



The Netherlands, a world at war  
Across the sea on foreign shore  
In Canada new hope is born  
While Holland's heart was ripped and torn

In January '43  
A royal birth of liberty  
Peace Tower bells resound on high  
From mother's arms her newborn's cry

In Ottawa a bloom so sweet  
Dear little baby girl Margriet  
Though princess of the Netherlands  
A maple leaf she holds in hands

The Nazis with machine guns sneered  
While Dutch resistance danced and cheered  
A beacon thru the darkest nights  
The infant sleeps to northern lights

O Amsterdam, new hope at last  
The winds of war are changing fast  
For now the news brings tidings glad  
The Nazis crushed in Stalingrad

Princess  
Margriet

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(OUR PRINCESS LAUGHED)

On hands and knees she took to crawl  
As Hitler's Reich began to fall  
And when she stood upon her feet  
The Nazis broke to full retreat

*by Garth Paul Ukrainetz, Poet of the Blackmud Creek*

Then as she stepped and learned to walk  
In Rotterdam sprang hopeful talk  
Our barefoot princess, toes in sand  
On Juno Beach her heroes land

And as she jumped and ran with glee  
A mighty rescue, glorious, free  
From Canada came soldiers brave  
Their glowing hearts thru Holland save

With joy she smiled up to the sky  
A Canadian twinkle in her eye  
Held maple leaf in little hands  
For liberation, Netherlands

From mouth of child the truth revealed  
To break war's curse that darkness sealed  
The great are born for destined paths  
From Canada, our princess laughed

