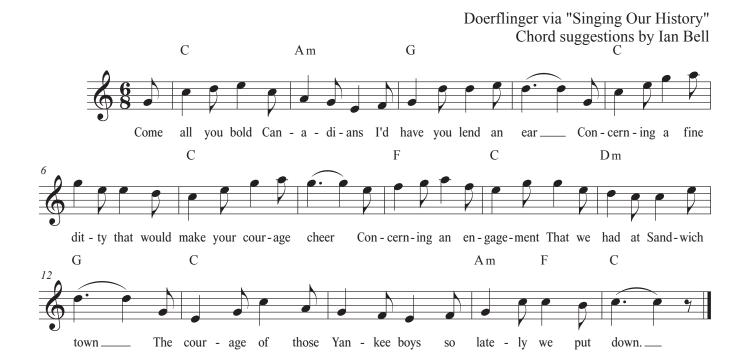
Come All You Bold Canadians



There was a bold commander, brave General Brock by name, Took shipping at Niagara and down to York he came. He says, "My gallant heroes, if you'll come along with me, We'll fight those proud Yankees in the west of Canaday!"

'Twas thus we replied: "Along with you we'll go. Our knapsacks we will shoulder without any more ado. Our knapsacks we will shoulder and forward we will steer; We'll fight those proud Yankees without either dread or fear."

We traveled all that night and a part of the next day, With a determination to show them British play. We traveled all that night and a part of the next day, With a determination to conquer or to die.

Our commander sent a flag to them and unto them did say, "Deliver up your garrison or we'll fire on you this day." They refused to surrender, but chose to stand their ground. We opened up our great guns and gave them fire a round.

Their commander sent a flag to us, for quarters he did call.
"Oh, hold your guns, brave British boys, for fear you slay us all
Our town you have at your command, our garrison likewise."
They brought their arms and grounded them right down before our eyes

And now we are all home again, each man is safe and sound May the memory of this conquest all through the Province sound, Success unto our volunteers who did their rights maintain, And to our bold commander, brave General Brock by name!