

"Laissez-allez," "upon them," is the cry
 Firm be each heart and strong each manly blow,
 Sworn 'neath the banner of our sires to die—
 Do aught but yield unto a traitor foe.
 Teach them the weight of Norseman's steel to know
 Truth is our breast plate and the Right our shield.
 And swift as Ottawa's bright waters flow,
 Will march our heroes to the crimson field—
 Ready to die, but never, never yield !

Champions of Canada ! Freedom's Chevaliers
 Children of old Britannia's lion race,
 The light of battie in each eye appears,
 And patriotic fire illumines each face ;
 Though by no spoils of war your march we trace,
 No golden crests, nor burnished hauberks shine,
 In the world's history bright shall be your place,
 Fame, round your brows, her fairest wreaths shall twine,
 Ye who stand foremost in the *thin red line*.

OLD NEIGHBOURS.

Come in and sit thee down, old neighbour,
 The sun sinks 'neath yon western hill,
 The hours have passed for busy labour,
 The evening wind blows keen and chill.
 Fill up your pipe, and fill your flagon,
 With a good draught of home brewed beer,
 And let us sit at ease and talk o'er
 The scenes of many a bygone year.