

God bless our home, long may it be
 The abode of truth and peace alone,
 Till o'er the world, from sea to sea,
 The greatness of our land is known;
 For this we ask, for this we pray,
 Till nations pass from earth away.

KINCARDINE.

Kind friends, I hope you will agree,
 If not, I ask your pardon,
 But, in our land, or o'er the sea,
 There's no place like Kincardine.

We've gents to spare, and ladies rare,
 Here grace and beauty mingle;
 And, by my soul, I must declare,
 We have boys who need the shingle.

We've hearts that never shall grow old,
 Though time from youth may sever;
 True virtue, which is more than gold,
 Shall wear its youth forever.

Like light that fills at close of day
 The skies with blushing beauty,
 Sweet smiles chase every shade away,
 And nerve our hearts to duty.

We've everything to please the mind
 Of sister, aunt or cousin;
 Good cider, when we feel inclined,
 And "old maids" by the dozen.

We've grave, and glad, and good and bad,
 Of erring, far too many,
 And I must say, with feeling sad,
 Of christians, scarcely any.

But, bless my heart, I most forgot,
 Till now my song is over,
 To tell some things we have not got,
 But fear 'twould be a poser.