

Pay, Pay, Pay.

The "absent-minded beggar,"
Now returning from the fray,
With the scars of battle on him—
He for months has been away—
Let him hear of service rendered,
Tender him a due reward ;
Let the nation now be liberal ;
He has fought her battles hard.

Let us meet him with a welcome ;
Let him share the victor's spoil ;
Pay him now with gold and diamonds
From the land where he did toil.
Men should never muzzle oxen
When they're treading out the corn ;
Let us deal with men in justice,
Let them know we're Britons born.

With the flush of conflict fading,
And the strife of conquest o'er,
As the fragments of our regiments
Place their feet upon our shore,
Let us not forget their valor !
May it stir again our pride !
They have helped the cause of freedom—
British flags are floating wide.

WM. STRONG.