

OUR SEMI-CENTENNIAL,

TORONTO, 1884.

For Voice and Piano.

Words by F. S. SPENCE.

From BEETHOVEN'S Septuor, Op. 20.

1. Let hearts and voices blend - ing, U - nite to day in thank - ful song, In joy and pride as -

cend - ing. An an - them glad pro - long; Tell ev - 'ry where, our re - cord rare, Of

fame and growth un - stained and free, Through roll - ing years still tend - ing Towards this great ju - bi - lee.

cres.

2.

Let bannered splendor o'er us
Float out on every breeze's swell,
In clanging, pealing chorus
Let all the joy bells tell.
Of great deeds done, of glory won,
Of wealth—hard labor's honest spoil,
And prospects grand before us,
All forged by sturdy toil.

3.

And still in strength abounding,
May true hearts guard our city fast,
As theirs—all fear confounding—
Who in her humble past
A home first hewed from forests rude:—
As theirs who built her civic fame:—
As theirs whose cheers resounding
To day her might proclaim.