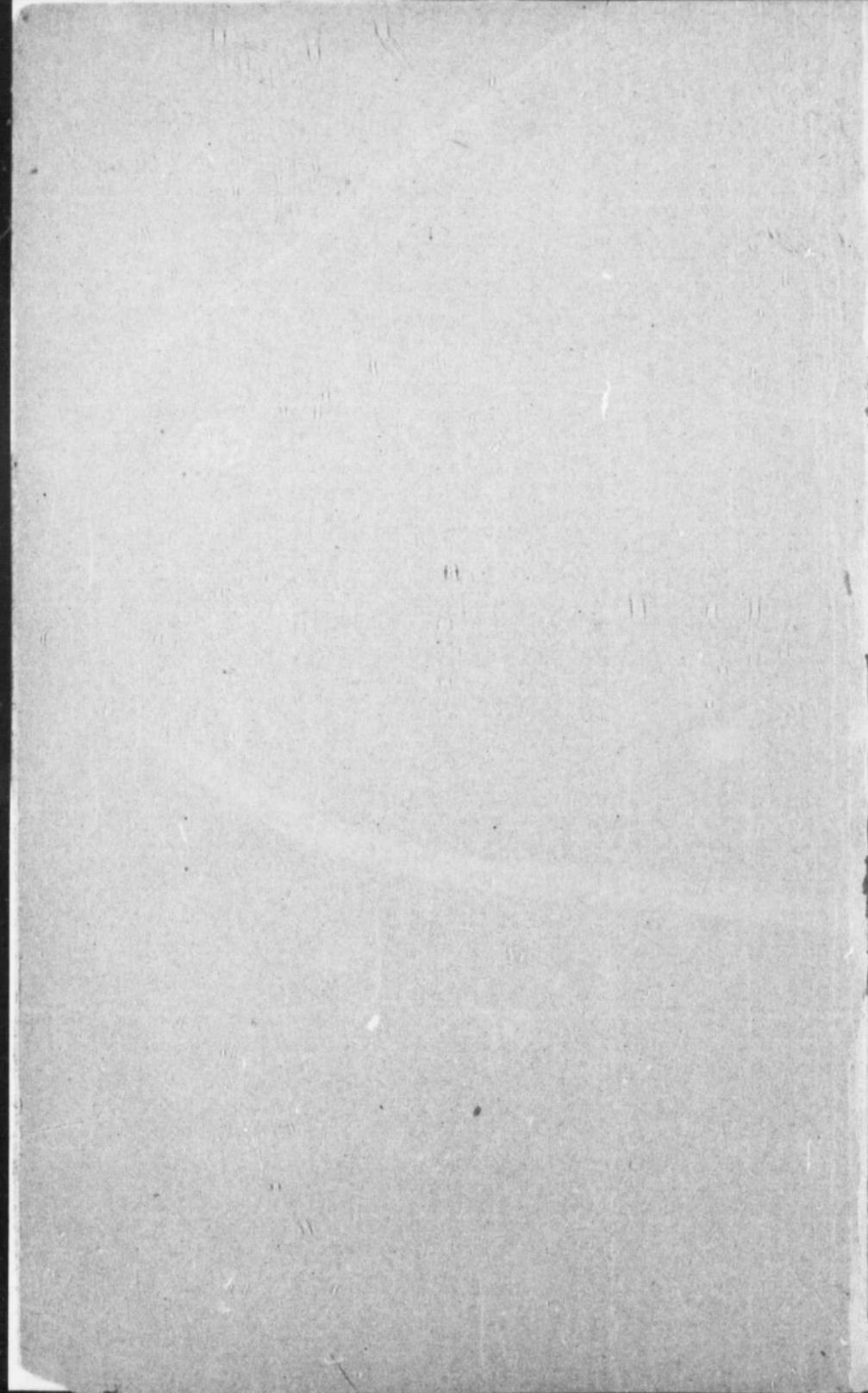


**LOCAL  
AND OTHER RHYMES**

**BY G. J. A. CRAWFORD**

**PETROLIA  
1908**



# LOCAL AND OTHER RHYMES

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PETROLIA  
ADVERTISER PUBLISHING HOUSE  
1908

LOGICAL AND OTHER  
RHYMES

BY G. V. COLEMAN

NEW YORK  
THE CENTRAL BOOK CONCERN  
1914

COME HOME ! OLD BOYS' REUNION.

Come back to old Petrolia  
In August nineteen-eight,  
Our old boys, perhaps they told you  
Are going to celebrate.  
Come and hear our celebration,  
Some of our old boys band  
Will meet you at the station,  
Extending the glad hand.

Chorus—

Then come, let us enroll you  
With old boys of renown !  
Come back to old Petrolia  
The drillers native town.

For many a band of drillers  
To foreign fields are sent,  
They'll come home from every country,  
From every continent.  
Our boys of drill and lever,  
Of swivel and slipper-out,  
So daring and so clever,  
The boys who will win out.

They'll come from all over Canada  
The States and Mexico,  
From Trinidad and Java,  
From Sumatra, Borneo,  
From Africa, from Egypt,  
Australia, New Zealand,  
From Austria, Russia, Persia  
And India's coral strand.

We have yet some famous oilmen  
Who in boom times played a part—  
Noble, Jenkins, Fairbank,  
McCort or Englehart.  
If you come and join us,  
In going down the street  
You'll meet John Kerr, John Fraser,  
Ed. Archer or Jim Peat.

You'll meet with A. C. Edward,  
With the Lowerys have a word,  
With Dale, Canneff or Branston,  
Joe Armstrong, Pollard, Gurd ;  
We cannot mention all the names ;  
In this short home-spun rhyme,  
But come ! join our reunion  
And have a glorious time.

In many business places,  
Of either shop or store  
You'll find familiar faces  
You knew so well of yore ;  
And many an early landmark  
Is found by those who seek  
Around the hill and valleys  
By the banks of old Bear Creek.

Up at the old East End you'll find  
Some places that you know,  
Which bring fond memories to the mind  
Of days of long ago.  
So many wish to see you,  
Your features would behold  
Some old boys of Petrolia  
Are really growing old.

Then do not disappoint them,  
Let them not look in vain,  
Perhaps some of these old boys  
You'll never meet again.  
How gladly will they meet you  
If you will only come,  
And joyfully will greet you,  
And bid you welcome home.

#### OLD BEAR CREEK.

'Tis of a time when earth seemed rosey,  
In an early youthful day,  
And of old Bear Creek in poesy  
I will try to form this lay,  
I have known thee from my childhood  
And did forest treasures seek ;  
When 'twas all a tangled wildwood  
Round the banks of Old Bear Creek.

Now I'll try to sound thy praises,  
In a crude unmeasured rhyme;  
Strive to tell of moods and phrases  
Of an olden bygone time ;  
When in the eyes of Yankee pushers  
Bear Creeks banks did grandly loom  
Owing to gum beds and gushers,  
When Oil Springs was on the boom.

Ye who at that time did view it  
Know they had not many tanks,  
So they could not save the fluid

Which poured down old Bear Creek's banks ;  
For the oil did rise in columns  
From the gushers through the air,  
And poured down Bear Creek in volumes  
To the waters of St. Clair.

Looking back how oft we rue it,  
That such waste they did allow,  
How much better we could do it ;  
If we had those gushers now.  
'Twas in the days of spring-pole kicker,  
When they dug down to the rock ;  
Praps the modern crowd may snicker,  
And those early efforts mock.

Oh we had to learn by stages  
Different things we had to do,  
And old timers could fill pages  
With what youngsters never knew.  
There at Oil Springs we did tarry,  
Till the boom was almost played,  
Then away our goods did carry  
In the year of the Fenian raid.

Over hill and creek and valley  
That is now Petrolia town,  
Where the oil men then did rally,  
And some wells were putting down ;  
Hopwood, Noble, Fairbank, Lancey  
Built their mansions on the peak  
Of the hills which they did fancy  
By the banks of Old Bear Creek.

Oft we by thy banks did ramble  
To the cow-bells clanking chime,  
Driving kine through brush and bramble,  
Homeward at the milking time ;  
Chasing squirrels or hunting bunny,  
Hawes or ground nuts, fragrant leek,  
Robbing wild bees of their honey,  
On the banks of Old Bear Creek.

Oh ! we traveled through the ooze slime  
Heard the blue-jays warning call,  
Going a-fishing in the springtime,  
Going a-hunting in the fall ;  
On the banks we've eaten berries  
Till almost too full to speak,  
Wild plums, wild grapes and choke cherries,  
All were found on Old Bear Creek.

We have traversed every turning,  
Over flat, ravine and hill,  
To where waters white were churning  
O'er the dam at Woodley's mill,  
There is where we went in swimming  
And the waters on us poured,  
Then our cup of joy was brimming,  
With the mirth it did afford.

Often on its careful workers  
Bear Creek played its merry pranks,  
Carried off their lines of jerkers  
And did overflow their tanks,  
Carried off sidewalks and bridges ;  
Various things which we deplore,  
Piled them up in heaps and ridges  
Somewhere on the distant shore.

Now a steel bridge meets expansion  
Be thy waters rough or still ;  
Evergreens by Fairbank's mansion  
Grow all up the lofty hill.  
Great improvements there are now found,  
More especially in that part  
Of fair Glenview and the golf links,  
Home of J. L. Englehart.

Poets rhymed of Afton waters,  
Banks and braes of Bonnie Doon,  
But they were not sons or daughters  
Of our own Petrolia town.  
Some have vaunted the St. Mary,  
That great river at the Soo,  
Which in beauty rich doth vary—  
P'raps Bear Creek they never knew.

Other rivers may be clearer  
Than thou art in many parts,  
But there's none we know that's nearer  
Or is dearer to our hearts.  
Let them sing of other rivers,  
Tiber, Danube or the Rhone,  
Through our minds the thought now quivers  
That Old Bear Creek is all our own.

Scenes which in the past did perish  
To return to us no more ;  
But in memory deep we cherish  
Golden youthful days of yore.  
Some one yet may write thy story  
And the tale need not be weak,

If they told one half the glory  
That pertains to Old Bear Creek.

### PETROLIA'S OLD OIL EXCHANGE HALL.

A landmark once stood on the town square  
When the town of Petrolia was new,  
And great was the business was done there  
And sweet were the pleasures we knew.  
There, noted oilmen did gather  
Whom memory does often recall,  
They came there in all kinds of weather.  
To Petrolia's old Oil Exchange Hall.

It stood many years in its glory,  
It then was a place of renown,  
And was, so they'll tell you the story,  
Most important of all in the town ;  
At last 'twas destroyed by the fire fiend  
Which over the frame work did crawl ;  
Now nothing can be on the site gleaned  
Of Petrolia's old Oil Exchange Hall.

It was not its size or its beauty,  
For greater was oft seen before ;  
They came there through pleasure or duty,  
The thousands which passed through the door.  
'Twas but a common frame building  
With a drab coat of paint on the wall ;  
There was little of carving or gilding  
In Petrolia's old Oil Exchange Hall.

'Twas there that they held forth their law courts,  
And the judge and the lawyers appeared  
To try there the culprits of all sorts  
Who with justice or law interfered,  
In the early days of the oil boom,  
Before our production did fall ;  
For various business they found room  
In Petrolia's old Oil Exchange Hall.

And there at the time of elections  
Were gatherings of different kind ;  
For miles they came from all directions  
And wonderous enjoyment did find.  
There many first gained a conception  
Of a show or a concert or ball,  
An assembly, convention, reception,  
In Petrolia's old Oil Exchange Hall.

Ah ! there we had many a meeting,  
And listened to speech or to song,  
As sweetly the hour would be fleeting  
We ne'er thought the evenings long.  
Many and famous the actors  
Who played on the stage, though 'twas small  
For enjoyment they were the prime factors  
In Petrolia's old Oil Exchange Hall.

Their playing and singing and acting  
Looking back now appears as a dream ;  
Our minds were not very exacting  
And marvelous indeed it did seem.  
But some have passed o'er deaths borders,  
While others are waiting the call,  
Who gave their advice and their orders  
In Petrolia's old Oil Exchange Hall.

Those days we are often regretting  
With the mirth so spontaneous and free,  
And never shall we be forgetting  
The dramas and scenes we did see ;  
Now a hall they have built more assuming  
And did furnishings richer install,  
But large in our memory is looming,  
Petrolia's old Oil Exchange Hall.

L'Envoi—

If in this faulty rhyme you find  
Something to please and cheer your mind,  
Then treat me kindly and some day  
Perhaps I'll form a better lay.

#### PETROLIA DRILLERS' REVIEW.

Come all ye jolly drillers your work we will review,  
And try and tell the people what drillers have to do ;  
First secure a drilling rig and move it on the land,  
And then come on the drillers, a hardy skillful band.

Chorus—

Pound-pound-pound and turn the tools around,  
Be sure that you carry proper jar,  
And at almost every clout you may jerk the slipper-out  
It depends upon the strata where you are.

Then line up your engine your walking beam and wheel,  
Put your belts in order, likewise your spool and reel,  
Open up the tool box put things in a row,  
Dress the bits and reamers, be ready for to go.

With a horse upon the plank which forms the derrick floor,  
A chain around the auger shank, down to the rock you bore,  
Then the wooden conductor and casing you get in,  
And if the water's shut off to drill you may begin.

Down, and through the top rock, they call the upper lime,  
If you have the usual luck you finish in short time—  
And enter in the soapstone, called top or upper soap,  
Where the agile scaffold man will have no time to mope.

Every five or ten foot run it is time for to sand-pump,  
And then the jolly scaffolder must go upon the jump,  
Up and down the ladder quickly he must lope  
And hurry off the swivel and hustle down the rope.

One stands by the wrench-block and deftly wields the wrench  
Another works the levers while seated on a bench,  
The change is then so quickly made you hardly know its done,  
Till the chain is round the jacket laid to make another run.

Then go through the upper soap and strike the middle lime,  
The four and five-eighths casing to in it is time ;  
But if they use a gas-pump which they do not I hope--  
You had better case down through the lower soap.

Then down through the lower lime to oil rock you will go,  
This is the interesting time, the time you get a show ;  
If you find the cutting soft with oily feel and smell,  
Those indications very oft do bring a paying well.

Of course there's many details we did not enter here,  
But we've drillers fit to meet them whenever they appear,  
For they are very skillful, if you've wells you wish put down,  
Just call upon the drillers around Petrolia town.

### ENGLEHART'S FARM.

I'll try and tell of a place well known  
In Canada's oil field,  
Of great renown in Petrolia town  
For the oil which it did yield.  
The largest plant which is extant,  
And it has a peculiar charm  
For those who worked where the wells are jerked  
By the rig on Englehart's Farm.

Chorus—

With the lines and wheels and walking beams  
That are bobbing to and fro,  
O'er which we toil to bring up the oil,  
From hidden depths below.

'Tis a fine brick rig, both strong and big,  
Great machinery therein dwells ;  
It has pumped away by night and day  
Two-hundred and forty wells.  
Though oft in the night we received a fright  
From the whistle's loud alarm,  
Which means to awake and fix the brake  
At the rig on Englehart's Farm.

It takes many hands to go round the land,  
For they stretch far and wide ;  
Around the wells we toil or till the soil  
For they farm some on the side.  
At seven o'clock we go to work  
From the boiler house so warm,  
And each goes out on his daily route  
Round the wells on the Englehart Farm.

Wheelhouses fine on the double line  
Are built o'er every wheel,  
And we oil the pins e'er the wear begins,  
Or they may grind and squeal ;  
These lines run forth from south to north,  
Reaching out like a mighty arm,  
As the wheels are worked the wells are jerked  
All over Englehart's Farm.

Then climb the banks look in the tanks,  
If a well has not proper show  
Have its number scored on the blackboard  
To let the pump-gang know ;  
For the wells must go to keep up the flow  
Or they may come to harm ;  
As it appears o'er thirty years  
They have done on Englehart's Farm.

For many years in joy and fears  
We worked round the oil wells,  
So long did stay we are turning grey  
On that property of J. L's.  
It seems a home so oft we come  
In sunshine or in storm,  
And we hope and pray that long will pay  
The wells on Englehart's Farm.

#### THE OLD MARTHAVILLE SCHOOL.

The old Marthaville school did adorn her  
At a time when buildings were plain ;  
It stood on a lot by the corner  
As you came out of Shoemaker's lane ;

'Twas there they taught reading and writing  
And nearly every arithmetic rule,  
Other studies were also inviting,  
The pupils of Marthaville School.

On the platform a chair and a table,  
A blackboard was framed in the wall  
Which did the teacher enable  
To set sums for the great and small ;  
Down the walls was a long row of benches,  
By the desks had each scholar a stool,  
Outside was the gateway and fences  
Round the grounds of Marthaville School.

'Twas there we first had our preaching,  
Which did sinners convinced of their guilt,  
And there we had Sunday School teaching,  
For years e'er our churches were built ;  
We also had there singing classes  
The master of which was a jewel,  
And brought joy to the lads and the lasses  
Who came to the Marthaville School.

Many times did they build an addition,  
A woodshed and platform beside,  
At the end it was in such condition,  
'Twas three times as long as 'twas wide.  
In the summer time was great enjoyment,  
In the winter it was rather cool,  
To keep warm then gave earnest employment  
To all in the Marthaville School.

We had many a social tea-meeting,  
When the people came from miles around,  
And gladly each other were greeting  
And great was the pleasure they found.  
In the winter time we had elections  
When the box stove was crammed full of fuel,  
And voters came from all directions  
To vote in the Marthaville School.

But they tore down that old seat of learning,  
A new brick school is built in its stead ;  
A cement basement beneath we'er discerning,  
And a slate covered roof over head.  
Gone is that old frame erection,  
To old friends it seems rather cruel ;  
There's nothing but fond recollection  
Of the famous Old Marthaville School.

IRISH JIMMIE HARTIGAN.

I came from Ireland o'er the say,  
And landed in America,  
My home is now in Canada  
I'm Irish Jimmie Hartigan.  
I thin was but an Irish boy  
So full of life and vim and joy,  
'Twas little thin that did annoy  
The heart of Jimmie Hartigan.

Chorus—

I'll tell ye tales no ither can,  
There's none can bate me, divil a wan  
For I'm a red-haired Irishman  
I'm Irish Jimmie Hartigan.

And when at Oil Springs they struck oil,  
I was among the first to toil,  
Through all the ructions and turmoil  
Wint Irish Jimmie Hartigan.  
I travelled through the swamps of Dawn  
And spring-pole kickers I worked on ;  
There's many changes come and gone  
In days of Jimmie Hartigan.

I came thin to Petrolia town  
Whin the first oil wells were put down ;  
All old time oilmen of renown  
Are known to Jimmie Hartigan.  
I travelled o'er the swails and bogs  
Across the creek upon the logs,  
Welcomed by children and by dogs,  
They all knew Jimmie Hartigan.

For years I done me daily part  
In running wells for Englehart,  
And for me years there's few as smart  
As Irish Jimmie Hartigan.  
On what they call the Mitchell farm  
I have a shanty snug and warm,  
Though little in it would you charm,  
It serves for Jimmie Hartigan.

Of course I now am growing old,  
I've little silver, less of gold,  
But still the heart is warm and bold  
Of Irish Jimmie Hartigan.  
Thin come and I will trate you well  
And many an old time story tell,  
But for the present time farewell,  
From Irish Jimmie Hartigan.

COMING HOME—PETROLIA OLD BOYS' REUNION.

They're coming, they're coming from far, far away  
And every state of the Union,  
They're coming to meet us a visit to pay  
And join in our Old Boys' Reunion.  
They'll come from all continents, every zone  
And many an isle of the oceans,  
Coming to meet the fond friends they have known  
And share in our home town's devotions.

Chorus—

They're coming to meet us, to share in our joys,  
Their names would fill many a folio,  
They're coming to greet us, the old girls and boys  
Will meet in the town of Petrolia.

In Austria, Australia, is many a band  
Of our drillers so trusty and tried,  
In Russia, in Persia, in every land  
On the earth do our drillers reside,  
Our boys of the swivel, the rope-pole and wrench,  
The cow-sucker drill, slipper-out,  
Who handle the lever on a stained rustic bench,  
And always know what they're about.

Strong in our memory the old time does loom  
With the drillers whom then we did know,  
The time when our oil fields so greatly did boom  
And the oil rock so freely did flow ;  
Sad is the change has occurred since that day,  
Our pleasure is now tinged with pain ;  
But our drillers are coming then let us be gay,  
Our Old Boys' will come home again.

Our old girls and boys whom we knew long ago  
At the time when our oil fields were new,  
Now we will meet them, our locks flecked with snow  
And join in a glorious review.  
O'er the globe are they scattered and many did roam  
Far, far from the place of their birth,  
To the town of Petrolia they're now coming home  
From all the known parts of the earth.

Some have been absent for many long years,  
They went in their youth and their prime,  
Now we may meet them their eyes filled with tears  
For the vanished loved friend o' lang syne ;  
Then let us cheer them while with us they stay,  
And hold with them friendly communion,  
The old girls and boys with their hair turning gray,  
Who will meet in our Old Boys' Reunion.

HEAD LAKE, VICTORIA COUNTY, ONT.

Head Lake in the township of Laxton,  
The county was named for the queen;  
But few of our brave loyal subjects  
Its beauties have ever yet seen ;  
From waters so pure and so sparkling  
Rich tribute could fishermen take,  
Choice fishes the clear depths were darkling  
Of thy transparent waters, Head Lake.

Set like a gem in the highlands  
With evergreen woods for a frame,  
There may be on earth equal beauty  
But nothing to memory the same ;  
Ah ! well I remember the raptures  
When it first on my vision did break  
And my young boyish heart you did capture  
By thy mirror-like waters, Head Lake.

The forests so grand and so boundless  
Were filled with the choicest of game,  
Slight skill was required to obtain them  
They were so numerous and tame.  
How often in days of my boyhood,  
The wild deer their thirst for to slake  
Would come through some paths of the forest  
And drink deep of thy waters, Head Lake.

Other lakes there were numerous and lovely,  
Linked to thee by rivers a chain,  
How often in sweet recollections  
I traverse their courses again ;  
And often I dream of my childhood,  
And am loath from that dream to awake,  
For in fancy I roam through the wild wood  
Surrounding the shores of Head Lake.

The waters were teaming with fishes,  
Countless wild fowl of water and land ;  
As a hunting ground 'twas most auspicious,  
For sportsmen a paradise grand ;  
For in the days which are over  
Wild nature great beauty did make,  
And no scene I e'er did discover  
Could surpass the sweet shores of Head Lake.

But gone are large sections of wildwood  
Where in boyhood I often did range ;  
In the homes of friends of my childhood  
Are places and faces strange,  
Yet owing to sweet recollection.

This tribute I pour for thy sake,  
I'll not, while I've powers of reflection,  
Forget the sweet shores of Head Lake.

And I hope e'er I'm given the order  
To pass o'er eternity's strand,  
Once more I may stand by thy border  
And gaze o'er the water and land ;  
Despite all times changes I'll know thee,  
Of that there can be no mistake.  
For nothing which earth has to show me  
Will I take for thee, lovely Head Lake.

#### MCLAUGHLIN'S MILL.

I oft think of the Village of Norland,  
Where in my youth I did dwell ;  
'Twas but a small backwoods hamlet  
A postoffice, store and hotel,  
A blacksmith shop, some score of houses  
Would about it's inventory fill,  
With the exception of the crowning glory—  
The famous McLaughlin's Mill.

How plain to the mind by reflections  
The village and river does show,  
With the sad and the sweet recollections  
Of the days in the years long ago.  
The village was built by the river  
Which flowed there so broad and so still,  
But began to ripple and quiver  
Near the falls at McLaughlin's Mill.

And the flight of old time is unmeasured,  
'Tis but yesterday now it would seem  
We trod o'er those pathways so treasured  
By the side of that beautiful stream ;  
The road by the river we followed  
Till we came to the brow of the hill,  
Where the banks had by waters been hollowed  
And there stood McLaughlin's Mill.

How often we stood on the flooring,  
Watching the great sawlogs glide,  
As the water came pouring and roaring  
Going over the government slide,  
Bumping and thumping and crashing,  
The air with spray they would fill,  
As end over end they went dashing  
Through the chute at McLaughlin's Mill.

To the mills, for they were two in number,  
The settlers came from miles around  
To get their logs sawn into lumber  
And their grain into flour to have ground ;  
And often the settlers' boys waited  
While the miller their grists he would fill,  
And with spirits so highly elated  
We played round McLaughlin's Mill.

To the south of the chute was a landing,  
And from there we would oft take a boat,  
By the east bank so high and commanding  
Adown the broad river we would float ;  
But we always came home e'er the gloaming,  
While our hearts with earth's beauty would thrill,  
For the great rendezvous of our roaming  
Was found at McLaughlin's Mill.

We travelled all over the sluice-way  
And out on the broad river boom,  
From the upper mill down to the race-way  
And from end unto end of the flume ;  
I oft think I could paint the picture  
If I had the artistic skill,  
So familiar was I with each fixture  
Which pertained to McLaughlin's Mill.

But scattered are playmates of childhood  
O'er different parts of the earth,  
Who roamed with me oft through the wildwood,  
Their spirits o'erflowing with mirth ;  
And some have passed o'er the dark river  
In the churchyard they're lying so still,  
Whose shouts and whose laughter did quiver  
Through the air at McLaughlin's Mill.

I dedicate this to the living,  
To whose memory those scenes are so dear,  
Who like me to dead comrades are giving  
The tribute of sigh and of tear ;  
Those scenes of my boyhood I cherish  
And fancy depicts them at will ;  
Until all trace of memory perish  
I'll remember McLaughlin's Mill.

SONG OF COBALT.

Cobalt on Lake Temiskaming  
Is a name we often hear,  
For the press is daily cramming  
It's high praises in our ear ;  
You can scarcely take a paper  
But has staring bold headlines ;  
Claiming—'tis the proper caper  
To invest in Cobalt mines

Chorus—

Buy in Cobalt ! Buy in Cobalt !  
Is the burden of their cries ;  
Buy in Cobalt ! Buy in Cobalt !  
For the stocks are on the rise.

Buffalo, Beaver, Cleveland, Clear Lake,  
Cobalt-Central, Mehan-Green,  
Empress, Foster, Red Rock, Kerr Lake,  
Right-of-way or Silver Queen,  
Nipissing or Temiskaming,  
Monte Cristo, Cariboo,  
And their hourly jamming, palming  
Some new claim into our view.

Some mines have become great shippers ;  
Now the brokers give advice ;  
They have others which are rippers  
At a merely nominal price ;  
And when'er a shaft is sunken  
Which a paying streak defines,  
They all chorus, as though drunken,  
Buy ! oh buy in Cobalt mines.

All mines have not got great treasure  
Which with shares the market floods ;  
E'er you buy just take your leisure,  
See if they can show the goods ;  
Though the richness is a wonder  
In that district's broad confines,  
Yet 'tis easy for to blunder  
Even buying Cobalt mines.

'Tis all right to have ambition,  
But do not be overbold,  
Though no doubt 'tis the condition  
They have silver there and gold.  
Then hurrah for famous Cobalt  
Up among the fragrant pines,  
And we really can find no fault  
If you buy in Cobalt mines.

## SENTIMENTAL RHYMES

### AN UNFORTUNATE DROWNED.

Drowned in the dark flowing river  
There they have found her to-day,  
Well may they shudder and shiver—  
One more unfortunate they say.

One more unfortunate believer  
In a man's honor and truth,  
Who had the heart to deceive her  
In her innocent beauty and youth.

She was the pride of some father,  
The idol of some mother's eye ;  
Yet sooner than face them she'd rather  
Plunge in the cold river and die.

How did she fall from her station ?  
What sorrowful path hath she trod ?  
Her trials, her woe and temptation  
Are known unto her and her God.

But she was once an innocent maiden,  
A sweet little prattling child,  
Now in the home which she played in  
There is grief, uncontrollable, wild.

And you who have thus their hearts laden,  
Be assured on the great judgment day  
The Judge will ask you why this maiden  
You did basely deceive and betray ?

You may by the world be judged lightly,  
And small blame be apportioned your share,  
And think of this poor maiden but slightly  
As you search for a victim as fair.

Yet know there are many believers  
Have faith in an uttermost hell,  
Prepared for betrayers, deceivers,  
Where Judas Iscariot does dwell.

As sure as you wronged and did grieve her,  
One day by the white throne arrayed,  
Shall the poor maiden meet her deceiver  
And ask why you broke all the vows that you made

Pause and consider the punishment meted :  
Repent and gain pardon—if pardon you can—  
Who a poor maiden so basely have cheated,  
That implicitly trusted the word of a man.

Lay out the poor body so youthful and slender,  
From the white brow smooth back the brown hair,  
Cross her hands over, mournfully, tender ;  
So young and so wondrously fair.

Carefully, reverently lower down the casket  
Into the hallowed confines of the grave ;  
With a prayer for redemption, her mother would ask it,  
Jesus is merciful and He will save.

And ye, poor parents, who are bitterly grieving  
With a grief which is unreconciled,  
You will one day in heaven with joy be receiving  
Your loved one, your lost one, your beautiful child.

### SONGS OF THE LONG AGO.

Sing me the songs of the olden time  
So often heard before,  
That fall on the heart like a mystic chime,  
Songs of the days of yore.

Sing me the songs my heart desires,  
Of love and of sacred praise.  
Patriot songs which the lifeblood fires ;  
Songs of the early days.

They who have gone to the land above,  
Free from their pain and woe,  
Sing the songs our spirits love,  
Songs of the long ago.

Sing the songs the spirit craves  
Though tears come to the eye ;  
Songs of those who in their graves  
Now in the churchyard lie.

Sing me the songs my mother sang  
As we gathered round her knee,  
Sweetly through our ears they rang  
In the years of our infancy.

Beautiful songs of the long ago,  
Songs of the days of old,  
Sweetly from fond lips did flow  
Now in the grave so cold.

Songs that make the heart rejoice,  
So thrilling, sweet and grand,  
That bringeth back a long silent voice,  
The touch of a vanished hand.

Songs which have the magic art,  
With their sweetly sad refrain,  
To bring a balm to the aching heart,  
A pleasure tinged with pain.

Sing me those songs unto the last,  
Till from earth I go,  
Songs of the misty glorious past,  
Songs of the long ago.

FAIR ERIN ! MY HOME !

Farewell! old Ireland, the land of my birth,  
I leave thee to wander far o'er the wide earth ;  
Though far I may travel, wherever I roam  
I'll fondly remember fair Erin, my home.

Refrain—I love thee my country, wherever I roam,  
Oh beautiful Erin, fair Erin my home.

When out on the ocean, the deep rolling sea,  
My heart will be longing fair Erin for thee ;  
I'll gaze o'er the waters where white billows foam  
And grieve for thee Erin, fair Erin my home.

Though many fair landscapes my sight may beguile,  
My heart is with Erin's fair Emerald Isle ;  
For large in my memory her vision doth loom,  
My birthplace, my country, fair Erin my home.

Thy hills and thy valleys brilliantly green,  
With clear lakes and rivers flowing gently between ;  
The flowers so fragrant and hedge rows in bloom,  
Ah ! beautiful Erin ! fair Erin my home !

But goodbye old Ireland, now we must part ;  
Deep art thou cherished in the fond Irish heart ;  
Though other lands tempt me thou art mine own,  
I love thee my country, fair Erin my home !

Land of oppression; of sorrow and woe,  
My heart bleeds for thee wherever I go ;  
Many an exile thy fate doth bemoan,  
Long suffering Erin, fair Erin my home !

Thou hast long been misgoverned in tyranny's chain,  
Thy children in exile their hearts rent with pain ;  
But Britain at last seems inclined to atone  
And do justice to Erin, fair Erin, my home !

A brighter day's dawning and we may return ;  
Thy sons in exile, no longer need mourn  
But return to their country, no longer to roam ;  
Their loved native Erin, fair Erin, my home !

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MY HAIRT'S IN THE HIGHLANDS, O' BONNIE  
SCOTLAND.

My hairt's in the Highlands, where'er I may stray,  
The graund rugged Highlands sae far, far away ;  
Wi' the clear sparkling water, o' river and rill,  
And the brome and the heather o' moorland and hill,  
And aye the graund beauty the sight could demand,  
My hairt's in the Highlands, o' Bonnie Scotland.

My hairt's in the Highlands, it's where I belong,  
A country o' glory, o' story and song,  
Wi' the claymore and tartan my memory doth ken,  
And valor sae Spartan o' brave hieland men ;  
Wha for their country sae firmly will stand,  
My hairt's in the Highlands, o' Bonnie Scotland.

My hairt's in the Highlands, though I may be here,  
Tha fair cherished Highlands tae memory sae dear,  
Wi' the bold lofty mountains, the air pure and free,  
Where rivers like fountains pour doon tae the sea,  
And sae mony brave features I weel understand,  
My hairt's in the Highlands, o' Bonnie Scotland.

My hairt's in the Highlands and wha'll introduce  
A country wi' heroes like Wallace and Bruce,  
Where the Campbells' are coming o'er mountain and glen,  
And we aye hear the march o' the Cameron men,  
Tha McGregors' wild pibroch, ah ! music sae graund,  
My hairt's in the Highlands, o' Bonnie Scotland.

My hairt's in the Highlands where'er I may go,  
Wi' the graund Scottish heroes wha ne'er feared a foe,  
But sae firmly have faced them in mony a fray  
And nae fear has disgraced them—be odds what they may—  
Where the clans all will march at their chieftain's command ;  
My hairt's in the Highlands, o' Bonnie Scotland.

My hairt's in the Highlands, O wad I could flee  
And dwell in the Highlands auld Scotia wi thee,  
Ah ! wi' what rapture thy hills I'd descry ;  
Tae joyously live there contented tae die ;  
I lang for the day when I'll pass o'er thy strand ;  
My hairt's in the Highlands, o' Bonnie Scotland.

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OLD IRELAND FOREVER.

Old Ireland ! the emerald isle of the ocean,  
My own native Erin, far over the sea ;  
Thy name fills my heart with the fondest emotions,  
Old Ireland Forever ! acushla machree.

Chorus—

Thy hillsides so green and the bright skies above thee,  
A vision of beauty adorning the sae ;  
Erin Mavourneen ! my country, I love thee,  
Old Ireland Forever ! acushla machree.

Land of romance, fairy lore and of story,  
Tales that were learned at a fond mother's knee,  
The birthplace of chivalry, daring and glory,  
Old Ireland Forever ! acushla machree.

Though demagogues rant and hurl speech as a missel  
And claim that Old Ireland's not free ;  
Sure the shamrock's full partner with the rose and the thistle ;  
Old Ireland Forever ! acushla machree.

If she's been wronged, she will soon will be righted,  
Let her sons all in brotherly love now agree ;  
Keep the shamrock, the rose and the thistle united,  
Old Ireland Forever ! acushla machree.

Then cease from your strife, each war waging faction,  
Though unto tyrants we'el ne'er bow the knee ;  
Britain will render you full satisfaction,  
Old Ireland Forever ! acushla machree.

Her sons proved their valor in many a battle,  
And won them, Great Britain, for thee ;  
They were prompt to the front when the cannon did rattle ;  
Old Ireland Forever ! acushlee machree.

Hurrah for Old Ireland, green isle of the ocean,  
A land that is sacred to me ;  
May her sons ever offer their heartfelt devotion ;  
Old Ireland Forever ! acushla machree.

—Pulse of My Heart.

VANCOUVER, B. C.

There's a far western city, and it is a pity  
That all could not view that fair scene ;  
By the mighty Pacific, with beauty prolific,  
Vancouver's enthroned as a queen.

Chorus—

I'll sing you a ditty, 'tis of a fair city,  
A wonderful city is she,  
With the mountains that hover round lovely Vancouver,  
The pride of our western sea.

Great lumbering and mining, with fisheries combining,  
And valleys of rich farming land ;  
It is my opinion in this broad Dominion  
There's none has a prospect so grand.

Thy valleys so smiling, all nature beguiling,  
And mountains dazzling in height,  
Where the sun shines replendant, oh vision transcendant,  
Indeed 'tis a magical sight.

Thy sons and thy daughters, gaze over blue waters,  
Where ships from the Orient come o'er,  
In fleets they'll come over, to trade with Vancouver,  
The queen of our western shore.

With people so striving and business so thriving,  
In all her surroundings she's blest,  
And so we may tell her there's none can excell her,  
Vancouver, the star of the west.

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### SPRING !

Spring is coming ! Spring is coming !  
With it's sunshine and it's flowers,  
And the birds are sweetly humming,  
Singing through the brilliant hours.

Buds are swelling, waters welling,  
Swiftly coursing down each stream,  
And all nature is revelling,  
Waking from a wintry dream.

Flowers are showing, grass is growing,  
Turning hills and meadows green ;  
And new hope on man bestowing,  
By rich beauties daily seen.

Hear the thrushes in the bushes  
Giving thanks with cheery voice ;  
Through our hearts like feeling rushes,  
Surely mankind should rejoice.

Oh ! the glory of the story  
Which the birds so sweetly sing ;  
Farewell winter, cold and hoary,  
Welcome genial, balmy spring.

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### BRONCHO BILL.

Broncho Bill was a cowboy bold,  
And reckless with his gun,  
He came o'er the boundary line we're told  
To a town in Saskatchewan.

He made his way to an hotel  
And ordered liquor up,  
Or he swore he'd perforate the shell  
Of some Canadian pup.

He said I know Canucks are slow,  
But I'll rouse you from your dreams ;  
I'll show you how we make things go  
In the land where the eagle screams.

Now I'm out for a ringtail jag ;  
Come up and suck your swill ;  
Drink success to the starry flag  
And the health of Broncho Bill !

But one was there who would not stir,  
The drink he did decline,  
He said I'll toast no mangy cur,  
No starry flag in mine.

Is a man to be driven like a nag ?  
Let him drink or let it alone ;  
I have no use for the starry flag,  
We've a better one of our own.

And it is not by such blustering brag,  
I can be made to chum,  
Or homage pay to a spotted rag  
At command of a swell head bum.

Then dreadful the way that Bill did swear ;  
He said this laden pill  
Will teach some others to beware  
How they talk to Broncho Bill.

He drew his gun, but a well aimed shot  
Did smash it in his hand ;  
They saw the ball came from the spot  
Where the young Canuck did stand.

With his glistening gun he stood at ease,  
His eye glanced o'er the sights,  
He said to Bill, "Down on your knees !  
Or out will go your lights.

You mongrel whelp, I have your range,  
Your a master hand to swear ;  
But now the program we will change,  
It's time for a word of prayer."

So Bill dropped quickly to his knees,  
And he dare not hesitate ;  
The young man said, repeat now please  
The words which I dictate.

I, Broncho Bill, am a worthless skunk,  
To liquor I'm a slave ;  
Half my time I'm on a drunk ;  
A low down braggart knave.

I've wasted the gifts which God did give,  
'Tis useless to deny ;  
I know that I'm unfit to live,  
And unprepared to die.

If God would only spare my life,  
I promise to atone ;  
No longer will I seek for strife,  
I'll leave quiet men alone.

Bill slowly repeated every word  
Until the finish, then  
Meekly up from his knees he stirred,  
When the young man said, "Amen !"

Then he said to Bill, you'd better go,  
I'm sorry your hand was struck ;  
But by that scar you'll always know  
Not to monkey with Jack Canuck.

So Bill went home to his native land,  
O'er the line of Saskatchewan,  
Dolefully nursing his injured hand,  
A sadder and wiser man.

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#### PAT DILLON'S SORE SHINS.

Pat Dillon lived on the Longwood's road,  
A large log-house was his abode ;  
The part of the Longwood's road is meant,  
Near the town of Bothwell, in county of Kent.  
'Twas a time when the country was new,  
The clearings were sparse and the settlers few ;  
But to Dillion's they came from far and near,  
For Pat and his dame gave them best of cheer ;  
A huge fire-place was built by Pat,  
Where they all did gather to play or chat.  
On the winter night this tale begins—  
Pat had an affliction of sore swollen shins,  
They were red and inflamed, which comes—I am told  
From unusual exposure to wet or cold ;  
As he sat by the fire rubbing liniment on,  
Whom should come but good Parson Gunne ;  
Now Parson Gunne was a godly man  
And to lecture Pat, he straightway began.

The parson looked well to the ways of his flock,  
And Dillon's wild language, him oft did shock ;  
Pat's wild Irish temper did often flare,  
He was greatly given to rave and swear,  
Which was more then the parson could well abide,  
And so gently did Pat Dillon chide,  
And said to him, "Pat ! a good example show  
For those youngsters are rather wild you know !"  
Pat acknowledged the justice of his complaint  
But said "The young spalpeens would thry a saint,  
They plague and tormint me all they can,  
The devil is in them, every wan ;  
Wild Robert, of Mosa, the warst av all,  
He laves me no pace, at all at all,  
He is iver ready to me annoy,  
Sure he's the devil's own broth' av a boy !  
I'm sorry your riverince the way I swore  
And I promise to try and do it no more,  
If only wild Robert will lave me alone,  
But I hardly expect it, Ochone ! Ochone !

Even as they spoke came a great uproar  
Of laughter and sleighbells outside the door ;  
A troop from the sleighs through the doorway had sped  
And Wild Robert of Mosa was at their head ;  
The parson jumped to shake their hands  
And make the inquiries his place demands ;  
While Robert advanced with a careless air,  
And seated himself in the parson's chair,  
And as he gazed in the glowing fire  
Of Dillion's sore shins he did inquire,  
And then he saw just across from Pat,  
Peacefully curled up, the sleeping cat ;  
The imp of mischief did o'er him prevail,  
He grabbed the poor kitten by the tail ;  
With twinkling eyes and mischievous grin,  
He drew her across poor Dillon's sore shin ;  
Of course the cat stuck out her claw  
And caught old Dillon's shin in the raw ;  
Up jumped old Dillon and upset his chair ;  
With distorted face and bristling hair  
He gave an ear-splitting Irish yell,  
And consigned wild Robert and the cat to—well  
The place were lost spirits are supposed to dwell ;  
H—I blister your soul, ye murderin' villian,  
Ye've kilt me intiorly ! was the howl of old Dillon ;  
He hopped first on one foot and then on the other  
While the youngsters with tears of laughter did smother  
He danced and he pranced on the bare wooden floor,

And sulphurous and fearful the oaths that he swore ;  
Then cried the Parson, "I can't stand this, Pat !  
'Tis wild Robert from Mosa, please give me my hat !  
For well do I know that no peace can be found  
When Robert, of Mosa, is anywhere around !"  
The parson went forth, but the fun did advance,  
Some one struck up a fiddle, they began for to dance,  
And thus kept it up with their spirits so gay  
From that time in the evening till dawning of day ;  
Old Dillon subsided as the sport did go on,  
And drew consolation from a stone demijohn ;  
He picked up his chair and on it sat down,  
With a look on his face—twixt a smile and a frown,  
And got great relief for his sore swollen shin  
By liniment outside and liquor within.  
Home went the poor parson, his heart filled with pain,  
He thought that his labors of love were in vain ;  
The good man was mistaken, though they played a wild part,  
They were really well meaning and tender of heart.  
It was not long after they answered his call,  
And he did convert them, old Dillon and all ;  
And some who were wildest and fullest of fun  
Were the first ones converted by good Parson Gunne ;  
'Twas than that wild Robert amended his ways,  
Became a staid Christian the rest of his days ;  
After years of conversion and repentance of sins,  
He'd laugh at the mention of Dillon's Sore Shins.

#### TENDER-HEARTED BILL.

Bill Dodge was a man with a tender heart,  
Though some might not so think ;  
He was always prompt to take his part  
In fightin' or in drink.

He was a bit of a gambler too,  
A skillful man at cards ;  
He also killed his men—a few—  
Though they seldom were his pards.

A dangerous man he was to cross,  
An ugly hand in a row,  
Always inclined the crowd to boss,  
And not particular how.

But there was a time a thing occurred,  
Where he played a noble part,  
And stranger, I think when you have heard,  
You'll own he'd a tender heart.

Bill, he went over to Higgin's place  
For his usual drink and play,  
And he coolly spit in Joe Sykes face  
In a sociable kind of way.

Now, Joe was always the durndest fool,  
And so he kicked up a fuss,  
He called Bill a long-eared mule,  
A dirty, 'ornery cuss.

So it from bad to worse did go,  
Just raised an infernal roar ;  
The next Bill were atop o' Joe,  
There on the barroom floor.

He drew his knife to slit Joe's throat,  
But said with his hand in the air,  
His wife and child does on him dote,  
Their feelings I'd like to spare.

If I cut his throat and they see the gash  
It may give them an awful fright,  
I haven't the heart to be so rash,  
The wound must be out of sight.

And darned if he didn't loose Joe's coat  
And open up his vest,  
Then carefully with his hand he smote  
The dagger through his breast.

And said to us, boys lay him out smart,  
Wipe up what blood did spill ;  
You'd never a-looked for so kind a heart  
In as rough a man as Bill.

To think he'd act such a gallant part,  
When Joe had him so riled ;  
That from the tenderness of his heart  
He'd think of the wife and child.

I tell ye stranger, it made us think,  
We'd more respect for Bill ;  
Now when we find he is on the drink  
We try not to cross his will.

If ever you feel inclined to judge  
A man from his outward show,  
Just think of that action of Bill Dodge  
And the way that he treated Joe.

ABOON THE MOON.

A Scotchman who was on a booze  
Upon an autumn night,  
At last began his homeward cruise,  
In a most sorry plight.

The night was almost clear as day,  
And nothing much went wrong,  
As Donald in a tortuous way  
Went staggering along.

But a narrow stream, bridged by a plank,  
There was quite near his home ;  
Down on his knees bold Donald sank,  
When unto it he come.

He tried to cross upon all fours,  
But midway o'er the stream  
He set up the most doleful roars,  
And in a fright did seem.

The moon was shining clear and bright,  
Up in the cloudless sky,  
And it's reflection was the sight  
Poor Donald did espy.

For looking down in water clear,  
Quite plainly did it show ;  
To Donald's mind came the great fear,  
The moon was down below.

His wife at last did hear him shout,  
And rising from the bed,  
Did quickly dress and hurrying out  
She unto Donald sped.

What is it Donald, mon ? she cried,  
Are ye on anither spree  
Ye need na wauk the country-side  
Sin ye hae waukened me !

Aye Donald ! stop yon blitherin' noise,  
What ever ilse ye do ;  
This comes o' bein' out wi' the boys,  
A drunken worthless crew.

Aye woman, Jenny, is that the ye ?  
In comin' frae the town,  
Somehoo, the way I dinna see,  
I hae gat aboon the moon.

It's gaen me an unco fright,  
I've clang wi' ae me poors,  
And hae been in this awfu' plight  
For upward o' twa 'oors.

I'm clinging tae this narrow plank  
In fear that it wad tilt ;  
Aye, Jenny, woman, let us thank  
The Lord I wasn'a kilt.

Noo sin ye came I ken as richt,  
The trip below we'el weather,  
Sae, Jenny, lassie, haud me tight  
And we'el baith gang doon thagither.

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#### PADDY REILLY'S RAM.

Paddy Reilly had a ram  
Of an unknown breed,  
And he was noted from a lamb  
For many a desperate deed.  
Paddy gave his lamb a name,  
He always called him Pete,  
And in his favorite battering game,  
That ram was hard to beat.  
Pat said that nothing on this earth  
That ram of his did fear ;  
The people round gave Pete wide birth  
When 'er he did appear.  
Now Reilly kept a flock of sheep  
On the back field of his farm,  
A bushwood hedge around did keep  
Them sometimes safe from harm.  
A limestone ledge rose at one end,  
O'er it the forest lay,  
And wild beasts often did descend,  
On the settlers flocks to prey.  
One day a bear came down the ledge,  
And did Pat's sheep affright,  
As bruin scrambled o'er the hedge  
The ram prepared to fight.  
Pat saw his sheep had got a scare,  
And ran and got his gun ;  
But the only ammunition there  
Was bird shot number one.

As he was not loaded for bear  
He did not try to shoot ;  
To take such risks he did not dare,  
That bird shot did not suit.

But as he watched his frightened flock  
Pursue their maddened flight,  
He hid himself behind a rock,  
While the ram and bear did fight.

The bear rose on his hind legs  
As the ram did at him launch ;  
But bruin was knocked clean off his pegs,  
Pete struck him in the paunch.

That blow appeared the bear to daze  
Though he tried his feet to find,  
But end o'er end Pete did him raise  
From a fearful blow behind.

It knocked the bear clean out of joint,  
He did lay and growl and groan,  
While Pete did back and at him point  
A head as hard as stone.

Then bruin scrambled to his feet  
And made off with shuffling run,  
While after him went valiant Pete ;  
Pat said 'twas gobs of fun.

I know not if this tale be true,  
That such a deed occurred ;  
As none but Pat the fight did view,  
We had to take his word.

But Paddy Reilly did declare  
As oft I heard him tell,  
His ram could knock out any bear  
That stood this side of—well.

If some would doubt the tale would scout,  
Then would Pat Reilly swear,  
And money in their face would flout  
And say, "Bring on yer bear !"

And they let him his money keep,  
Awarded him the palm,  
And did agree there was no sheep  
Like Paddy Reilley's ram.

## PATRIOTIC RHYMES

### THE BRITISH EMPIRE.

Britain! an empire greatest far,  
Than earth has ever known,  
No tongue can tell what glories are  
Comprised within thy throne.

Upon thy broad dominions vast,  
The sun doth never set,  
Great Empire of a glorious past  
And brighter future yet.

Thy flag floats o'er Australia's isles,  
Tasmania, New Zealand,  
From Himalayas snowy piles,  
And India's coral strand.

From east to western Indies Isles,  
O'er oceans rolling main,  
To where the brilliant sunlight smiles  
On Africa's wide plain.

From Gibraltar's lofty forts  
O'er the Mediterranean sea,  
Up the great Nile Egyptian ports,  
Own thy sovereignty.

Great Canada's dominions fair  
Of earthly realms the gem,  
The brightest of the jewels rare  
In Britain's diadem.

From north to south, from east to west,  
O'er all the known world,  
Thy flag is honored, loved and blest  
Where'er it is unfurled.

It floats upon both hemispheres,  
And their encircling seas;  
The flag that braved a thousand years  
The battle and the breeze.

Of champions thou hast got no lack,  
Of heroes tried and true,  
To guard with life thy Union Jack,  
The old red, white and blue.

We'er proud to own thy Empire grand  
And British liberty;  
We'el for thy honor boldly stand  
On either land or sea.

FAIR CANADA FOR ME !

The Scotchman loves old Scotia grand,  
Her vales and mountain pile ;  
The Irishman thinks there is no land  
Like his fair Emerald Isle ;  
The Englishman of England boasts  
As mistress of the sea,  
And why should we not have our toasts—  
Fair Canada for me !

Chorus—

Oh Canada ! Fair Canada !  
Her plains and mountains free,  
Her woods and lakes great beauty make—  
Fair Canada for me !

The German vaunts his fatherland,  
And will it's cause advance ;  
The Frenchman will upon demand,  
Uphold his sunny France ;  
The Yankee boasts the United States,  
A republic great and free ;  
But here a grander empire waits—  
Fair Canada for me !

Italians sing of clear blue skies  
O'er Italy's fertile plain ;  
There's nothing in the Spaniard's eyes  
Like hills and vales of Spain ;  
We've vales and mountains boundless,  
Stretching from sea to sea,  
A wonderous fertile grand domain—  
Fair Canada for me !

The Swiss, the Austrian, Russian Pole,  
The Dane, Norwegian, Swede,  
Will each his native land extoll  
And serve her in her need ;  
Each one loves best his native land,  
Which is as it should be ;  
Then hail our broad Dominion grand—  
Fair Canada for me !

With mighty rivers and great lakes,  
So broad, so deep, so clear,  
In all that scenic beauty makes  
Thou art without a peer ;  
The boundless forests, minerals vast,  
Earth's treasure house is she ;  
A glorious future, brilliant past—  
Fair Canada for me !

LAURA SECORD.

Come all ye sons and daughters dear,  
Of our fair Canada ;  
Though memory cause the silent tear,  
Your grateful homage pay.

To one who done her noble part,  
A deed of deathless fame,  
Thrilled in each true Canadian heart,  
By Laura Secord's name.

But twenty years of age was she,  
A newly wedded wife,  
When she done this deed for country's cause  
At the peril of her life.

She chanced to hear how foemen planned,  
That at the close of day  
They would surprise Fitzgibbon band,  
To capture or to slay.

She did straightway to her husband make,  
Where he, wounded, lay in pain ;  
He wished a warning then to take,  
But his efforts were in vain.

And must my comrades all be lost  
While I lie helpless here ?  
Oh ! I must go what e'er the cost,  
For no one else is near.

'Tis vain ! the struggling patriot cried ;  
I can't rise from this bed ;  
Then Laura wiped her weeping eyes,  
I'll go myself ! she said.

She kissed her husband fond good-bye ;  
Each knew the danger well,  
And thought with many a heart-wrung sigh,  
It may be our last farewell.

With rending sobs and tearful eyes,  
She hurries on her way,  
For brave Fitzgibbon camp fire lies  
Some twenty miles away.

A rough and lonely forest path,  
She takes to shun the foe ;  
That they'd be vengeful in their wrath,  
Right well does Laura know.

And she might meet some fierce wild beast,  
They were so numerous then ;  
Or what young Laura feared not least,  
Wilder and fiercer men.

Yet fast she speeds upon her way,  
Each foot was one of peril ;  
But naught her high resolve could stay,  
This grand Canadian girl.

And many a long, rough mile she trod,  
In weariness and pain ;  
Her constant prayer was unto God,  
It might not be in vain.

Now bent is that young form so brave,  
And labored is her breath ;  
God grant my countrymen to save  
E'en though it mean my death.

Her step has slow and feebler grown,  
Even her young frame must tire,  
When through the forest trees there shone  
Light from Fitzgibbon's fire.

She staggers forth into their right,  
Roused them from their repose ;  
My countrymen, prepare to fight !  
They come ! The foes ! The foes !

Fitzgibbon listens to her tale  
Their consternation calms,  
And history tells they did prevail  
At famous Beaver Dams.

While through the hearts of daughters fair  
Such patriotism runs ;  
Then, Canada, let foes beware  
Of thy brave stalwart sons.

Then Laura did her steps retrace,  
To calm her husband's fears,  
And there they lived upon that place  
For many happy years.

We'll not forget her name to praise,  
Although from earth she has departed ;  
Nor sound afar the pæans of praise  
Of a fair country, grateful hearted.

Though we raise mounments of art,  
Bearing thy cherished name ;  
Yet in thy country's grateful heart  
Is more enduring fame.

GREATER BRITAIN IN THE LIGHT OF THE  
SOUTH AFRICAN WAR.

Hail ! Ye grand sea girdled isles,  
Where freedom had its birth ;  
On Britain's empire justice smiles,  
O'er all this great wide earth.

For many years did nations own,  
Thee champion of distress ;  
O'er all the world, from zone to zone,  
Majestic lioness.

And no one dared lay hostile hand  
On what belonged to thee ;  
So vast the power at thy command,  
Great mistress of the sea.

But years had come and years had gone ;  
They said she's older grown,  
Her rights we'll now encroach upon  
And claim them for our own.

Thy cubs were scattered far and wide,  
O'er many a rolling sea ;  
But nothing could the love divide,  
Which bound them unto thee.

And when the foe began to prow!  
Around their mother's store,  
Lo ! a deep threatening growl  
Echoed from shore to shore.

Not time nor space nor raging sea,  
When ill did thee betide ;  
Could keep thy lusty cubs from thee,  
To battle by thy side.

And thus they came, heirs of thy blood,  
Their standards they unfurled,  
By thee in proud defiance stood,  
Before a frowning world.

The nations did in fear behold ;  
They said she's stronger grown ;  
While she retains that family bold  
Britains will hold their own.

Time nor trials can't change her mood,  
Nor her great strength impair,  
To make war on that lion's brood,  
No hostile world would dare.

Though age and care may leave a trace  
Of wrinkles on her brow ;  
With sons of such a royal grace  
She's Greater Britain now.

### THE MARCH TO BATTLEFORD.

It was in eighteen eighty-five  
The dreadful tidings came  
Of rebellion in the far north-west,  
The country was aflame ;  
Our government despatched the word  
Through eastern Canada  
That troops must march to Battleford,  
Two thousand miles away.

Chorus—

Two thousand miles away, my boys,  
Two thousand miles away ;  
All on the road to Battleford,  
Two thousand miles away.

Misled by agitators base,  
The half-breeds did rebel,  
And fully armed to their disgrace  
Rose under Louis Reil ;  
The fatal Duck Lake fight occurred,  
Our policemen they did slay,  
Away up there in Battleford  
Two thousand miles away.

Big Bear and his Indian band  
The warpath took 'twas said,  
To ravage all our western lands  
Around by Battleford ;  
The settler's friend was deeply stirred,  
And tearfully did pray  
The troops would haste to Battleford,  
Two thousand miles away.

Our soldiers mustered near and far  
And hurried to their post,  
All armed and canopied for war,  
A zealous loyal host ;  
With guns and rifles, bayonet, sword  
They left Toronto Bay,  
All on the road to Battleford,  
Two thousand miles away.

No boats could run, 'twas winter time,  
No western railroad then ;  
They went with courage true, sublime,  
Those firm devoted men ;  
Their country must be restored,  
Be perils what they may,  
By a forced march to Battleford  
Two thousand mile away.

O'er rock and murky mountain, lake,  
All covered deep with snow,  
They did their toilsome journey take  
To meet a wily foe ;  
But little grumbling was there heard,  
Though suffering night and day,  
That weary march to Battleford,  
Two thousand miles away.

No harder march was ever made,  
No hardier troops were seen,  
And marvelous was the zeal displayed,  
By the soldiers of the Queen ;  
No toil or hardship them deterred,  
Nor could their ardor stay,  
Upon that march to Battleford,  
Two thousand miles away.

The settler's home was in their eyes,  
His children and his wife,  
They toil and hardship did despise,  
Ah ! even risk of life ;  
For they protection must afford,  
And that without delay,  
The cry was on to Battleford  
Two thousand miles away.

They nobly fought at Cut Knife Hill,  
At Fish Creek and Batoche,  
And with a glorious war like skill  
They did rebellion crush ;  
We loss of noble lives deplored,

The price we had to pay,  
For victories won near Battleford,  
Two thousand miles away.

They grudged not what did them befall,  
Wounds, weariness and pain ;  
Obedient to their country's call,  
They'd do the like again,  
We'll honor them with one accord  
Until our dying day,  
The troops who marched to Battleford,  
Two thousand miles away.

### THE FLAG OF ENGLAND.

Hail to the isle that's the gem of the ocean,  
And justly entitled the queen of the sea ;  
The sight of her flag causes proud emotion,  
Old England we offer our homage to thee.

Chorus—

Then hurrah for Old England, our lioness mother,  
Our love and our fealty again we renew,  
We bow to her flag and we'll follow no other,  
The old Union Jack and the Red, White and Blue.

Land that is famous in song and in story,  
Of battles and victories o'er land and the sea,  
Name which is foremost in annals of glory,  
Home of the chivalrous daring and free.

Thine are the champions of earth and the ocean,  
Unrivalled, unchallenged on water or land ;  
They to thy cause give their utmost devotion,  
And firm by their lioness mother will stand.

Oft on the ocean thy warships did thunder,  
Manned by thy sailors so stalwart and brave,  
The fleets of the foemen were oft rent asunder,  
While thy flag at the masthead so proudly did wave.

A flag that is honored by every nation,  
The ensign of liberty to the poor slave,  
The emblem of freedom of all the creation,  
Triumphantly waving o'er tyranny's grave.

A flag which is sacred to each son and daughter,  
And all loyal subjects wherever they be,  
We will defend it on land or on water,  
The flag of Old England, the queen of the sea.