

Why should we yet our sail unfurl?
 There is not a breath the blue wave to curl,
 There is not a breath the blue wave to curl;
 But when the wind blows off the shore,
 Oh! sweetly we'll rest our weary oar.
 Blow, breezes, blow, the stream runs fast,
 The rapids are near and the daylight's past,
 The rapids are near and the daylight's past.

Ottaway tide! this trembling moon
 Shall see us float over thy surges soon,
 Shall see us float over thy surges soon;
 Saint of this green isle, hear our pray'r!
 Grant us cool skies and fav'ring air.
 Blow, breezes, blow, the stream runs fast,
 The rapids are near and the daylight's past,
 The rapids are near and the daylight's past.

24. A Cheer for the Workers.

Hurrah for the men who work,
 Whatever their trade may be!
 Hurrah for the men who wield the pen,
 For those who plough the sea,
 And those who earn their daily bread
 By the sweat of an honest brow!
 ||: Hurrah for the men who dig and delve,
 And they who reap and sow! :||

Hurrah for the sturdy arm!
 Hurrah for the steady will!
 Hurrah for the worker's health and strength,
 Hurrah for the worker's skill!
 Hurrah for those who gave us birth,
 Hurrah for the young and old!
 ||: The men of worth all over the earth,
 Hurrah for the workers bold! :||

Hurrah for the men that work,
 And the trade that suits them best!
 Hurrah for the six day's labour,
 And the one of blessed rest!
 Hurrah for the free and open heart!
 Hurrah for the noble aim!
 ||: Hurrah for a loving quiet home!
 Hurrah for an honest name! :||

Hurrah for the men who strive!
 Hurrah for the men who save!
 Who do not sit down and drink till they drown,
 But struggle and breast the wave.