

Now, gallop, good horse ! quickly bear me beside  
 You big-headed fellow with shaggy brown hide—  
 See the foam on his mouth and the steam of his breath !  
 Full well does he know that the huntsman is Death.  
 Close up ! closer yet ! till our sides nearly meet !  
 Then—one shot ! and the monster falls dead at my feet.

(DUETT.)

Ah, the life of the prairie's } the life for a man.  
 'Tis the fisherman's life is }  
 And the bold heart that lives it must do all it can.  
 Be they waves of the prairie or waves of the sea,  
 The heart that beats o'er them is fearless and free.

*Nova Scotia—*

A fisherman, I, with my nets and my boat,  
 And a King is not freer than I am afloat ;  
 Be there storms on the ocean, or fogs on the shore,  
 'Tis the fisherman's life I would live evermore :  
 For the sea is the home where my cradle was swung,  
 And the voices I hear speak my own native tongue.  
 There's the dash of my boat in the trough of the sea,  
 And the swing of the boom as she shakes herself free :  
 There's the splash of the waves from her bow as they break,  
 And the hiss of the waters that meet in her wake :  
 There's the creak of the tackle, the flap of the sail,  
 And the whistle of winds as they gather the gale.

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