

LYRICS

—BY—

GEORGE PIRIE, ESQ.,

LATE EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR OF THE GUELPH "HERALD."

SIR JOHN A. MACDONALD.

THE PILOT THAT STANDS BY THE HELM.

When the wild winds are out and the waves
rush to whelm,
We look to the pilot that stands by the helm;
And if from the past we have cause to confide
In the steersman that guides our stout bark
o'er the tide—

In his skill to direct and his nerve to command
We dread not the breakers that girdle the
land;

The tempest may come in its fearfulest form,
We trust to the pilot to weather the storm.

Hurrah! for our pilot, our stout-hearted
pilot,
Around him, to aid him, we'll gather and
form:

The good ship may reel, but the hands at
the wheel

Know well that the pilot can weather the
storm.

When the demons of Faction and Folly have
met,

And their hope is to founder the Ship of the
State;

We look to our steersman, the trusted and
tried;

In his skill and his courage we hope and con-
fide.

The flag of "Our Union" is nailed to the mast
"Our Queen and our Country!" peals over
the blast;

Let tempests the face of the ocean deform,
We trust to our pilot and laugh at the storm.

Hurrah! for our pilot, &c.

HURRAH FOR THE NEW DOMINION.

"In spite o' might, in spite o' flight,
In spite o' jeers, an' a' that,
The lads that battled for the right,
Have won the day for a' that."

Hurrah for the New Dominion!

'Tis founded on public opinion;
Mild the blessings of peace

May the nation increase,
Till the twin oceans bound the Dominion.

Hurrah for the statesman who reared it—
Who the cope-stone have laid while we cheer-
ed it,

Who have roused up the land
For the Union to stand,
And to ev'ry true heart have endeared it.

Hurrah for the "good men and true,"
Who have stood by "The red, white, and blue,"

Who, when Faction assailed,
Neither lingered nor quailed,
But went in with a rush and went through.

Hurrah, for the victory won!
For the Chief who the rally led on!

Who, when cowards stood aghast,
Nailed the flag to the mast,

Toss up ev'ry cap for Sir John!

Hurrah for the land of renown,
On whose banners the sun ne'er goes down!

For our loyal-hearted Queen,
Whom we love and esteem—

For our kinsmen who rampart the Crown!

Hurrah for the New Dominion!!

For ALL our brave men and fair women!

Now the conflict is o'er,

Let us combat no more;
But all aid to build up the Dominion.