

## HURRAH FOR DONALD !

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O Donald, you have won the road race to-day

Up bright in the morning—

Sweet hope in thy heart—

You leave the Herald office for the fray ;

Hurrah for Donald !

Our own brave Donald !

Who won the road race to-day!

Ye warm-hearted Scots, both highlanders and low,

Adorn him with heather and thistle ;

Take down your bagpipes and sound the whistle !

Hurrah for Donald !

Our own brave Donald !

Who won the road race to-day.

I know the road well—have been around it myself ;

But the distance I never could run !

But brave Donald, regardless of the mud,

Came in with work well done !

Hurrah for Donald !

Our own brave Donald !

Who won the road race to-day.

And may you live long to drink from your cup.

Which you so truly have won—

When weary and tired of running the race,

Turn it over to your Scot son !

Hurrah for Donald !

Our own brave Donald !

Who won the road race to day.