

Far from gasaliers' and lustres'
Sickly artificial light,
Every eve our party musters
Round the camp-fire burning bright.
Ours is then no prosy topic,
Fit for Leader, Globe or Mail,
But rare jokes Kaleidoscopic
Hit upon the head the nail.
Then hurrah for old Muskoka,
For fair Joseph's Isles, hurrah !

Love-sick songs of southern sadness
Suit signoras soft and mild ;
In our northern home of gladness
Warble we our wood-notes wild.
None may sleep when Signor Sandi
Leads the philharmonic din,
While we raise our voices, and he
Plays upon his violin.
Hip ! Hurrah ! for old Muskoka,
For fair Joseph's Isles, hurrah !

Changed the strain : and our devotions
Wing their grateful flight on high,
Then we take our frugal potions —
Chant our parting lullaby.
Thus are passed our days of pleasure,
And the night brings sweet repose,
Save when tones of rhythmic measure
Waltz from some euphonious nose.
Then hurrah for old Muskoka,
For fair Joseph's Isles, hurrah !