard them with your might; -  
Across the stormy ocean,  
Where camp fires burn at night.  
Twine them, twine them, twine them,  
Forever we'll be true; -  
The Union Jack, the Stars and Stripes,  
The Red, the White and Blue.  
Chorus.

Twine them, twine them, twine them,  
Stand firm beneath their folds;  
Means freedom for the nation,  
For all that manhood holds.  
Twine them, twine them, twine them,  
Once more, boys, three times three, -  
The Starry Flag, the Union Jack,  
Entwined for liberty.

TWINING FLAGS OF FREEDOM.

Twine them, Twine them, twine them,  
The Red, the White and Blue,  
Starry flag of freedom,  
Britain's emblem too.

Twine them, twine them, twine them,  
Raise their folds on high,  
Cherr bows cherr'now once again,  
Victory is nigh.

CHORUS.

The Stars and Stripes forever,  
Britain's crosses three;  
Hurrah for Merry England,  
My Country 'Tis of Thee.

Twine them, twine them, twine them,  
Guard them with your might;  
Across the stormy ocean,  
Where the camp fires burn at night.  
Twine them, twine them, twine them,  
Forever we'll be true;  
To the Union Jack, the Stars and Stripes,  
The Red, the White and Blue.

Twine them, twine them, twine them,  
Stand firmly 'neath their folds;  
Meaning freedom for our country,  
For all that wankness holds.  
Twine them, twine them, twine them,  
Again bows, three times three;  
'Tis the Starry Flag and Union Jack,  
Entwined for Liberty.



TWINING FLAGS OF FREEDOM.

Twine them, Twine them, twine them,  
The Red, the White and Blue,  
Starry flag of freedom,  
Britain's emblem too.

Twine them, twine them, twine them,  
Raise their folds on high,  
Cherr bows cherr'now once again,  
Vistery is nigh.

CHORUS.

The Stars and Stripes forever,  
Britain's crosses three;  
Hurrah for Merry England,  
My Country, 'Tis of Thee.

Twine them, twine them, twine them,  
Guard them with your might;  
Across the stormy ocean,  
Where the camp fires burn at night.  
Twine them, twine them, twine them,  
Forever we'll be true;  
To the Union Jack, the Stars and Stripes,  
The Red, the White and Blue.

Twine them, twine them, twine them,  
Stand firmly 'neath their folds;  
Means freedom for our country,  
For all that wrongness holds.  
Twine them, twine them, twine them,  
Again bows, three times three;  
'Tis the Starry Flag and Union Jack,  
Entwined for Liberty.

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FLAGS OF FREEDOM.

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Twine them, twine them, twine them,  
The red, the white and blue;  
Freedom's starry banner,  
Britain's emblem too.

Twine them, twine them, twine them,  
Raise them up on high,  
Cheer boys cheer, now once again,  
Victory is nigh.

Chorus.

The stars and stripes forever,  
Britain's crosses three;  
Hurrah for Merry England,  
Once more, <sup>by Britain</sup> ~~Britain~~ 'Tis of Thee.

Twine them, twine them, twine them,  
Guard them with your might;  
Across the stormy ocean,

Where the camp fires burn at night;  
Twine them, twine them, twine them,  
Forever we'll be true;

To the <sup>Union Jack, the Stars and Stripes</sup> ~~starry flag of freedom~~,  
To the red, the white and blue.

Twine them, twine them, twine them,  
Firmly stand beneath their folds;  
They mean freedom for the nation,  
For all our manhood holds.

Twine them, twine them, twine them,  
Hurrah boys, three times three;  
The Starry Flag and Union Jack,  
Entwined for liberty.

DID NOT WE TELL  
 WE FORGET.

Whose duty to "size up" the man of the hour,  
 Making light of his weakness, extolling his power;  
 Seldom waiting to place him beneath the cold sod,  
 Ere we mark him an outcast, or a saint sent by God.  
 He lives as we live, works as we work,  
 The world owes him nothing, no duty to shirk;  
 Mourns as we mourn, kin of all of his kind,  
 Brings nothing along, leaves nothing behind.

In a moment he comes, in a twinkling he goes,  
 Through his veins the red life-blood ebbs and just flows;  
 Crawls as a biped, walks, and then stands, there alone,  
 In the full flush of manhood, like a flower full blown.  
 Up the hillside of life, he climbs day by day,  
 Star of hope for his guide; light of faith for his stay;  
 Onward he rushes, as years roll along,  
 Doing and daring, - voice filled with song.

Over the top of life's mountain he goes,  
 Seeking eternity's sunshine or snows;  
 Hopes dashed in fragments, heart stilled in breast,  
 Body laid low in a haven of rest.  
 Along moves the world, others come, others go,  
 From the fountain of youth to earth, earthy, below;  
 No heed of the moment, the day or the hour,  
 When eternal life awakens to judgment - our dower.

Judge not our neighbor, we are all of one clan,  
 Hastening along, under God's unknown plan;

xxxBlazing the trailxxx  
 xBlazingxxx  
 Blazingxxx

"Blazing the trail" for the oncoming throng,  
 In the valleys below filled with praise and with song;  
 Soon to struggle along o'er the ~~mountain of life,~~  
 Marching ~~mountain of life,~~  
 Following in footprints by faith freed from strife.

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LEST WE FORGET.

LEST

MS-1182 DEASY, Thomas, 1857-1936. Masset, Victoria; Indian agent.  
Box 1 Miscellaneous poetry [74-A-117, File V]  
File 08

The Soldier's Fond Farewell.

I'm leaving you my colleen dear,  
Brave heart so kind and true;  
All British sons must answer "here,"  
'Neath the red, the white and blue.  
Calla lillies you I'll bring,  
From France and Belguim too;  
With a little yellow golden ring,  
When I return to marry you.

Mother calls, we must obey,  
Bound in honour, all;  
From snowy Klondike, far away,  
To the fields of Donegal;  
Shure my heart is in thy keeping love,  
Take this bunch of shemrocks too;  
On fighting line, with stars above,  
My thoughts will be with you.

Dry your eyes my colleen dear,  
My Molly Bawn Asthore;  
Right will win, oh never fear,  
And when the war is o'er;-  
King and country will you bless,  
Peace will come with hopes galore,  
Your soldier boy fond lips will press,

Shure ~~more~~, I'll never leave you ~~more~~.

OUR FARMER BOY.

A Maple Leaf on shoulder strap,  
Wears the boy we sent to war;  
Little we thought our husky chap,  
Would fight like sires of yore.  
Forgotten is the the creek and mill,  
The schoolhouse and the farm;  
God be with you, our boy "Bill,"  
And shield you from all harm.

King and Country need "Bill,"  
With a hundred thousand more;  
They've changed his name to "Jack Kanuck,"  
Since he crossed to England shore.