

SUNG BY

J. RAWSTHORNE SLACK
ALBERT DOWNING
DONALD MACGREGOR
JAS. FAX

HARTWELL DeMILLE
H. RUTHVEN McDONALD
STUART BARKER
AND OTHER LEADING VOCALISTS

The Call of The Motherland

PATRIOTIC SONG

WORDS AND MUSIC BY

EDWARD W. MILLER

60

The Anglo-Canadian Music Publishers' Association,

LIMITED

144 VICTORIA STREET, TORONTO

The Call of the Motherland

Words and Music by Edward W. Miller

Tempo marziale

VOICE *mf*

PIANO *f* *mf*

1. There's a



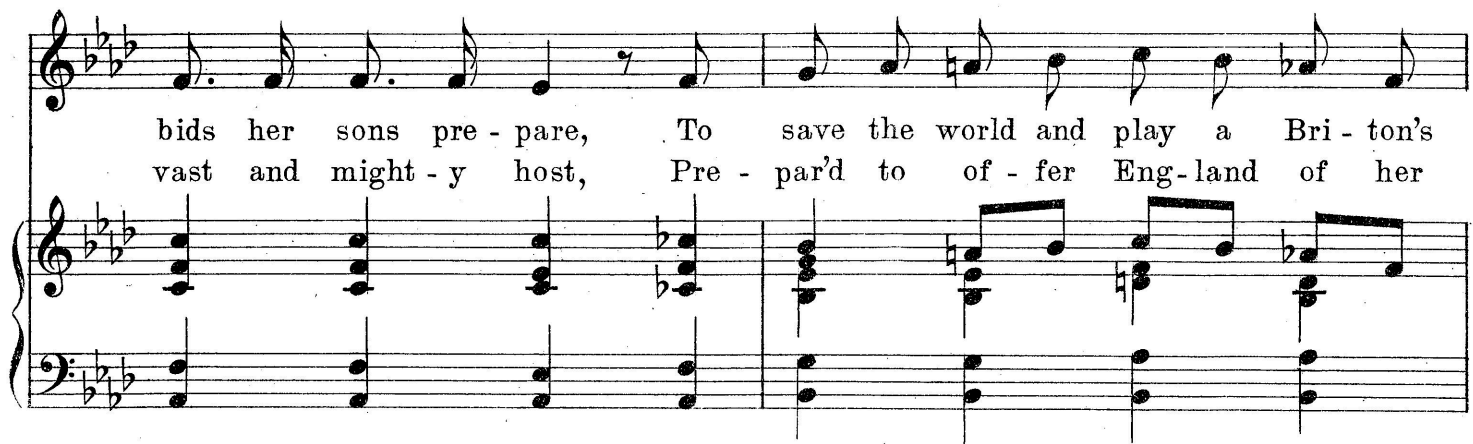
hum-ming on the ca - ble, there's a whis - per in the air, There's a
blue Pa - ci - fic wa - ters to the fair At - lan - tic coast, From the



mes - sage stirring each Can - a - dian heart, — Once more old England's cal - ling as she
mountains and the prairies of the west, — All Can - a - da is stir - ring in a



bids her sons pre - pare, To save the world and play a Bri - ton's
vast and might - y host, Pre - par'd to of - fer Eng - land of her



part; — But Can - a - da no long - er stands and watch - es from a - far, The
 best; — What tho' the seas di - vide us, Britain's du - ty is our own, And

hearts of all her sons are beat - ing high; — They speed a - cross the wa - ter and be -
 side by side with Britain we will go; — 'Till vic - t'ry rests up - on her flag, she

neath the Brit - ish star, Will show the na - tions how to fight and die: — When
 shall not fight a - lone, The Em - pire stands u - nit - ed 'gainst her foe: —

rall.

CHORUS

Tempo I

war's a - larms, and the call to arms, Comes a - cross from the Mother - land, — At the

marcato basso

call, as one, each Can - a - dian son, Is read - y to take his stand, — From

East and West, we will give our best, And the pray'rs of our peo - ple bring; — And

side by side with the Empire's pride, We will fight for our Flag and King. —

1. 2. From the

ff

We'll Never Let The Old Flag Fall

Lyric by Albert E. MacNutt

Music by M. F. Kelly

Tempo di Marcia

PIANO



Moderato

1. Bri - tain's flag has
2. Bri - tain's sons have



always stood for Jus-tice, Bri-tain's hope has always been for Peace Bri-tain's
always call'd her Moth-er, Bri-tain's sons have always lov'd her best, Bri-tain's



foes have known that they could trust us To do our best to make the cannons
sons would die to show they love her, The dear old Flag, laid on each man-ly



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