

THE SONG OF THE EXPEDITION.

By F. J. C., Illustrated by E. H. G., of the O. & Q. Battalions.



Come, boys, cheer up! We'll have a song, in spite of our position,
To help us in our labours on this glorious Expedition.
We'll keep our spirits up, my boys, and not look sad or sober,
Nor grumble at our hardships on our way to Manitoba.

Chorus—Jolly boys! Jolly boys!
Hurra for the boats and the roads, jolly boys!



Some grumble loudly, and exclaim, " 'Tis not what I expected.
I never thought that vast stockade would have to be erected.
'Twas only as a volunteer that I left my abode.
I never thought of coming here to work upon the road."

Chorus—Jolly boys! &c.



'Tis true the roads were rough, my boys! The rapids, too, are swift,
And on these treacherous portages the loads are hard to lift.
But never mind, we'll go ahead, and never stop nor tarry
Until we reach the promised land—in other words, Fort Garry.

Chorus—Jolly boys! &c.



And now we're fairly started, boys! and well upon our way.
We'll hope to see our journey's end at no far distant day.
So cheerily we'll force ahead, in spite of wind or weather,
We're sure to get along, boys! if we only pull together.

Chorus—Jolly boys! &c.



Whether it is tugging at the oar, or toiling up the banks,
Working at the portages, or drilling in the ranks,
We must stick to each other like the cobbler to his leather,
And we'll go swimmingly along, if we only pull together.

Chorus—Jolly boys! &c.



Say what we will, we can't deny that all these things were needed:
Without the last, 'tis very sure, we should never have succeeded.
Had we trusted to the first alone, to poling, towing, rowing,
We never should have brought the stores as far as Shebandowan.

Chorus—Jolly boys! &c.



And when we reach Fort Garry, boys! and all our work is done,
We'll pass the time right merrily; you bet we'll have some fun;
And when our year is over, and we again are free,
We'll all go back to Montreal, and won't we have a spree!

Chorus—Jolly boys! &c.

We'll do as did the merry men and let the bottle pass,
And with each well-known friend we meet we'll toss another glass,
We'll see each old familiar face with joyful welcome gleam,
And all our present hardships then will seem but as a dream.

Chorus—Jolly boys! &c.



I've talked of going home, my friends, but now it don't appear
That we shall see our homes again quite in another year:
And if the Manitoba girls be kind as they are charming,
The half of us will stay behind and settle down to farming.

Chorus—Jolly boys! &c.