

There's a cabin in the shadow of the pines,  
 Where a hearth is waiting, desolate and cold,  
 There's a kingdom 'way up yonder and it's mine,  
 Till the North shall wrap me in her vasty fold.  
 She may turn her anger loose upon my path,  
 She may welcome and caress me as a friend,  
 She may lure me to delirium and death,  
 But I'm going back to fight her to the end.

So it's up and out at daybreak on the Old Trail again,  
 Thro' the freshness and the freedom of the wild, wide plain,  
 Under softer, kinder skies you may drift adown the days,  
 But to me the North is calling,—and it never calls in vain.

—o—

### **“IT'S A LONG WAY TO TIPPERARY.”**

British troops in France march singing and whistling “It's a Long Way to Tipperary,” a music-hall ditty which was the London favourite when the “Tommies” left 'ome. It has a catchy, swinging air and chorus. Here are the words:—

Up to mighty London came an Irishman one day,  
 As the streets are pav'd with gold, sure every one was gay;  
 Singing songs of Piccadilly, Strand and Leicester Square,  
 Till Paddy got excited, then he shouted to them there:

#### **CHORUS:**

It's a long way to Tipperary,  
 It's a long way to go;  
 It's a long way to Tipperary,  
 To the sweetest girl I know.  
 Good-bye Piccadilly, farewell Leicester Square;  
 It's a long, long way to Tipperary,  
 But my heart's right there.

Paddy wrote a letter to his Irish Molly O'  
 Saying: “Should you not receive it, write and let me know;  
 If I make mistakes in spelling, Molly dear,” said he,  
 “Remember, it's the pen that's bad, don't lay the blame on me.”

Molly wrote a neat reply to Irish Paddy O'  
 Saying: “Mike Maloney wants to marry me and so  
 Leave the Strand and Piccadilly, or you'll be to blame  
 For love has fairly drove me silly, hoping you're the same.”