

## S O N G ,

WRITTEN FOR THE DINNER OF THE YORK PIONEERS, APRIL 17, 1871.

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Should old acquaintance be forgot,  
And friendship cast away,  
When limbs are growing stiff with age,  
And locks are turning gray ?

Ah ! no : let friendship warmer grow,  
When youth is past and gone ;  
And let the evening's ruddy glow,  
Be brighter than the morn.

Should memory fail to take us back  
To days of early toil,  
When first we sought a forest home,  
To battle with the soil :

When first we struck the sturdy oak,  
And felled the lofty pine,  
And robbed the maple of its sweets,  
In days of auld lang syne.

We struggled through the tangled brake,  
To reach the distant mill ;  
Or chased the shy and bounding deer  
Across the breezy hill.

We gained the treasures of the lake,  
With homely rod and line ;  
And gathered fruit from bush and tree,  
In days of auld lang syne.

And when our country called to arms,  
We met the battle shock,  
And taught the foe a lesson stern,  
Led on by gallant Brock.

And now we meet, a brother band,  
To pledge in rosy wine,  
The memory of the early time,  
The days of auld lang syne.