

**POEMS AND SONGS ON THE
SOUTH AFRICAN WAR: AN
ANTHOLOGY FROM ENGLAND,
AFRICA, AUSTRALIA, UNITED
STATES, BUT CHIEFLY CANADA**

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Poems and Songs on the South African War: An Anthology from England, Africa, Australia, United States, but Chiefly Canada by J. Douglas Borthwick

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J. DOUGLAS BORTHWICK

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POEMS AND SONGS

ON THE

SOUTH AFRICAN WAR.

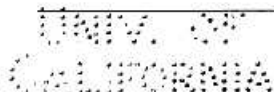
AN ANTHOLOGY

FROM ENGLAND, AFRICA, AUSTRALIA, UNITED STATES,
BUT CHIEFLY CANADA.

COLLECTED BY

REV. J. DOUGLAS BORTHWICK, LL.D.

AUTHOR OF MANY WORKS ON CANADIAN HISTORY, GEOGRAPHY, AND BIOGRAPHY.
—“BATTLES OF THE WORLD.”—“BORTHWICK CASTLE.”—“HARP
OF CANAAN.”—“HISTORY OF SCOTTISH SONG.” ETC., ETC.



MONTREAL.

1901

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MONTREAL.

TO ADAM
ABROTTINO

125

DEDICATION.

TO HIS EXCELLENCY

THE RIGHT HONORABLE LORD MINTO,
GOVERNOR-GENERAL OF CANADA.

MY LORD,

It gives me much pleasure in your Lordship kindly consenting to allow this truly national and patriotic work to be dedicated to you, as the Representative of Her Most Gracious Majesty Queen Victoria, over this Dominion (but so shortly after this dedication was accepted by your Lordship, she died, and this universally mourned event, altered somewhat, the original copy).

Canadians will not forget the energy and help which you gave when our 1st Contingent was sent to the South African war, nor of that which was displayed when the 2nd and the "Strathcona Horse," left for the same destination.

In whatever part of the British Empire your Lordship in after years may be, you will always carry with you the gratitude of all classes of Canadians, both in your governmental career and in your affability while presiding over the affairs of this Dominion.

Praying that the Great Disposer of Events may long spare your Lordship and your estimable family.

I remain,

Your obedient servant,

J. DOUGLAS BORTHWICK, LL.D.

MONTREAL,
March, 1901.

M232171

PREFACE.

IN this collection will be found a great variety of Poems and Songs and from almost every part of the English speaking nations of the world.

The whole will form one grand galaxy of Patriotism, well worthy to be preserved in the homes of every Canadian.

Canada may well be proud of her position in the British Empire ; and in sending forth those Contingents of her brave sons to South Africa, to uphold "The Old Flag," and fight and die for the integrity of the same.

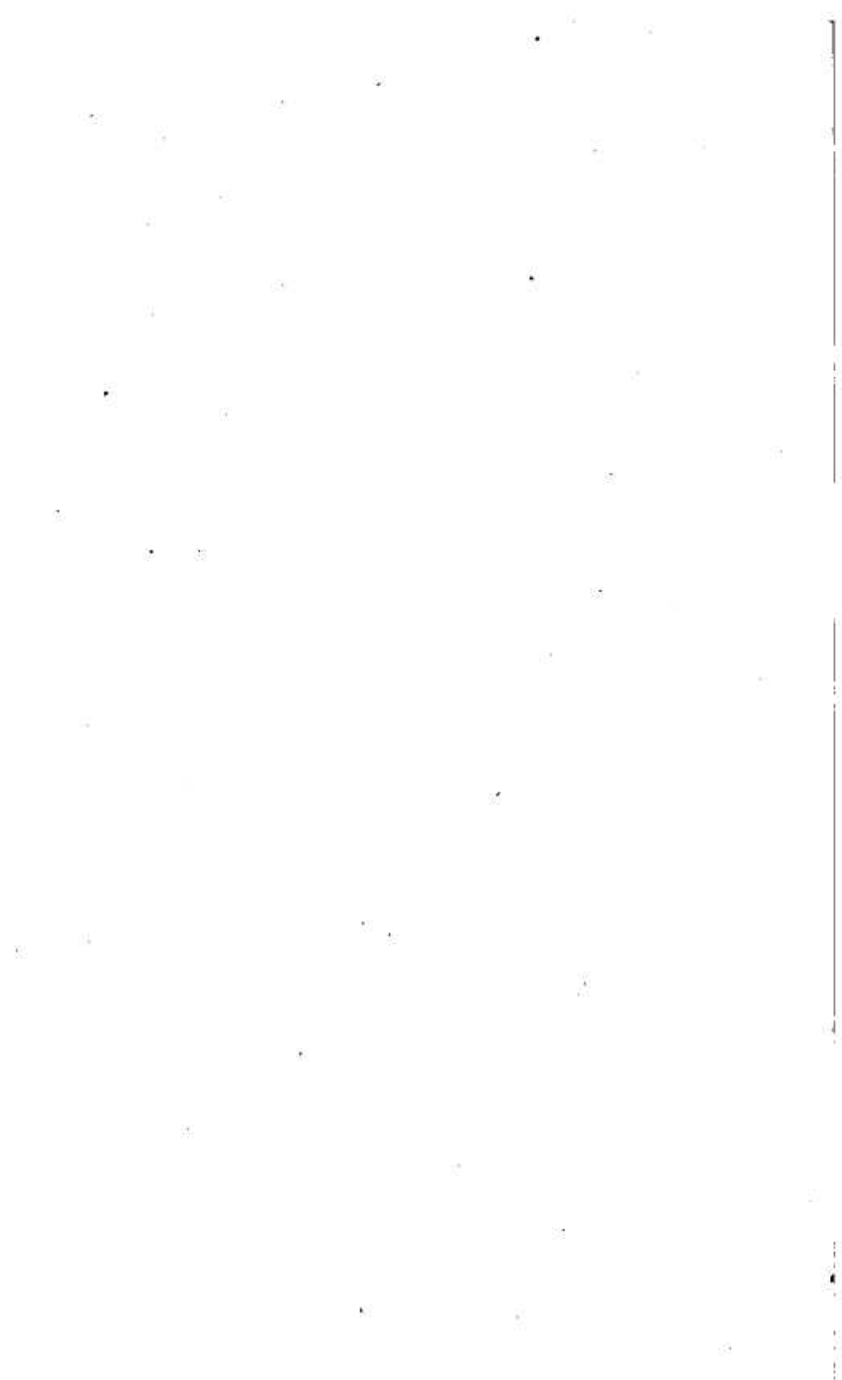
I have arranged the anthology so as to make a kind of chronological sequence of the war, placing only a few of special significance at the front as a key to what follows.

The collection consists of every variety of metre and merit, yet they all breathe but one sentiment, one wish, and one heartfelt prayer for "The Old Flag" and our late most Beloved Queen.

I must return my sincere thanks to all the Writers and Authors who have so spontaneously sent me their MSS, and by so doing, ensuring to the public, the latest corrections, by the Authors themselves, before they appear in this Anthology.

J. DOUGLAS BORTHWICK.

MONTREAL,
March, 1901.



UNIVERSITY OF
CALIFORNIA

POEMS AND SONGS
ON THE
SOUTH AFRICAN WAR.

THE UNION JACK.

It's only a small piece of bunting,
It's only an old coloured rag;
Yet thousands have died for its honour,
And shed their best blood for the flag.
It's charged with the Cross of St. Andrew,
Which of old, Scotland's heroes have led;
It carries the Cross of St. Patrick,
For which Ireland's bravest have bled.
Joined with these, on our own English ensign,
St. George's red Cross on white field,
Round which from King Richard to Wolsey,
Britons conquer, or die, but ne'er yield.
It flutters in triumph o'er ocean,
As free as the wind and the wave;
And bondsman from shackles unloosed,
'Neath its shadows no longer a slave.
It floats over Cyprus and Malta,
O'er Canada, the Indies, Hong Kong;
And Britons where'er their flag's flying,
Claim the rights which to Britons belong.
We hoist it to show our devotion
To our Queen, to our country and laws;
'Tis the outward and visible emblem
Of advancement and liberty's cause.
You may say it's a small bit of bunting,
You may call it an old coloured rag;
Yet freedom has made it majestic
And time has ennobled the Flag.

Anon.

The following lines by J. Sheppard were copied by the Author when in London in 1888. Being in Wapping, on the Tunnel stairs at that station, and there waiting for the underground railway—amongst hundreds of other inscriptions—his eye caught the following words, very applicable to the present day of

"THE BRITISH EMPIRE."

What though the Powers, the world doth hold,
Were all against us met,
We have the might, they felt of old, and England's
England yet;
The flags that waved o'er many a rout,
From many a conquered wall,
For England shall again float out
Triumphant 'ere it fall;
Up English hearts, up English hands,
Up for your homesteads and your lands.

ENGLAND.

England is England!—though not "merric" still,
Matchless in power; supreme her dauntless will;
Bending to none but Him, whose will is hers;
Using her strength, alone when He avers.

England is England!—and her sons will fight,
To shield her banner and uphold her right;
Though for her love, her loyal soldiers spill
Their best heart's blood—England is England still!

England is England! she will guard her own;
And make her power felt, as it is known,
Courage brave sons!—she knows the British heart!—
Beyond its life, no more can love impart,

England is England! she will make it known,
The cause of every Briton is her own—
Her noble sons shall tread the path she trod—
England is England! Yea—and God is God!

Amy Kingsland Pennington, Halifax, N.S.