

Men of the Northern Zone

Oh, we are the men of the Northern Zone,
Shall a bit be placed in our mouth?
If ever a Northman lost his throne,
Did the conqueror come from the South?
Nay, nay -- and the answer blent
In chorus is southward sent:
' 'Since when has a Southerner's conquering steel
Hewed out in the North a throne?
Since when has a Southerner placed his heel
On the men of the Northern Zone?'

Our hearts are as free as the rivers that flow
To the seas where the north star shines;
Our lives are as free as the breezes that blow
Thro' the crests of our native pines.
We never will bend the knee,
We'll always and aye be free,
For liberty reigns in the land of the leal,
Our brothers are 'round her throne;
A Southerner never shall place his heel
On the men of the Northern Zone.

Oh, shall we shatter our ancient name,
And lower our patriot crest:
And leave a heritage dark with shame.
To the infant upon the breast?
Nay, nay -- and the answer blent
With a chorus is southward sent:
"Ye claim to be free -- and so are we;
Let your fellow freemen alone:
For a Southerner never shall place his heel
On the men of the Northern Zone"

Shall the mothers that bore us bow the head
And blush for degenerate sons?
Arc the patriot fires gone out and dead?
Ho! brothers stand to the guns!
Let the flag be nailed to the mast,
Defying the coming blast!
For Canada's sons are as true steel,
Their metal is muscle and bone,
The Southerner never shall place his heel
On the men of the Northern Zone.

Oh, we are the men of the Northern Zone,
Where the maples their branches toss.
And Great Bear rides in his state alone,
Afar from the Southern Cross.
Our people shall aye be free,
They never will bend the knee.
For this is the land of the true and leal.
Where freedom is bred in the bone --
The Southerner never shall place his heel
On the men of the Northern Zone.

