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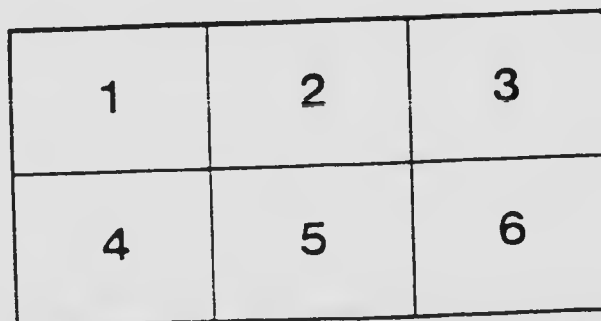
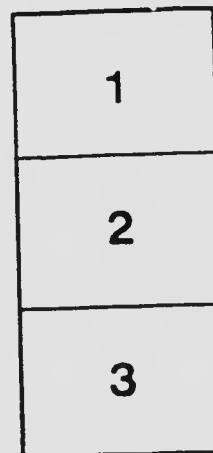
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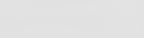
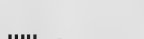
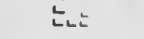
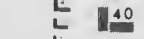
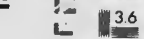
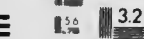
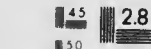
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~~.....~~ *✱*

THE BELGIANS

Have you ever thought of the homes and the homeless
Who fought for the British Empire,
Who fought at the front at the first of the fight,
And died in a deluge of fire;
Had it not been for those people
Wouldn't our flag have been lost?
What nation is ready to give recompence,
Or what nation will pay all they've lost?

O think of the fathers and mothers and of children that
are fed on the breast;
Just think how happy we people should be that get our
three meals in the West.
We're not all asked to go to fight the old foe, or stand
in front of the old German lead;
But if you're not worth millions, I'll tell you it's so;
You'll get but six foot when you're dead.

They are just like ourselves, they're the offspring of
God, who died on the crucified cross,
And they've done all they could for two weeks and some
hours, before their dear country was lost;
Just think of ourselves and our beautiful homes, with
plenty to eat and to wear;
Throw off part of your gaiety, your diamonds and
pearls, and send them a part of your share.
For you will not miss it, you'll get it all back with bless-
ings from One above;
As well as from those who died in despair,
O' send them, O' send them with love.

PARTING WITH MOTHER

I'm going to the war, dear mother,
But I'll not go astray,
I'm sorry it has come to this,
But home I cannot stay.
My home was beautiful and good,
And so was mother, dear.
But I must go and fight the foe,
And not let the Germans here.

Mother cared for me when but a child,
Raised me to be a man,
And now I have to go and fight
For our good old Motherland.
But there is no place like home, dear mother,
No land so good and free;
As our good, old Canadian land,
That lies this side the sea.

Oh! Mother dear, please pray to God
To spare me through this strife,
That I may return safe home again,
And comfort you through life.
But Mother, should I not come back,
I'll promise you this with love,
That I'll live for God, and die for right,
And meet you in Heaven above.

So good-bye, now, Oh, Mother dear,
I'm going to cross the sea.
I'll fight for everlasting peace
To keep our country free.
And when I'm in the firing line
It will be no disgrace.
But there is one thing that I long to see
Is my dear Mother's face.

Please don't forget to write, dear Mother,
And send me all the news,
Once in awhile send me some socks,
Also some Sunday shoes.
And may the Good Lord bless you, Mother,
And keep you safe from harm,
And may all nations be linked together,
In one good social arm.

MOTHER PARTING WITH HER SOLDIER BOY

My son, you're going to leave me,
What will I ever do?
'Twill not be home without you,
And my days will be but few.
You made the home so happy,
Which I never more shall know.
Since you have joined the soldiers,
And gone to fight the foe.

I cared for you through all these years,
You loved me just the same.
You're going to fight our enemies,
But you are not to blame.
God knows what is the best to do
For every loyal and true man.
God bless you, go, now my dear son,
And do just what you can.

Oh! Yes, dear son, I'll pray for you,
And wait for your return;
And if we never meet on earth
For you I'll always mourn,
You know I'm alone, dear son,
You know your father's dead.
And I have always prayed for you
Since ere his spirit fled.

TRUE BORN CANADIANS

Come all ye good Canadians,
And listen for a while,
There never was known such a fight,
Not even at the Nile.
The blood that's shed—'tis awful
And the sacrifice is great.
And may all nations get ashamed
Before it is too late.

May man be man, and men be men,
And do as men should do;
Corral all those war grafters
And shove the beggars through,
And drive them with your bayonets
Up to the firing line,
And I just bet what I am worth
The war would last no time.

A SOLDIER'S LAST LETTER

This letter I am sending is the last one I will write
I got wounded so bad in that horrible fight.
If it was not for you, Maggie, I would love to die,
And go to my Saviour, to my home in the sky.

So good-bye, Dearest Maggie, for once and for all,
And when the Lord is ready, I'll answer His call,
And while I am writing I am thinking of thee.
Let us hope we shall meet in that sweet Eternity.

The blood from my wounds just flows down in a stream.
I must hurry and write or I'll pass away in a dream.
I loved you, Dear Maggie, since the day of your birth.
And to tell you the truth this is hell upon earth.

A SOLDIER'S GRAVE

As I stood by a soldier's grave and thinking of the past,
Some deep thoughts came into my mind, wondering
how long this war would last;
And to see the royalty of man and woman just the same
Holding their little orphan child but they are not to
blame.

There were old and young, there were large and small,
as well as rich and poor,
All went along to see him laid within his last closed
door,
But now as he has done his bit and was prepared to die.
The Lord has taken this hero home to mansions in the
sky

THE FEELINGS OF TRUE BORN AMERICANS

We people of America all find a thrill of woe,
For the sake of all humanity to this great war
must go,
In respect to our beloved ones and our leaders at
the head,
We must keep our old flag flying in spite of
German lead.

The people of America are of a peaceful race.
Until insulted and struck so often by old Kaiser,
in the face,
By the sinking of her merchant ships and not
listening to her call,
We are determined by God's help not to let the old
flag fall.

Our hearts are with the nations that fly the Allies'
flag.
Never more with outlawed Germans will we ever
chew the rag.
Give three cheers for our President, and three for
the Allies' Kings!
We'll fly our flag on Europe's soil and teach Kaiser
a different thing.

THE SOLDIER IN THE TRENCHES

I am a Canadian soldier boy,
Out in the trenches fighting,
At every chance I fire a shot,
And I knock a Hun a kiting.
I often think it is too bad—
O when I see men fall
And wonder in my very heart,
If God intends this all.

I wonder is this Chistian love
Or brotherhood so mute?
It seems to run all through my mind
Man's turning towards the brute.
They think not of the living God,
Not even man or child.
But has fallen far from what God has taught,
Who was so meek and mild.

O if my mother saw me here
And wading through the mud,
Looking for Huns at every step
And shooting all I could,
I know that it would break her heart—
She would never more survive;
Would say, go on, my loyal son!
Let the British live and thrive.

If I could but see my home again
The place that I have left,
With plum-pudding, banana cake and pies,
All upon the shelf,
I'm sure I would feel happy.
I'd dress up so slick and trim,
I'd sit beside my dear mamma,
And sing an evening hymn.

Oh mother dear, don't worry,
Though I'm almost raving mad,
To think I had to leave my home,
My mamma and my dad;
Out here amongst strangers
With not enough to eat,

And if ever we old Kaiser get
God help his last crown-sheet.

And father, do not worry,
While I here in the trenches stay.
We've got to fight both night and day
To keep the foe at bay.
I have to say it's awful
To see so many hurt,
But I tell you it's more dreadful
To take so much German dirt.

THE STARVING FOLKS OF WAR

Think of the poor that's starving
On one-half meal per day,
They get no tea nor coffee,
As they have no "mon" to pay.
But sure it must be dreadful
To think of such a death,
'Twould have been better for them all
If they had died at birth.

There's fathers and there's mothers,
With sad and bended heads,
Praying to God Almighty
To send their children bread.
The rich and poor, the young and old,
They all do share the same;
But its Kaiser and his submarines
We're sure they are to blame.

Three years ago we all had homes
And happy was our lot.
Until the blamed old Austrian Prince
By accident got shot.
It certainly made a good excuse
For that old serpent, Kaiser Bill.
Stand by the right, stick to your post,
And give that old lad his fill.

KAISER BILL

O Kaiser do come home,
Stop your fighting like a fool.
Your country will go back on you
And make of you a tool.
You may get your 'Turkish friends
To fight upon your case,
But Kaiser, you close off the cash
And they will fool you to your face.

He said, I'm "Kaiser Bill,"
I'm "King of Germanee."
I've started this great war
To gain the victory,
And I started right at Belgium
And I've done the best I could;
But it was by the Belgian soldiers
That I was nipped in the bud.

I am a man of honor,
A hero of renown.
I have fought my way through Belgium,
Destroying almost every town.
I have left the people homeless,
Which was a great disgrace,
To all the civilized nations
As well as the Kaiser's race.

CHORUS—

I've travelled all through England, through Russia
And through France,
And 'tis my full intention,
For to make the Allies dance.

So now we'll hit up Verdun
And I think we'll get there soon,
And we'll make the little Frenchmen dance,
To our good old German tunes.
But they were taken by surprise,
For they hit it rather soon,
And instead of the French,
The Germans danced
To the good old Frenchman's tune.

With zeppelins and areoplanes,
We'll roam the heavens high,
We'll burn old London down with shells,
We'll conquer or we'll die;
And the North Seas we'll also roam
With our big submarines.
For we care for nothing that comes our way,
I'm sure we're all serene.

The Kaiser has such awful power,
And confidence in men,
If it's all true what I have read
He must be getting thin.
Had he control just for one day,
O wouldn't it be great!
He'd make all nations bow to him,
Also the Heavens quake.

But when this war is over,
They'll think it's not the thing,
To have a devil-like Kaiser
To be a German King.
To go to fight the Allies,
Which were a peaceful race.
And bring to poor old Germany
Dishonor and disgrace.

THE AWFULNESS OF WAR

This war is an awful thing.
Look on another age;
See how they all do fight and kill,
Also do swear and rage;
With shells and bombs flying thro' the air
And bayonets shining bright;
They keep their cannon roaring loud,
Almost constantly day and night.

With shells and bombs and areoplanes,
With submarines and gas,
And poisoned candies dropped from on high,
As the areoplanes go past;
With zeppelins, both large and small,
All floating thro' the air,
Dropping shells from every height,
And just one here and there.

THE LOSS OF ONE DEAR FRIEND

We boys have lost one dear young chum,
His name was Stewart McKay.
We thought by chance he might pull through,
And come back to us some day.

He was a boy of sweet nineteen, and O so full of strife,
Twas at the battle of Vimy Ridge that young hero
lost his life.

This soldier was respected by all, both great and small,
By all in the Battalion, that heard his bugle call,
But there were hundreds more like him, all full of life
so gay;
And 'twas at the battle of Vimy Ridge they won that
glorious day.

His parents were respected by all both near and far;
By rich and poor, as well as those that ride in a motor
car,

But we are very sorry to say that they must mourn his
loss.

We hope the Saviour brought him home and gave
him the golden cross.

THE DISABLED SOLDIER

I'm a poor and helpless soldier
Who was once a rugged boy,
I sailed across the ocean
Some Huns for to destroy;
To leave some children fatherless
No doubt I've done my best,
And now you see me as I am:
I'd rather be at rest.

There was a time when I was happy,
With a wife so sweet and dear;
And my children gathered round me
With eyes so bright and clear;
Whatever is the matter,
I scarce can see at all;
I blame that cursed kaiser
And his old gas ball.

I was gassed and I was wounded,
I was in a prison cell;
I was treated something awful,
The truth to you I'll tell:
I was knocked about from place to place,
My wounds were treated rough,
I would have died within my cell
Had I not been gritty stuff.

And now I am safe home again
On our good Canadian shore,
Where peace and quietness doth reign,
To fight the Huns no more;
I tell you I'm a used up man,
Which you can plainly see,
For I've lost one arm and one whole leg,
And the other at the knee.

My children stay away from me,
They're scared for to come near,
I do look so inhuman,
Not like dad that once was here;
And my wife, she is so worried
That her nerves they are all gone,

And for me and my dear family—
How will ever we get on?

But there's thousands more just like me,
With starvation at the door,
But God is just and kind to all,
He will surely help the poor;
I went to save our Empire,
And risking my own life;
God help my dear young children,
God help my loving wife.

I know my days—they will seem long,
And years will never go,
So I have to sit round without my limbs,
I can neither plow nor sow;
I can only look around and think
Of that great bloody war;
And wonder in my very heart
What they kill each other for.

MEET HIM IN THE SKIES, DEAR MOTHER

In the bloody battle field many miles away,
Lies your dear and only son beneath the cold, cold clay;
Memories oft returning of his tears and sighs,
If you love your son, dear mother, meet him in the
skies.

Chorus:

Listen to his pleading mother dear, come home,
Lovingly and retreating from God no longer roam,
Let your womanhood waken, heavenward lift your eyes
If you love your son dear mother meet him in the skies.

Now my chair is vacant, home has no charms for me,
Since I joined the soldiers and went across the sea;
Now I am out fighting where the shells do fly,
If you love your son dear mother, meet him in the
skies.

Now in true repentance to the Saviour's plea,
He who pardoneth sinners will also pardon thee.

He is the One who comforts, He's no wolf in disguise,
If you love your son dear mother meet him in the skies.

Out in the bloody battle field fighting for the right,
Guided by our captain to go with all our might,
Watching for the enemies that now come in as spies,
If you love your son dear mother meet him in the skies.

Pray God to be merciful to each and every man
Fighting in this great struggle and doing what we can;
There are lots of Germans, we often take them by sur-
prise;
If you love your son dear mother meet him in the skies.

WHY WOMEN HAVE TO MOURN.

When God, at first, made Heaven and earth,
He then made man and wife;
He placed a serpent in their way,
And caused this couple strife.

And from that time since Adam's birth,
Man was supposed to mourn,
But since this bloody war began,
Women and children take their turn.

In all the world both far and near,
No matter where you go,
The woman's heart is sad with grief,
That shows she's mourning too.

Talk of the cruelty of war,
It had to take its turn,
That is why man has got to fight
And woman's got to mourn.

The children of all nations
Are heart-sore with grief and pain,
It also makes a mother mourn,
And she does not mourn in vain.

And when their mourning is no more,
And they're laid away to rest,
The Saviour will bring them home
To lean upon His breast.

A SOLDIER BOY WRITING TO HIS FATHER.

I am writing you dear father,
To tell you of my fun,
We are piling the Germans heavy,
You ought to see them run.
You ought to see them in the trap
That they had set for us;
They are something like the Indian,
They fight better in ambush.

They are always scheming and planning,
And throwing out insults,
But I tell you dad, we are the boys
Who make the doctors feel their pulse.
And I also have to tell you,
We are the boys to make them squeal,
When we present them with a lump of lead
Or with the point of steel.

The mud is something terrible
That we tramp through every day,
And for that sum one dollar ten
I'd rather put up hay.
My bed it is my blanket,
With my knapsack by my side,
I always feel so happy
When I am making the Germans stride.

I guess dear Pa, you'll miss me
When your following up the plow,
More especially in the evening
When you go to milk the cow.
But I hope that God will spare us
Until we meet on earth once more,
And then we'll try and live a life
So we will walk on the golden shore.

Now to conclude and make an end,
I am sorry for all my fun.
For there was many a Hun laid low

With my old shining gun.
But if the Lord will pardon me,
And forgive me of my sin,
I'll never raise a gun again,
If this victory we will win.

So good-bye, dear Father,
Please send me out a shirt,
You need never expect me home
While we get this German dirt.

DEAR OLD CANADA.

O Canada, dear Canada,
While in your youthful strife,
Why send all your good boys away
To sacrifice their life?
Just draw the line at their dear homes
This side the Atlantic shore;
Many of the boys that's crossed the pond
We'll never see them more.

This is the land of beauty, boys,
Where peace and pleasure lies,
And where the people sing to God
Of mansions in the skies;
But stop and think of our good boys,
Not the generals in the lead,
But the boys that lie low in the trench,
And take the German lead.

Think of the homes that they have left
Out in this golden West,
Where fortune comes to every one
That does his very best;
This is the land of plenty,
Where we get three meals per day,
And get one eighty for our wheat
And fourteen for our hay.
But sometimes we are up against
Hail batter on our head,
But that is not one half so hard
As that old German lead.

AFTER THE WAR IS OVER.

After the war is over, after the victory's won,
Many a noble hero's body will lie bleaching in the sun;
Many a widowed mother, and many a broken heart,
All caused by this cruel war, and the friends they had
to part.

After the war is over,
There will be weariness and woe,
Sadness will stare you in the face,
No matter where you go.

After the war is over,
When those that are left come home,
Sadness will be in the hearts of those
Whose boys do not return.

After the war is over
There should never be a dance,
The money that is spent on them
Should go to Belgium and to France.

After the war is over,
The blood will cease to flow,
We hope the love of God will be in our hearts,
No matter where we go.

After the war is over,
A good lesson it has taught,
The man who tried to run the world
When he is brought to nought.

After the war is over
And everything is at peace,
We hope the Armenians they will walk
Through Turkey, slippery Greece.

After the war is over
And every thing is fair
The cruelty of this bloody war
In history will be there.

After the war is over,
And every one is free,
We hope the Lord will care for those
Who died upon the sea.

After the war is over,
May forgiveness be given
And may God forgive the ones who have
done wrong
And give them a place in Heaven.

A POOR WOUNDED SOLDIER.

I am only a poor wounded soldier,
I have no place to call my own,
No one to pity me,
No one to cheer me,
So, friendless and sadly I roam:

Long ago I was peaceful and happy,
With kind loving friends ever near,
But now they're all gone,
And I'm left all alone,
With no one my pathway to cheer.

How I long for a place by the fireside,
For the night is so dark, cold and damp,
Vacant places I see,
But there's no room for me,
For I'm only a poor soldier tramp.

Chorus:

I am only a poor wounded soldier,
I have no place to call my own,
No one to pity me,
No one to cheer me,
So, friendless and sadly I roam.

ADVICE.

Come all ye noble heroes, be calm and true as steel,
Whenever you shoot a German be sure to make him
squeal;
Present him with a piece of lead, some larger than a
pill,
And tell them you are from the West to fight old
Kaiser Bill.

For the poor and starving people in that far Eastern
land,
They have borne it for years and now are at a stand;
But do not blame old Canada, for she has done her best,
It is the German submarine that is the cursed pest.

The food that's sent beneath the sea should not be
there at all,
For it leaves the people starving, we'd be glad not to
hear their call,
And when the Lord is ready to stop this awful fight,
He'll say, "Go, Britain, fly your flag, for you are in
the right.

TRUE-BORN AMERICANS.

We are true-born Americans and by the Allies stand,
We will obey our officers and do as they command;
We hope to be victorious and that we win the day,
And while we're on European soil we'll Yankee-Doodle
play.

We people always wanted peace since the battle of the
South,
But O, what nation could ever stand such hard slaps
in the mouth?
O, what nation e'er could stand the laws of that old
serpent Kaiser Bill?
We are the boys that fear no noise, so we'll give him
his fill.

We know our homes,—they will be sad and many a
vacant chair;

But for the sake of all humanity, our people must be
there;
To keep down all old Prussian law, and to make all
things go right—
We people of America must join that awful fight.

A SOLDIER'S LAST LETTER TO HIS MOTHER.

Dear Mother:
I write you this hurried letter,
As I have not got long to stay,
For my wounds are bleeding dreadful,
And I soon shall pass away.

Remember me dear mother, to the ones
With whom I used to play,
And romped around the school grounds,
Where we spent many a happy day.

Tell my only brother I have fought the battle brave,
And when the soldiers find me they'll give a soldier's
grave;
The time it was when I was shot my watch was at
eleven;
Tell him to live for God alone and we shall meet in
Heaven.

Please mother dear, don't worry, for the time it won't
be long
Until you are with God at rest among the glorious
throng,
Marching through the golden streets, listening to the
Heavenly lamb,
For God has promised us a home in the glorious prom-
ised Land.

I long to see my home again and kiss your loving face,
But as we'll never meet on earth in Heaven we will
embrace;
Good-bye dear mother, oh! good-bye, for I scarcely
can see;
I pray that God will care for you away across the sea.

WHERE IS MY BOY TONIGHT?

Oh! where is my boy tonight?
I see his vacant chair,
Let me look where I will,
I cannot see him still,
Oh! where is my boy tonight?

He's gone far away to that Eastern land,
Far, far away over the sea,
To risk his life with the Huns that fight,
And God only knows where he'll be.

Oh! where is my boy tonight,
The boy I have loved so dear,
I miss him you know, for wherever I go,
His whisper I cannot hear.

Yes, that's where he is tonight,
In the trenches, so deep,
With heroes dead in great heaps,
And nothing but mud-walls all round,
While the Huns keep a-coming,
And the shells are a-humming,
Oh! that's where he is tonight.

There is father and sisters all waiting for him,
While mother is sore and distressed
When he had to go and fight the old foe
And leave his good home in the West.

O! where is my boy tonight,
For I am so lonely here;
His bright eyes I can't see
For he's away o'er the sea,
Oh! that's where my boy is tonight.

DEAR OLD SASKATOON

They talk of their cities and towns in the West,
But among the great number Saskatoon is the best.
Surrounded by prairie and golden wheat fields;
And farmers are delighted the way the crop yields.

CHORUS

For there are merchants and lawyers and real estate
men,
All bound to do you if you don't do them.
For they're after their victim and will sure catch him
soon,
For they will hoodoo and do you in old Saskatoon.

Now I'm going to tell you of this little town,
They've the best lot of people that's under the sun.
They believe in a motto, now I'll tell it to you,
Be sure to do others before they do you.

There's the real estate man with his lands for to sell,
He always walks out in the latest of style,
So if you keep up your courage you'll sure make a stake
for we'll shove up the prices and boom real estate.

There's nearly all races represented right here.
The Scotch and the Irish—Come now let us cheer
The Yankees, the Frenchmen and English galore,
The Japs and the Chinese and the big Doukhobor.

The fashions are worn by the ladies all round,
In the country or city or village or town.
All the drug-store complexion that they may consume
Yet they scarcely are in it with old Saskatoon.

In all your travels by land or by sea
Remember that City, that's where you saw me.
So save up your money, don't spend it too soon,
For you'll need it, if you ever hit old Saskatoon.

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G W NORMAN
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SASKATOON SASK

