

The Ballad of Georgian Bay

Tune: "Marching Through Georgia."

Wake me in the morning, boys, at
dawning of the day,
Let me leave the dust and noise, and
wander far away,
Thirty thousand islands call from good
old Georgian Bay,
I'm off for the North in the
morning.

CHORUS.

Away! away! I'm off to Georgian
Bay,
Where every soul is happy, blithe
and gay,
Lo, the breeze is on my cheek, and
on my brow the spray,
I'm off for the North in the
morning!

Oh, the world is dreary, boys, I'm weary,
heart and brain,
Best of artificial joys are bothersome
and vain,
Maung* a ringing welcome cries
across his glad domain,
I'm off for the North in the
morning.

Off then in the morning, boys, at dawn-
ing of the day,
Soon our camp-fire smoke shall rise, and
soon we'll rest and play,
All the wilds are waiting, boys, and here
I cannot stay,
I'm off for the North in the
morning.

*Maung: Ancient Ojibway name for the loon;
Maung-wawon: loon-egg; Maung-odaa: loon-heart;
whence Maung-odausee: intrepid, doughty, brave.
