

## THE BEAUTIFUL MIRAMICHI

Where the great forests grow  
And the bright waters flow  
    And in splendor sweep on to the sea,  
Where the sweet song-birds sing  
On the bough or the wing  
By the beautiful Miramichi,

There the kind hearts and true  
Have a welcome for you  
    Wherever your wanderings may be,  
From the rich or the poor  
Of a welcome you're sure,  
    By the beautiful Miramichi,

May each kind, loving heart  
From her hillsides depart  
    To the home of the faithful and free,  
May the good God above  
From His mansions of love  
    Bless the beautiful Miramichi.

## THE SWEETEST SONG

As often as we wander forth at morning,  
    At golden noon or silent starry night,  
When Heaven all His footstool is adorning  
    With every blessed charm for sense or sight,  
When listening to the song that always pleases,  
    The song the sweet birds sing upon the trees,  
We seem to hear them sighing "Sweetest Jesus,"—  
    The words come softly wafted on the breeze

The sweetness of that sacred Name entrancing  
    Is ever the dear burden of their song,  
As back and forth beneath the sunlight glancing,  
    Ten million throats its tenderness prolong.  
While man, poor sinful wretch, perchance is swearing,  
    Blaspheming by that ever blessed Name.  
His blessings in their beautiful bosoms bearing  
    The song-birds bow their brilliant heads in shame.