

4. - Sail, Sail, My Bark Canoe.

Where the pine tree waveth,
And the lakelet blue
Rocky beaches laveth,
Roam our merry crew.
In our Island dwelling,
We make holiday;
Joys beyond all telling,
Banish care away.

CHORUS:— Sail, Sail, my bark canoe,
O'er Joseph's waters blue!
Haste to the kind and true,
E'er daylight's o'er.
Sail, sail, my skiff so light!
Sail, sail, for the land's in sight,
And the camp fire throws its ruddy light
Along the rocky shore!

When the sun is sinking
'Neath the lofty pines,
We, of dinner thinking,
Take our hooks and lines.
Slowly, past the rocky shore,
Troll we, not in vain,
With pickerel and bass galore,
We hasten back again.

In the mellow gloaming,
Rings our dinner bell;
Weary with our roaming,
We like the sound full well.
And when we've done our dining,
In Kilmarnocks bright,
Round the fire reclining,
We spend a jolly night.