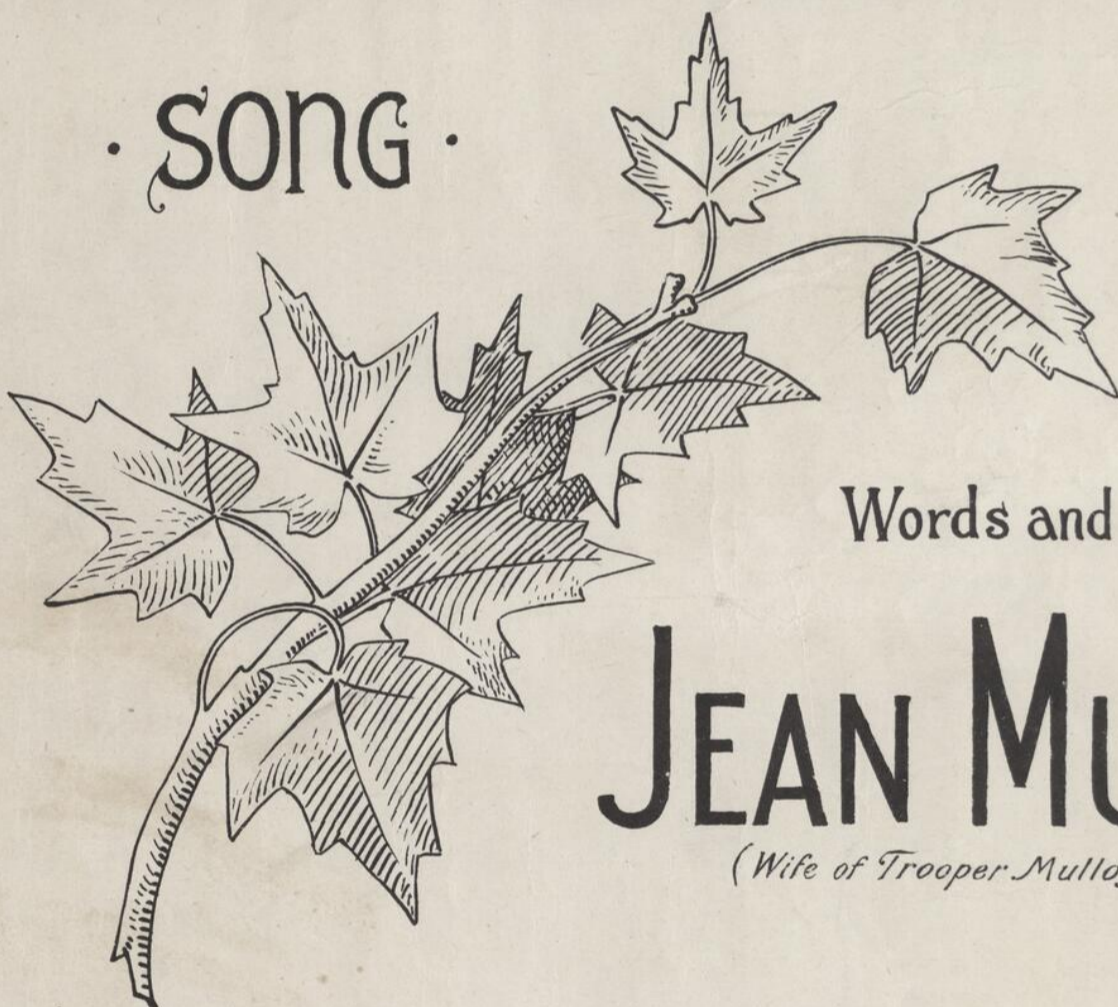


C. P. M. Carthage.

# Johnnie Canuck's the Boy

· SONG ·



Words and Music by

## JEAN MULLOY

*(Wife of Trooper Mulloy, South Africa.)*

*Published by the Composer, Kingston, Ontario.*

*Can be had from all Music Dealers*

⑤

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(Dedicated to the sweet-hearts at home)

# Johnnie Canuck's the Boy

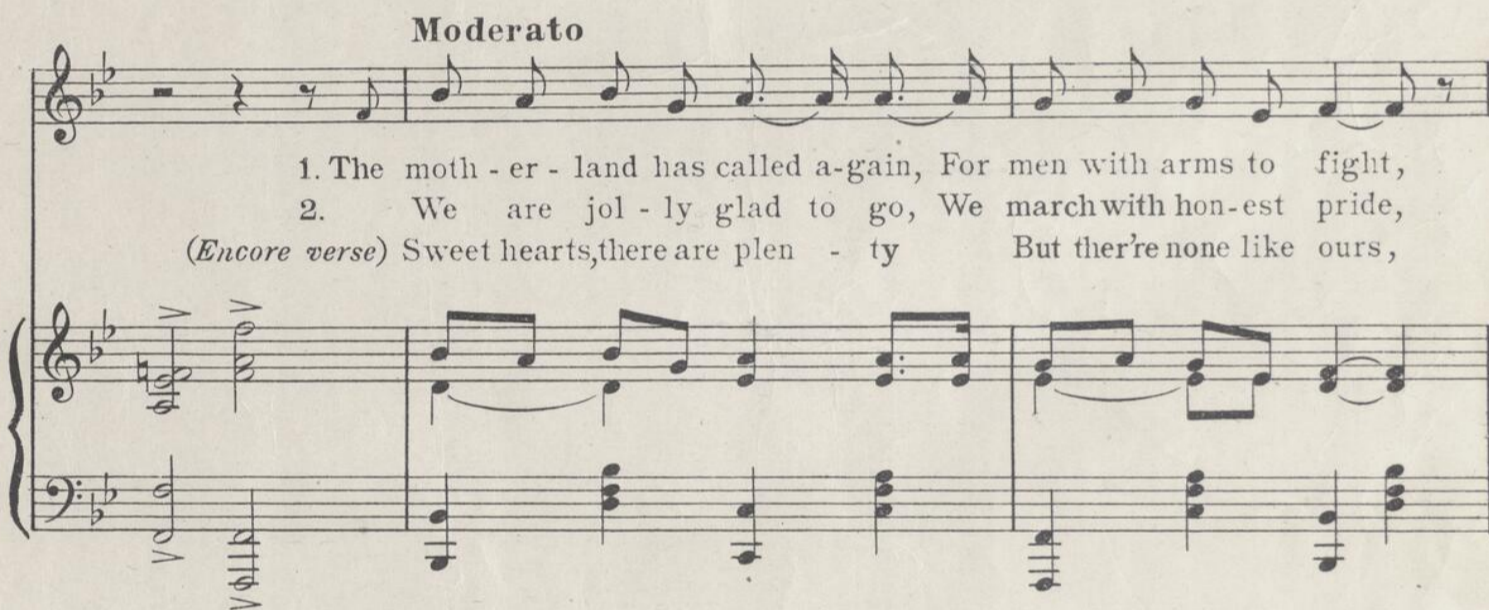
JEAN MULLOY.

**Tempo di Marcia**



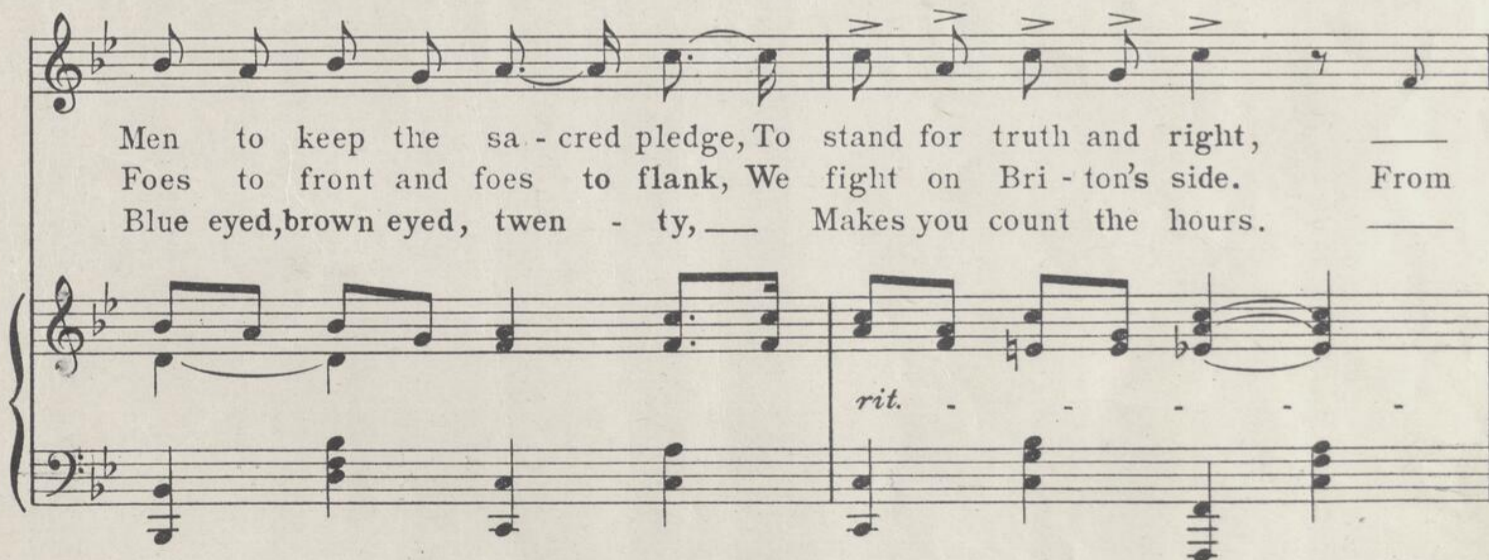
**Moderato**

1. The moth - er - land has called a - gain, For men with arms to fight,  
2. We are jol - ly glad to go, We march with hon - est pride,  
(*Encore verse*) Sweet hearts, there are plen - ty But there're none like ours,



Men to keep the sa - cred pledge, To stand for truth and right, —  
Foes to front and foes to flank, We fight on Bri - ton's side. From  
Blue eyed, brown eyed, twen - ty, — Makes you count the hours. —

*rit.*



Bel - gian homes are rav - - ished Her wom-en's cry is loud, A  
 where the Rock - y moun-tains dip And vir - gin prair-ies sweep, From  
 And she's staunch and stea - dy — Makes you be a man, —

*a tempo*

hun - dred thou - sand Jack Ca - nucks, And we are in the crowd.  
 Arc - tic rim to Sco - tia's tip, Our call is o'er the deep.  
 She'll be wait - ing rea - - dy To take you heart and hand.

*rit.*

CHORUS  
 Tempo di Marcia (*molto marcato*) with spirit

So we're off to sun - ny France — To make the Ger-man dance — Their

goose-step on the way to old Ber - lin.

John-nie Ca-nuck's the boy, You'll hear our shouts of joy, When we go march-ing

in. We'll beat the Kai ser's hordes, We'll bring you back their swords, And

scores of ir - on cross-es never. fear\_ When we come roll-ing home A -

(rousing cheer) (Last verse)

cross the rag-ing foam. Hip! Hip! Hur-rah! you'll hear our ring-ing cheer.

