

1.—The Islemen of the North.

Father Joseph, O receive us!

We have left the haunts of men;
And from biting cares relieve us,

Take us to thy bosom again.

We have dragged our weary bones
Over many a mile of stones,

On a holiday intent,

And on fun and frolic bent,—

'Tis a life that's full of joy,

Up in Yo-ho-kick-a-boy!

We're a band of rovers jolly,

Come a-gypsying to the north;
From the city's dust and folly,

We have gaily sallied forth;
And the woods and forests ring,

While our roundelays we sing,

Or our laughing voices sound,

Waking all the echoes round.

'Tis a life, etc.

O'er the azure waters dancing,

As before the breeze we fly:

With the golden sunlight glancing,

On the wave-tops curling high:

Or when at the close of day,

We skim lightly o'er the bay;

And the sky is all ablaze,

With the sun's expiring rays:—

'Tis a life, etc.