

Stage coaches and omnibuses are seen
 On the streets of every village and town,
 The dinner horn was heard in the golden wheat field,
 And the cherry pie was rich and brown.

Robbers and marauders invested our land,
 From the borders and across the blue sea,
 Putting Canadians to rout on old Gallows Hill ;
 In this land of the brave and the free.

Blockhouses and bayonets called into requisition,
 The old flint musket fired true ;
 Women's hearts fainted, the men were brave,
 But God brought Canada through.

Mackenzie was hung upon a high green tree,
 The cannons then ceased to roar,
 The drums beat loud, and the music was sweet
 From the regulars around our shore.

The old British flag was hoisted high.
 On the twenty-fourth day of May ;
 And the orangemen walked on the twelfth of July,
 In white pants and other true colors so gay.



MUFFLE THE BELL!

Muffle the bell!
 Our little darling is ill, the fever is hot on her brow,
 Step easy, ye loved ones around her couch,
 The angels are coming just now ;
 Her spirit is going to the land of rest,
 Our heads we humbly bow.

Muffle the bell! [given
 A minister of God, his last sermon to sinners has
 And has dropped his mantle for a robe and crown,
 And will soon enter the gate of heaven.