

3.—The North Wind Blows.

The boat rides well
The old Muskoka swell,
Our oars are dashing up the spray.
The north wind blows,
She's foaming at the nose,
Give way, my merry men, give way.

CHORUS:—Give way, my boys, give way,
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—
Give way, my merry men, give way.

The chaplain said,
I'm very fatigued,
I like not muchly to give way;
But Smyth replied,
The church gets no free ride,
Put on another pound while I delay.

Then Finn out spoke,
I cannot see the joke,
Of working like a colored man all day,
The care of stores,
Unfits me for the oars;
But Smyth the tyrant growled, give way.