

Our Old Canadian Home.

WORDS BY W. W. WAKELAM.

THE moon and stars are brightly shining, as we boys
go marching along,
With knapsack light and our rifles bright, the old hills
shall echo our song.
We are out on the march to-night, boys, on! on! no
matter where we roam,
We know that a welcome awaits us, in our old Canadian
home,
We know that a welcome awaits us, in our old Canadian
home.

CHORUS.

We are out! we are out! we are out on the march
to-night boys,
On! on! no matter where we roam,
We know that a welcome awaits us
In our old Canadian home.

When the dew is on the maple leaf, and the Beaver
drinks from the rills,
Our valleys then team with golden grain, and wild
flowers bloom on the hills,
When the snow flakes fall in their beauty, and roses are
scattered and gone,
We have the sweet music of sleigh-bells, in the place of
the wild bird's song,
We have the sweet music of sleigh-bells, in the place of
the wild bird's song.

We are out! we are out, &c.

When our fathers crossed the ocean deep, in the perilous
days of yore,