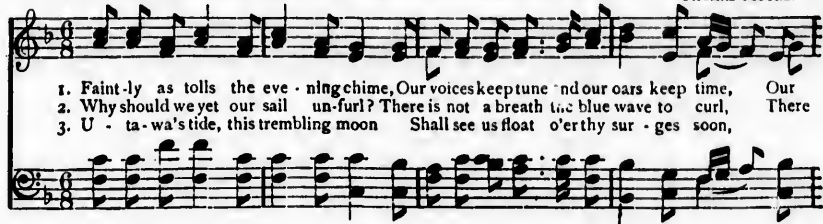
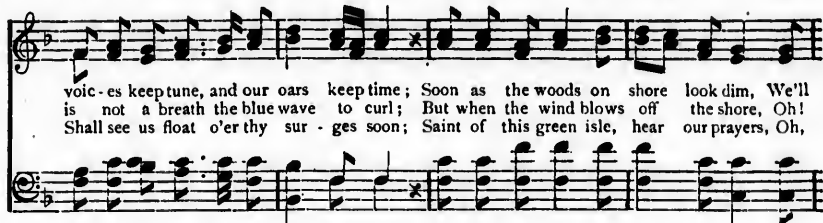


THE CANADIAN BOAT SONG.

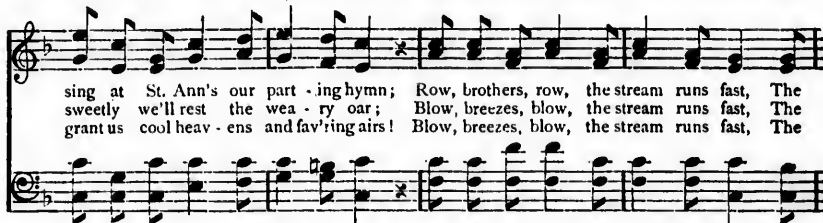
THOMAS MOORE.



1. Faint-ly as tolls the eve - ning chime, Our voices keep time and our oars keep time, Our
 2. Why should we yet our sail un-furl? There is not a breath the blue wave to curl, There
 3. U - ta - wa's tide, this trembling moon Shall see us float o'er thy sur - ges soon,



voice - es keep time, and our oars keep time; Soon as the woods on shore look dim, We'll
 is not a breath the blue wave to curl; But when the wind blows off the shore, Oh!
 Shall see us float o'er thy sur - ges soon; Saint of this green isle, hear our prayers, Oh,



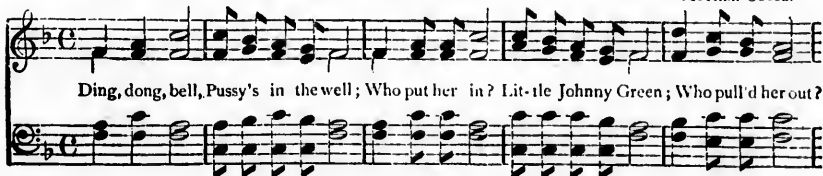
sing at St. Ann's our part - ing hymn; Row, brothers, row, the stream runs fast, The
 sweetly we'll rest the wea - ry oar; Blow, breezes, blow, the stream runs fast, The
 grant us cool heav - ens and fav'ring airs! Blow, breezes, blow, the stream runs fast, The



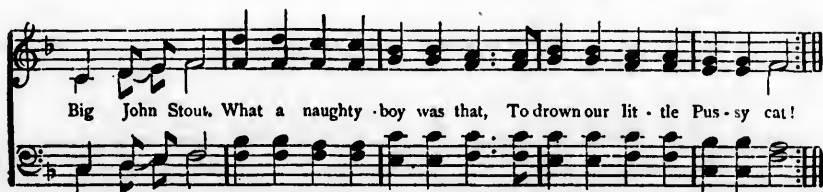
rap - ids are near, and the day - light's past, The rap - ids are near, and the day - light's past.

DING, DONG, DELL.

MOTHER GOOSE.



Ding, dong, bell, Pussy's in the well; Who put her in? Lit - tle Johnny Green; Who pull'd her out?



Big John Stout, What a naughty - boy was that, To drown our lit - tle Pus - sy cat!