

VICTORIA



REGINA.

CANADIAN WAR ANTHEM



DEDICATED BY PERMISSION

TO

SIR JOHN MICHEL,

Commander-in-Chief of Her Majesty's Forces in B. N. A.,

AND TO THE

OFFICERS AND MEN

OF THE

PROVINCIAL VOLUNTEERS.

WORDS BY

THE REV. R. STEWART PATTERSON.



MUSIC BY

CHARLES A. SIPPI, ESQ., M.D.

SONG AND CHORUS.]

LONDON:

H. A. TAYLOR.

[PRICE 37½ CTS.]

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The musical score is written for voice and piano. It begins with a key signature of two flats (B-flat and E-flat) and a common time signature (C). The piano introduction consists of several measures of chords and single notes, marked with a forte (*ff*) dynamic. The vocal melody enters in the second system, with lyrics starting in the third system. The piano accompaniment continues throughout, with dynamics ranging from piano (*pp*) to forte (*ff*). The score includes a repeat sign at the end of the first system and a final double bar line at the end of the last system. The lyrics are: "Give peace in our day, Thus all our people pray; Drive war's red cloud a - way, Far from our coast." The score is marked with various dynamics including *ff*, *pp*, and *Cres.* (Crescendo). There is also a *Ral.* (Ritardando) marking in the piano part.

Give peace in our day, Thus all our people pray; Drive

war's red cloud a - way, Far from our coast.

Grant that our fron-tiers be From the fierce Foe-man free, And

ff

ff

p

our broad bor-ders see. No ruth-less Host.

Ral.

CHORUS.

Soprano.

And our broad bor-ders see, No ruth-less Host.

Ral.

Alto.

And our broad bor-ders see, No ruth-less Host.

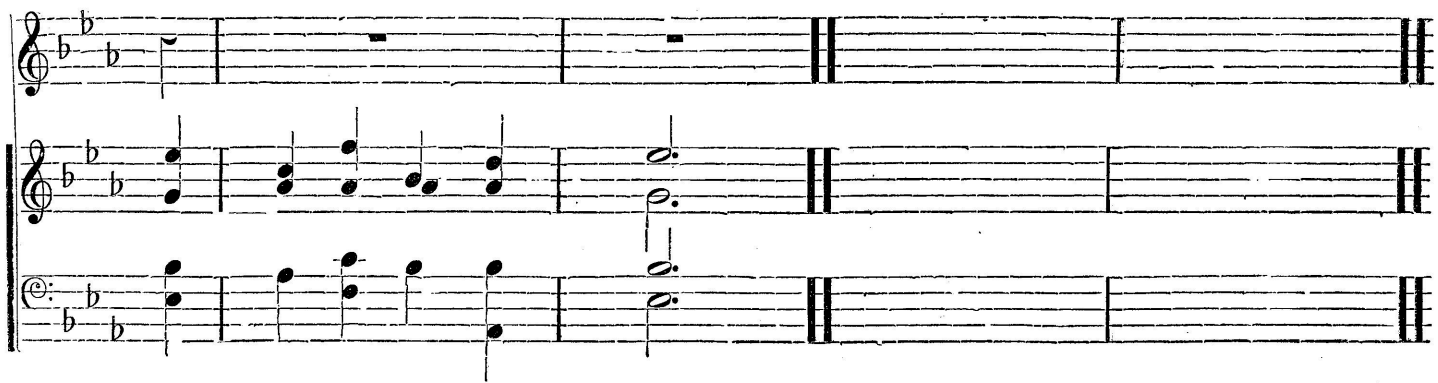
Tenor.
Svo. lower.

And our broad bor-ders see, No ruth-less Host.

Bass.

And our broad bor-ders see, No ruth-less Host.

Piano Forte.



2.

Tho' this our earnest prayer,
 Let us for war prepare ;
 Be it Canadian's care,
 Never to trifle.
 Then if wild war's alarm,
 Threatens our Land to harm ;
 Promptly each man will arm,
 Should'ring his rifle.

3.

Ne'er where our waters lave,
 Shall a strange banner wave ;
 Lives there a crouching slave
 Daring to breathe it ?
 Strike for our hearths and laws,
 Strike in Victoria's cause !
 He who his sabre draws,
 Honored shall sheathe it.

4.

Up, then, ye forest sons,
 Grasp each your trusty guns ;
 Hark ! the swift signal runs,
 Mischief is brewing !
 Steady your hands and eyes,
 Strike for the homes you prize ;
 Sons of the North arise,
 Up and be doing !