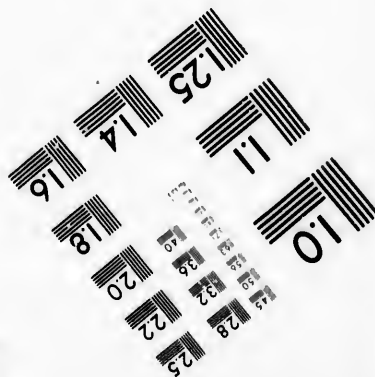
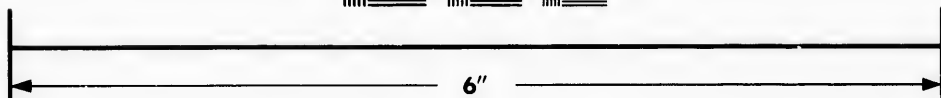
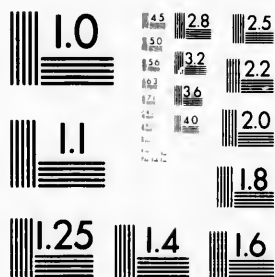


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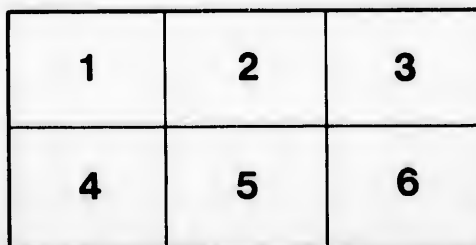
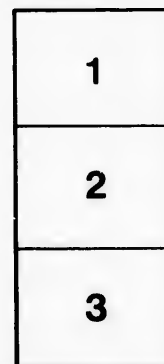
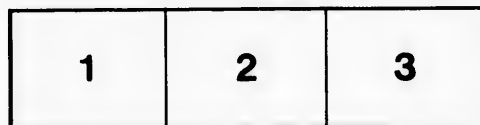
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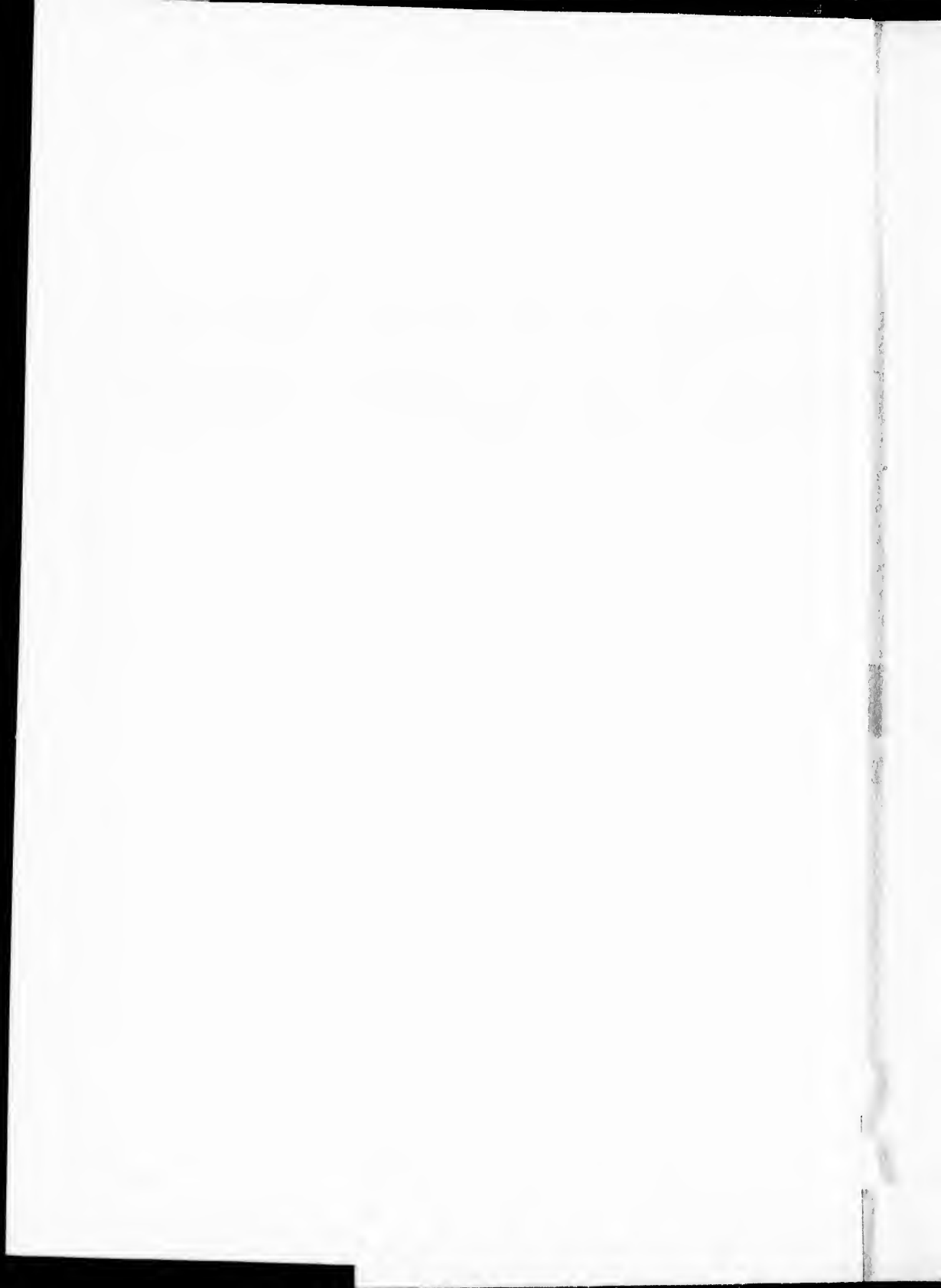
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1898

SONGS OF YOHO



Songs of Yoho



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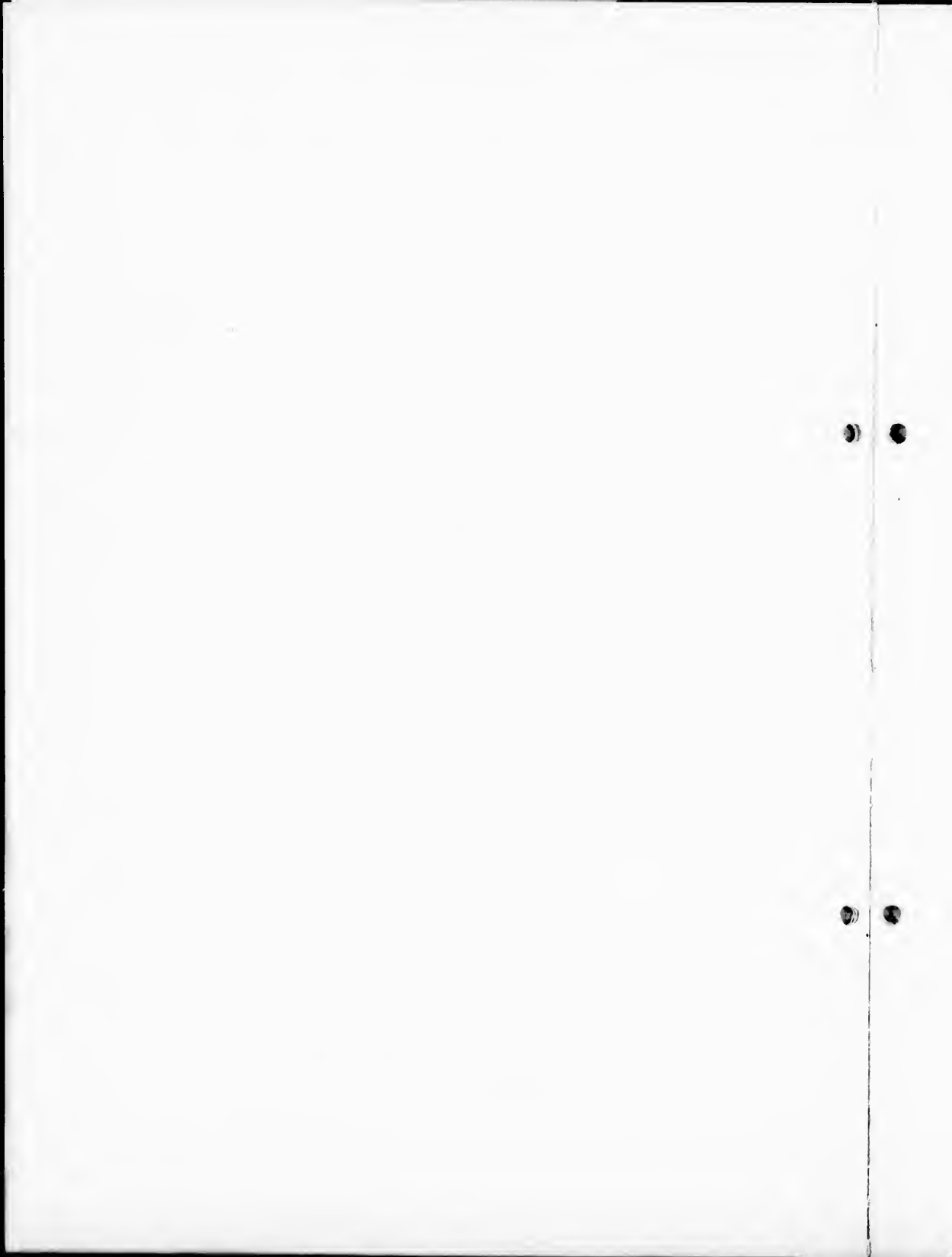
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6. Quarter-Century Song.
7. Song of the Bass.



1.—The Islemen of the North.

Father Joseph, O receive us!
We have left the haunts of men;
And from biting cares relieve us,
Take us to thy bosom again.
We have dragged our weary bones
Over many a mile of stones,
On a holiday intent,
And on fun and frolic bent,—
'Tis a life that's full of joy,
Up in Yo-ho-kick-a-boy!

We're a band of rovers jolly,
Come a-gypsying to the north;
From the city's dust and folly,
We have gaily sallied forth;
And the woods and forests ring,
While our roundelays we sing,
Or our laughing voices sound,
Waking all the echoes round.
'Tis a life, etc.

O'er the azure waters dancing,
As before the breeze we fly;
With the golden sunlight glancing,
On the wave-tops curling high;
Or when at the close of day,
We skim lightly o'er the bay;
And the sky is all ablaze,
With the sun's expiring rays:—
'Tis a life, etc.

See, the shades of night are falling
On the water and the land ;
The conductor's loudly calling,
Come and join our merry band.
By the camp fire's ruddy blaze,
We, our tuneful voices raise,
While the bright stars overhead
Gentle radiance on us shed.
'Tis a life, etc.

And when our evenings ended,
And the fire is growing dim,
Then are all our voices blended
In our solemn evening hymn ;
And we go, on slumber bent,
Back to calaboose and tent,
Where the "skeeters" and the flies,
Sing us their soft lullabies.
'Tis a life, etc.



2.—We Have Left Far Behind Us.

We have left far behind us the dwellings of men,
We have traversed the forest, the lake, and the fen,
From island to island like sea birds we roam,
The waves are our path, and the world is our home.
 Juvallera, Juvallera, Juvallera, lera, lera !
 Juvallera, Juvallera, Juvallera, lera, lera !

On the lone rugged rocks a rich table we spread,
The moss and the bracken afford us a bed ;
While the gleam of the camp fire illumines the sky,
And the murmuring pines sing a soft lullaby.
 Juvallera, etc.

When the orient hues of the dawning of day
Emblazon the clouds and smile back from the bay,
We spring from our couch like the stag from his lair,
And drink in new life with the free morning air.
 Juvallera, etc.

Then we launch our light bark on the silvery lake,
That dimples and breaks into smiles in our wake :
While we sweeten our toil with a tale or a song,
Or rest while the winds waft us bravely along.
 Juvallera, etc.

At night, when the deer to the thicket has fled,
And the scream of the night hawk is heard overhead,
We startle with laughter the wilderness dim,
Or the forests resound with our evening hymn.
 Juvallera, etc.

Then hurrah for the north, with its woods and its hills ;
Hurrah for its rocks, and its lakes, and its rills !
And long may its forests be lovely as now,
Untouched by the axe, and unscathed by the plow !
 Juvallera, etc.

3.—The North Wind Blows.

The boat rides well
The old Muskoka swell,
Our oars are dashing up the spray.
The north wind blows,
She's foaming at the nose,
Give way, my merry men, give way.

CHORUS:—Give way, my boys, give way,
For after work comes play,
And at the close of day
We'll hear those voices say,
A braver crew ne'er left Muskoka bay—
Give way, my merry men, give way.

The chaplain said,
I'm very fatigued,
I like not muchly to give way;
But Smyth replied,
The church gets no free ride,
Put on another pound while I delay.

Then Finn out spoke,
I cannot see the joke,
Of working like a colored man all day,
The care of stores,
Unfits me for the oars;
But Smyth the tyrant growled, give way.

The turtle too,
He had so much to do,
He could not sing his little lay
Of love and snow,
For Smyth was growling low,
Give way, ye lazy men, give way.

Then Ducens' voice,
It made our hearts rejoice,
And smiles around our lips began to play.
Round comes the gale,
We'll have a jolly sail,
So put those loathsome oars away.

CHORUS:—Oh put those oars away,
For after work comes play,
And at the close of day
We'll hear those voices say,
A braver crew ne'er left Muskoka bay,
So put those loathsome oars away!

4. - Sail, Sail, My Bark Canoe.

Where the pine tree waveth,
And the lakelet blue
Rocky beaches laveth,
Roam our merry crew.
In our Island dwelling,
We make holiday;
Joys beyond all telling,
Banish care away.

CHORUS:— Sail, Sail, my bark canoe,
O'er Joseph's waters blue!
Haste to the kind and true,
E'er daylight's o'er.
Sail, sail, my skiff so light!
Sail, sail, for the land's in sight,
And the camp fire throws its ruddy light
Along the rocky shore!

When the sun is sinking
'Neath the lofty pines,
We, of dinner thinking,
Take our hooks and lines.
Slowly, past the rocky shore,
Troll we, not in vain,
With pickerel and bass galore,
We hasten back again.

In the mellow gloaming,
Rings our dinner bell;
Weary with our roaming,
We like the sound full well.
And when we've done our dining,
In Kilmarnocks bright,
Round the fire reclining,
We spend a jolly night.

Or should skies most glorious,
Tempt once more to stray,
Moonlight glancing o'er us,
Light each rock-bound bay.
Maidens fair, with eyes of light,
Freight our shallops frail,
And far beneath the Queen of night
We merrily sing and sail.

CHORUS: Sail, sail, once more afloat,
Gently now, my bonnie boat!
Oars keep time to the mellow note
Of maids with trailing hair.
Sail, sail, through the dim twilight!
Sail, sail, 'neath the starry night!
Their sheening eyes will guide us aright,
Back to our island fair.



5.—Peace and Plenty.

Peace and plenty in our dwelling,
Beef and biscuit in our store,
Oatmeal, all oatmeal excelling,
Where's the wretch would ask for more!
Let him go and live at Pratt's-es,
Roost a while with Dugald Brown,
Where mammas with noisy bratses,
Long to pack their traps for town.
Hip! Hurrah! for old Muskoka,
For fair Joseph's Isles, hurrah!

Let them talk of bleak Cacouna,
Or of "loathsome" Tadousac:
Rather would I sail a schooner
Up the Petitcodiac.
Fashion's weary sours and daughters,
Hither haste ere summer's gone,
Harder rocks and softer waters,
Ne'er were sailed or sat upon.
Then hurrah for old Muskoka,
For fair Joseph's Isles, hurrah!

Far from gasaliers' and lustres'
Sickly artificial light,
Every eve our party musters
Round the camp-fire burning bright.
Ours is then no prosy topic,
Fit for Leader, Globe or Mail,
But rare jokes Kaleidoscopic
Hit upon the head the nail.
Then hurrah for old Muskoka,
For fair Joseph's Isles, hurrah !

Love-sick songs of southern sadness
Suit signoras soft and mild ;
In our northern home of gladness
Warble we our wood-notes wild.
None may sleep when Signor Sandi
Leads the philharmonic din,
While we raise our voices, and he
Plays upon his violin.
Hip ! Hurrah ! for old Muskoka,
For fair Joseph's Isles, hurrah !

Changed the strain : and our devotions
Wing their grateful flight on high,
Then we take our frugal potions—
Chant our parting lullaby.
Thus are passed our days of pleasure,
And the night brings sweet repose,
Save when tones of rhythmic measure
Waltz from some euphonious nose.
Then hurrah for old Muskoka,
For fair Joseph's Isles, hurrah !

6.—The Quarter-Centennial Song.

'Tis five and twenty years ago,
Though I've forgot the day,
When three youths launched a rickety scow
On fair Muskoka Bay.
One was a bluffer, and the other a duffer,
And the third, who sings this lay,
To-night, is just the kind of man
That anyone cares to say.

CHORUS:—Ring out, ring out the song,
With voices sweet and strong,
To the blessed isles, where nature smiles,
And pleasant waters flow ;
To the ever-changing sky,
And the forests waving high !
For we love them still, as we loved them five-
And-twenty years ago.

And ever since then all kinds of men,
And women, and girls, and boys,
And lots of those strange nondescripts
Best known as hobbledehoys,
Have left their home, in the wilds to roam,
Through all these changing years ;
To go in the track of that kitless pack,
The hardy pioneers.

Ah me ! Ah me ! what sights to see !
What pleasant sounds to hear !
We've turned with disgust from the city's dust,
In the summer of the year.
What friendships made 'neath the forest shade
Or out on the rippling tide,
In hearts live on though friends be gone,
Or a thousand miles divide.

Some are deep in the battle of life,
And have no time for play ;
And some are sick, and some are sad,
And many are turning gray ;
And some have got incumbrances
Who will not let them stray ;
So in numbers few is the festive crew
That celebrates the day.

But our hearts are young and our voices strong,
And our love knows no decay,
For scenes of yore on Joseph's shore,
And the friends of a bygone day.
O may our powers to enjoy these hours,
The older though we grow,
Be all alive as they were five-
And-twenty years ago.

7.—Song of the Bass.

Over the waters, merrily dancing,
Softly glides our light canoe,
While the phantom mirror, glancing,
Shines alternate white and blue.

CHORTS :—Never can tell when the bass is a-coming,
Never can tell when he's going to bite ;
First thing you know your reel will be humming,
Strike him quickly and hold him tight.

Past the maples red and yellow,
Crimson oak and purple ash—
Gosh ! you've hooked a monstrous fellow !
Golly ! don't you hear him splash ?

Hold him lightly, reel him slowly
If you wish your fish to save ;
Nothing's gained by hurry—Holy
Moses ! what a jump he gave !

Lower your rod ; now take the slack up
Thank your stars you've got him yet !
Now he sticks his thorny back up—
Now you've got him in the net !

In the basket, wrapped in fern, he'll
Lie in state in scaly grace ;
In the pan, when we return, he'll
Find a warmer resting place.

Let him fry in crumbs and butter—
Hear the appetizing fizz!
No weak words that I could utter
Can describe how good he is.

Serve him with a slice of bacon,
Quickly to the banquet come,
And unless I'm much mistaken
Your remark will be "yum, yum!"

