



The brave boys of the Maple Leaf Are far across the sea, Holding the tyrant Hun at bay, Protecting you and me.

They live in trenches cold and drear, Amid war's dread alarm; They suffer and they die, while we At home are safe from harm.

The blessings of our hearths and homes, And all our fireside joys, Where would they be this Christmastide But for our soldier boys?

The bright boys of The Globe at dawn Bring to your snow-piled door Stories of battles fought and won, And hopes of peace once more.

Then here's a greeting from the boys
Who bring The Globe to-day;
The little brothers of the men
In Flanders far away.