

THE EMIGRANT'S CANADIAN HOME.

MUSIC AND WORDS BY W. W. HILL—WRITTEN IN 1863.

There is a spot, tho' far away
No matter where we roam.
That's ever held to mem'ry dear,
'Tis home! sweet home!
Tho' we've enjoy'd a happy time,
Since we cross'd ocean's foam.
We'll ne'er forget our native land,
Our childhood's happy home.

Tho' we may dwell in foreign lands,
Or on the wide sea's breast,
Our thoughts will love to linger still
Round homes where fathers rest;
The shamrock, rose, and thistle, all
Have glorious laurels won,
Which ever sheds a lustre on
Our own adopted home!

While war and bloodshed reign so near
To our adopted land,
And men, who should as brothers be,
In deadly combat stand;
Let's thankful be to Him, who has
So many favors shewn,
And smiles upon us day by day
In our Canadian home.

If, in the order of events,
Our land should be menaced,
Nobly will we defend our flag,
Which ne'er has been disgraced!
For here the "Flag of Freedom" waves
From ev'ry spire and dome—
While Love and Liberty and Right,
Guard our Canadian home!

MY NATIVE LAND.

AIR—"MY NATIVE LAND."

'Tis when the sun, adorning
The east in golden hue,
Dispels the mist of morning,
And quaffs the diamond dew—