

Takakkaw and the foaming Yoho
 Takakkaw and the foaming Yoho
 Takakkaw and the foaming Yoho
 Where'er I roam, in my heart you linger.

The Indian Paintbrush is now adorning
 The open slide with its ruby sepals;
 I turn my face to the kiss of morning
 That comes so cooling from snowy steeples
 Takakkaw and the foaming Yoho
 etc., etc.

The melting glaciers in countless ages
 Have fed the river and water falling,
 O Takakkaw, when your spirit rages,
 I hear the voice of the Giver calling
 Takakkaw and the foaming Yoho
 etc., etc.

(4) A Mediaeval hymn tune, the original words of which are half Latin and half German—"In Dulci Jubilo":

IN DULCI JUBILO

- (a) In dulci Jubilo
 I sing with heart a-glow
 "Love is my Redeemer
 And gave the joy I know,
 And made of me a dreamer
 Who saw, since long ago
 Heaven is here below."
- (b) O Love-of-Every-Day!
 You warm for me the way,
 Noon and night combining;
 O let your sunlight stay
 Within my spirit shining,
 O keep me ever gay
 As the month of May.
- (c) O Love-of-Everything,
 That in my dream is King,
 Fill me with your rapture
 And scent of flowers bring,
 That I in you may capture
 The happiness of Spring.
 Help my heart to sing!