

See, the shades of night are falling
On the water and the land ;
The conductor's loudly calling,
Come and join our merry band.
By the camp fire's ruddy blaze,
We, our tuneful voices raise,
While the bright stars overhead
Gentle radiance on us shed.
'Tis a life, etc.

And when our evenings ended,
And the fire is growing dim,
Then are all our voices blended
In our solemn evening hymn ;
And we go, on slumber bent,
Back to calaboose and tent,
Where the "skeeters" and the flies,
Sing us their soft lullabies.
'Tis a life, etc.

