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The Maple Leaf Squadron

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Then here's to the lads of the Maple Leaf Squadron,
At hunting the U-Boat it's seldom they fail;
Though they've come from the mine and the farm and the works
The bank and the college and maybe from jail.

cho: We'll zig and we'll zag all over the ocean,
Ride herd on our convoy by night and by day.
Till we take up our soundings on the shores of old Ireland,
From Newfy to Derry's a bloody long way.

We're out from grey Newfy and off for green Derry,
Or swinging back westward while tall waters climb;
The grey seas roll round us, but never confound us;
We'll be soon making port and there'll be a high time.

So we're off to the wars where there's death in the making,
Survival or sacrifice, fortune or fame;
And our eyes go ahead to the next wave that's breaking,
It's the luck that's before us adds zest to the game.

From Songs From the Front and Rear, Hopkins