

THE WINNIPEG GRENADIERS

They were only a single unit;
The Winnipeg Grenadiers;
But their name will live forever
In the annals of the years.
Not part of the old line army,
A unit of volunteers,
But they held the old traditions
Of the British Grenadiers.

They did their share of waiting
As the months passed one by one,
While making preparations
For the task that must be done.
When the call came, they were ready.
With no hesitating fears
Did they face unknown conditions.
The Winnipeg Grenadiers.

They were sent to hold an outpost
In a distant, tropical port,
Where their rule was never challenged.
Where in peace they held a fort.
Whatever was the reason:
Maybe prudence; maybe fears;
The Nazis never challenged
The Winnipeg Grenadiers.

When greater dangers threatened
Where defences were not strong,
They were next assigned to duty
On the Island of Hong Kong,
Where a new and greater danger
From a ruthless foe appears;
And to face these ruthless millions
Went the Winnipeg Grenadiers.

No ships of war to aid them;
No aircraft near at hand;
And short of ammunition,
They bravely took their stand
Along with the Royal Rifles,
Likewise just volunteers;
They challenged the whole Jap army:
The Winnipeg Grenadiers.

Day and after day, unfaltering,
They faced the Japanese,
Who were masters of the airways;
Who were masters of the seas.
They had hoped for reinforcements
As they guarded coast and piers,
But there were no reinforcements
For the Winnipeg Grenadiers.

Today they're a lost battalion;
No longer in the fight.
Defeated, along with the Rifles,
By the overwhelming might
Of Jap invading masses,
But we'll shed no mournful tears
For the loss of our gallant heroes:
The Winnipeg Grenadiers.

We'll shed no tears for our heroes,
But we will prepare for the day
When man for man and gun for gun
We'll make the invaders pay.
We'll replace each man that is missing,
With other volunteers;
And we'll build another unit
Of the Winnipeg Grenadiers.

January, 1942

TO THE WINNIPEG GRENADIERS—

A TOAST

Let's drink a toast to gallant men;
The Winnipeg Grenadiers.
Battalions one and two and one,
And those of other years.
Drink to the men of the 78th
Who fought in Flanders' Field;
Who held the line year after year
And not a foot did yield.

Let's drink to Battalion Number One—
And the Royal Rifles too—
Who held the Island of Hong Kong
Against a mighty slew.
Drink to Battalion Number Two,
Who only stand and wait;
Prepared for all emergencies,
Whatever be their fate.

Let's drink to the new Battalion One,
Who, send them where you may,
Will not return till, victory won,
They put their arms away.
The men who will avenge Hong Kong,
Though only volunteers,
Will add new battle honours
To the Winnipeg Grenadiers.

February, 1942

REMEMBER HONG KONG

On Christmas Day in "Forty-one"
Our gallant sons gave way
To a vicious horde of Japanese
Who know not Christmas Day.
An overwhelming, savage horde,
In warfare — undeclared —
Attacked a peaceful garrison,
—Through honour,—unprepared.

Although outnumbered many times,
Though unequipped to fight,
They held Kowloon and Stanley Point.
No rest by day or night.
The Japanese were well equipped
On land, in air and sea.
Communication lines intact.
But none of these had we.

Of water there was no supply
Within the fortress wall.
The Japanese had cut the line,
Then there was none at all.
Our food supplies were running low.
Our ammunition gone.
And still the savage tribes increased,
But still our men fought on.

Came Christmas Day. No Christmas Mail.
No handshake, friend with friend.
No ammunition now in hand.
We'd battled to the end.
All ranks had fought until the last,
More could not be required.
Their gallant fight to save Hong Kong
Will always be admired.

The British fought as British do
When they are called to fight.
The Indians and the Natives fought
As part of Britain's might.
The Royal Rifles of Quebec
Were men who knew no fears,
But none were more determined than
The Winnipeg Grenadiers.

We'll learn some day on history's page
The story of Hong Kong.
We'll learn about our gallant sons
In story and in song.
Let's not despair, our noble men,
Alone and far away,
Will join our celebration on
Another Christmas Day.

December, 1942