



SNOW SHOE TRAMP

Up! up! the morn is beaming,
Through the forest breaks the sun;
Rouse, ye sleepers, time for dreaming
When our daily journey's done.
Bind the Snow-shoe fast, with thongs too,
See that all is right and sure;
All is bliss to, naught's amiss to
A brave North-West voyageur, as

Chorus.—Tramp, tramp, on Snow-shoes tramping,
All the day we marching go;
Till at night, by fires encamping,
We find couches on the snow.

On, on, let men find pleasure
In the city, dark and drear;
Life is freedom, life's a treasure,
As we all enjoy it here.
Ha, ha, ha, ha! ha, ha, ha, ha!
See the novice down once more;
Hear him shout, then pull him out then,
Many a fall he's had before, as

Chorus.—Tramp, tramp, on Snow-shoes tramping,
All the day we marching go;
Till at night by fires encamping,
We find couches on the snow.

Men may talk of roads and railways,
But too well our comrades know
We could beat the fastest engine,
In a night tramp on the snow.
It may puff, sir! it may groan, sir!
It may whistle, it may scream!
But light tripping, gently dipping,
Snow-shoes leave behind the steam.

Chorus.—Tramp, tramp, on Snow-shoes tramping,
All the day we marching go;
Till at night, by fire's encamping,
We find couches on the snow.