

The turtle too,
He had so much to do,
He could not sing his little lay
Of love and snow,
For Smyth was growling low,
Give way, ye lazy men, give way.

Then Ducens' voice,
It made our hearts rejoice,
And smiles around our lips began to play.
Round comes the gale,
We'll have a jolly sail,
So put those loathsome oars away.

CHORUS:—Oh put those oars away,
For after work comes play,
And at the close of day
We'll hear those voices say,
A braver crew ne'er left Muskoka bay,
So put those loathsome oars away!