

ROUGHING IT IN THE BUSH.

Such sounds as these in days of yore,
On war-ship's deck and battle plain,
Have rung o'er heaps of foemen slain—
And with God's help they'll ring again,
When warriors' blood shall flow no more,
God save the Queen!

God save the Queen! let patriots cry;
And palsied be the impious hand
Would guide the pen, or wield the brand,
Against our glorious Fatherland.
Let shouts of freemen rend the sky,
God save the Queen!—and Liberty!

Reader! my task is ended.

THE END.

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90