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And were they not English our forefathers, never more  
English than when they shook the dust of her sod  
From their feet for ever, angrily seeking a shore  
Where in his own way a man might worship his God.  
Never more English than when they dared to be  
Rebels against her — that stern intractable sense  
Of that which no man can stomach and still be free,  
Writing: "When in the course of human events ..."  
Writing it out so all the world could see  
Whence come the powers of all just governments.  
The tree of Liberty grew and changed and spread,  
But the seed was English. I am Newfoundland bred.  
I have seen much to hate here — much to forgive,  
But in a world where England is finished and dead,  
I do not wish to live.  
What could I do but ache and long,  
That my small country, peaceful, brave and strong,  
Should go and do battle for England's sake,  
What could I do but long and ache,  
And my friends' letters I hid away,  
Lest someone should know the things they'd say.  
Silently, subtly they inspire,  
Most of our youth with a holy fire,  
To shed their blood for the British Empire.  
We'll come in — we'll fight and die  
Humbly to help them and by and by,  
England will do us in the eye.  
We're so darn simple, our skins so thin,  
We're a down-trodden people but we'll come in.

I thought of her colony far away  
Where my friends were starving on six cents a day,  
And I said, My God, can it ever be,  
That a will to fight is born in me.  
What do I get but a crust of bread  
Or a crude wooden cross placed over my head.  
If we are equal in brains and pay,  
Why are we not equal in what we say?  
We fight a dictatorship so we are told,  
We are classed with the best and just as bold,  
But when it's all over the Allies are free,  
Newfoundlanders return to a sham liberty.  
May God in his greatness direct from above  
A democracy true for the land that we love.  
Why is it that we have to keep reminding Britain now and then  
That other countries breed other men?  
We are not children, we know our sire,  
We're the kind of people the world admire.  
So let us in peace be brave and true,  
And democracy will come to Newfoundland too.