

## FUR HARTH AN' HOME

(*Alli along o' the new Norman Conquest*)—By *Thomas Cod*.

### I.

Tew our Home-land fill a toast,  
An' repeat it round the coast  
That was shipless w'en our fathers came to settle ;—  
Nova Scotia fair and free,  
Firmly planted in the sea—  
She is modest, but she's full o' fightin' mettle !

### II.

All the right wot she enjoys  
Must be garded by her boys,  
An' the hand wot interferes will have to suffer :  
Pass it on from lip tew lip  
That she won't give up the ship—  
She is little, but the biggest cannot bluff her.

### III.

On the headlan' an' the cragg  
She was fust tew fix the flag  
That our birthright tew a stranger flag has yielded,  
*But she'll boss her native seas,  
Let the river flow or freeze—*  
She is friendly, but her fireside shall be shielded  
Tho' her fleet is mostly moor'd,  
Yet the hands are all aboard,  
With the anker-lights a-burn' blue ez ruin,  
W'en the bos'n's w'istle calls,  
You may then look out for squals—  
She is silent, but she sees the tempest bruiu'.

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NOTE :—M. H. Nickerson, Esq., M. P. P., of Clark's Harbor, N. S., has written some stirring verses in the interests of Canadian Coastwise Shipping under the nome de plume of "Thomas Cod"