

PATRIOTIC SONG.

AIR.—" *Lang Syne*."

The Old ~~Flag~~ ^{Flag} waves on tower and steep,
 Above th' embrasured wall ;
 In every land, or on the deep,
 Still prompt at duty's call.

Time-honored Flag! beneath thy folds.
 We fain would long repose ;
 The tie that loyal subjects holds,
 With years but stronger grows.

We glory in Old England's fame,
 The theme of Poets' lays ;
 Her deeds of arms—her arts that claim,
 A world's emphatic praise.

With all her faults we'll love her yet,
 Great mistress of the main ;
 Pray we her sun may never set,
 Its splendor never wane!

But more to us than Mother-Land,
 Than Britain's power or fame,
 We count our own dear native strand,
 Our own Canadia's name!

We prize the homes our fathers loved,—
 The soil that shrines their dust ;
 The fruitful fields their hands improved
 We deem a sacred Trust.

Though cheerless fogs invade our coast,
 Though long be winter's reign ;
 What land a brighter sun can boast
 When summer smiles again?

How sweet in spring the glades to tread
 When the Maple scents the breeze,—
 What glorious skies doth autumn spread
 Above the tinted trees!

The blust'ring airs from Ocean blown,
 A healthful clime ensure ;
 The British laws that mould our own,
 Our liberties secure.