

From this valley they say you are going,
I shall miss your bright eyes and gay smile,
And the sunshine that on me is glowing,
Which brightened my pathway awhile.

Cho.—Then consider, &c.

Remember the valley you are leaving,
How lonely and dreary it will be,
Remember the heart you are breaking,
And be true to your promise to me.

Cho.—Then consider, &c.

As you go to your home by the ocean,
May you never forget the sweet hours,
We spent in the Red River Valley,
Or the love we exchanged 'mid its bowers.

Cho.—Then consider, &c.

Oh! there never could be such a longing
In the heart in a young maiden's breast,
As lives in my heart which is beating
With love for the boy who came west.

Cho.—Then consider, &c.

The western maid prays for her lover,
To the spirit who rules o'er the world,
May sunshine his pathway e'er cover,
Give his griefs to the Red River girl.

Cho.—Then consider, &c.

(*At the conclusion of song sentries relieved.*)

Deacon.—Come, boys, on with the dance. Mac, you are next.

THE SASKATCHEWAN GUARDS' LAMENT.

BY PTE. C. MUNRO.

Sung by Pte. H. Macnab.

Here we suffer grief and pain,
Over ice and snow we came
Three thousand miles and more.

Chorus.—Oh, boys, ain't it mournful,
Mournful, mournful, mournful,
Oh, boys, ain't it mournful,
We came out here in search of gore.

They only gave us one suit of clothes,
When we'll get any more dear only knows,
Away out here in the West.

Cho.—Oh, boys, &c.

They only gave us one meal a day,
The rest we took out of government pay,
No allowance was made for more.

Cho.—Oh, boys, &c.