

We are sorry for the red coats, and for Major  
Moore's sword ;  
For Bandmaster Robinson's music, which we all so  
much adored.

But we will soon have another drill shed, and our  
flag will float in the breeze ;  
Then every heart that weepeth now shall sweetly be  
at ease.

God bless our noble chief and firemen with long and  
peaceful lives ;  
May they enter heaven at last, where there is no  
hasty drives.



### SUMMER.

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I long to walk among the hills  
Roam in the fields of clover,  
Listen to the bowbells ring—  
Then I would believe it summer.

If I beside those babbling brooks  
In childhood days could wander,  
And gather ferns from the wild nooks—  
Then I would think it summer.

And if with those we dearly love  
Could walk hand in hand together,  
Through life's rugged paths of sin—  
Then I would believe it summer.

If I could hear the goldfinch sing  
And not one dear woman murmur,  
And spy the eagle on her wing—  
Then I would think it summer.

Some day we will reach that happy clime  
Where there is no change of weather,  
And cast our crowns at Jesus' feet,  
And know for truth it's summer.