

## 7.

## Our Homes.

Hurrah, hurrah for England, the goddess of the sea,  
 The Empire Island of the brave, the birth-place of the free.  
 The land of honor, wealth and fame; of lore and commerce too.  
 ||: The land of many a noble name, from Nile to Waterloo. :||  
 —Repeat in Chorus.

Hurrah, hurrah for Ireland, the land of love and song,  
 Where genius, with a lavish hand, flings gifts among the throng.  
 Her sons, on many a gory field, for Britain's honor died,  
 ||: But warm and generous hearts are still her truest fame and  
 pride. :||

Hurrah, hurrah for Scotland, the land of heath-clad hills,  
 Where learning's ensign proudly waves, and loyal friendship  
 thrills.  
 The land of Bannockburn and Bruce, and kilted clans of yore,  
 ||: Who ever in brave hearts of truth the love of freedom wore. :||

Hurrah! hurrah for Canada! the fairest, *brightest* gem  
 That graces happy, proud and free, VICTORIA'S diadem!  
 The light of hope is on her brow, her peaceful flag unfurled.  
 ||: O, MAY SHE EVER STAND, AS NOW,  
 THE VANGUARD OF THE WORLD. :||

## 8.

## Animating Boat Song, with Britannia at the Helm.

*Boys:* There's melody, boys in the splashing oar,  
 And many a beautiful, beaming eye  
 Looks on our barque as it leaves the shore,  
 Like a bird o'er the crested waves to fly.

*Chorus—Arms are strong, and hearts are true,*  
*Merrily, o'er the waters blue,*  
*Swiftly and cheerily now we go,*  
*Pull, lads, steadily! row, lads, row, row, lads,*  
*row, row, lads, row,*  
*Swiftly and cheerily, row, lads, row, row, lads,*  
*row, lads, row.*

We love our barque, and we love the foam,  
 Which sparkles around us, as merrily we  
 Pull briskly, and sing the mariner's home,  
 The bright, the beautiful, boundless sea.—CHO.

Row gallantly, brothers, away, from the shore,  
 Our boat like a fairy barque dances along;  
 (Class rise and sing.)

*Pull away, pull away, ev'ry dip of the oar,*  
 As it kisses the water, keeps time with our song.—CHO.