

BEAUTIFUL MOON

O, beautiful moon, thou hast come from the east,
Where still my heart lingers with those I love best,
From Bayfield's wild woodland and Egmondville grove,
Where beat the fond hearts that I tenderly love,
From the old maple tree that waves in the dell,
And the little log cottage beside the spring well,
How left you my little ones, yet in their bloom?
O, tell me. O, tell me, thou beautiful moon.

O, beautiful moon, say, before you depart,
How left you my Bella, the joy of my heart?
Like me, did she whisper a word in your ear?
And blow you sweet kisses to take to her dear?
Or, say, has there evil or danger come nigh?
To trouble her bosom or sadden her eye;
O, say, does she sit in despondence and gloom?
O, tell me, O, tell me, thou beautiful moon.

O, beautiful moon, I have wandered with thee,
Far, far from the cot by the old maple tree.
A wilderness wild lies between me and mine,
And lonely I stray on the Assiniboine;
O, say, lovely moon, can you tell me, O when
My loved ones will gather around me again?
God keep and protect them, and send them all soon,
O, haste back and tell them, thou beautiful moon.

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FIRST ELECTION IN MANITOBA

If there is in all the land,
A wight that's able to command
Warlocks and witches in a band,
That man is Robbie Cunningham.

O father, father, he did cry!
O father, help me or I die!
My voters all before me fly,
O help, cried Robbie Cunningham.