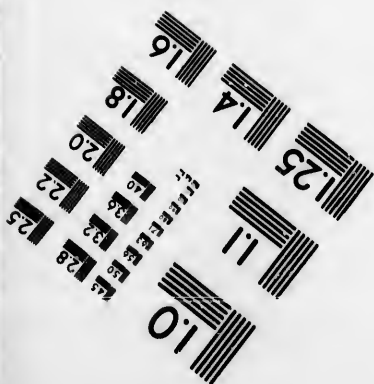
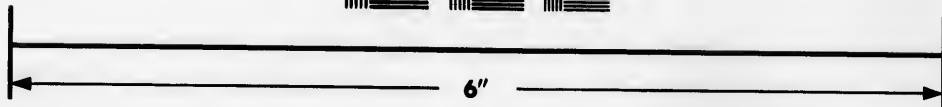
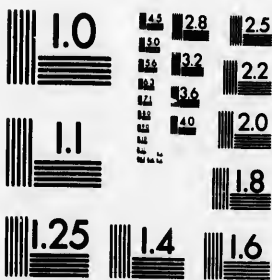


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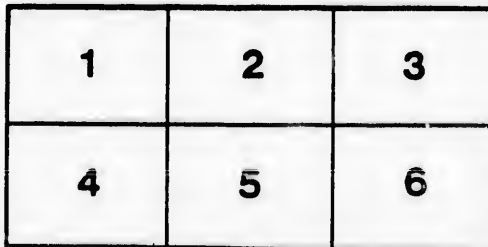
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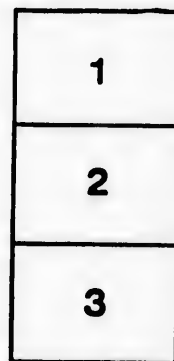
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NATIONAL, PATRIOTIC,

—AND OTHER—

**Popular Songs**



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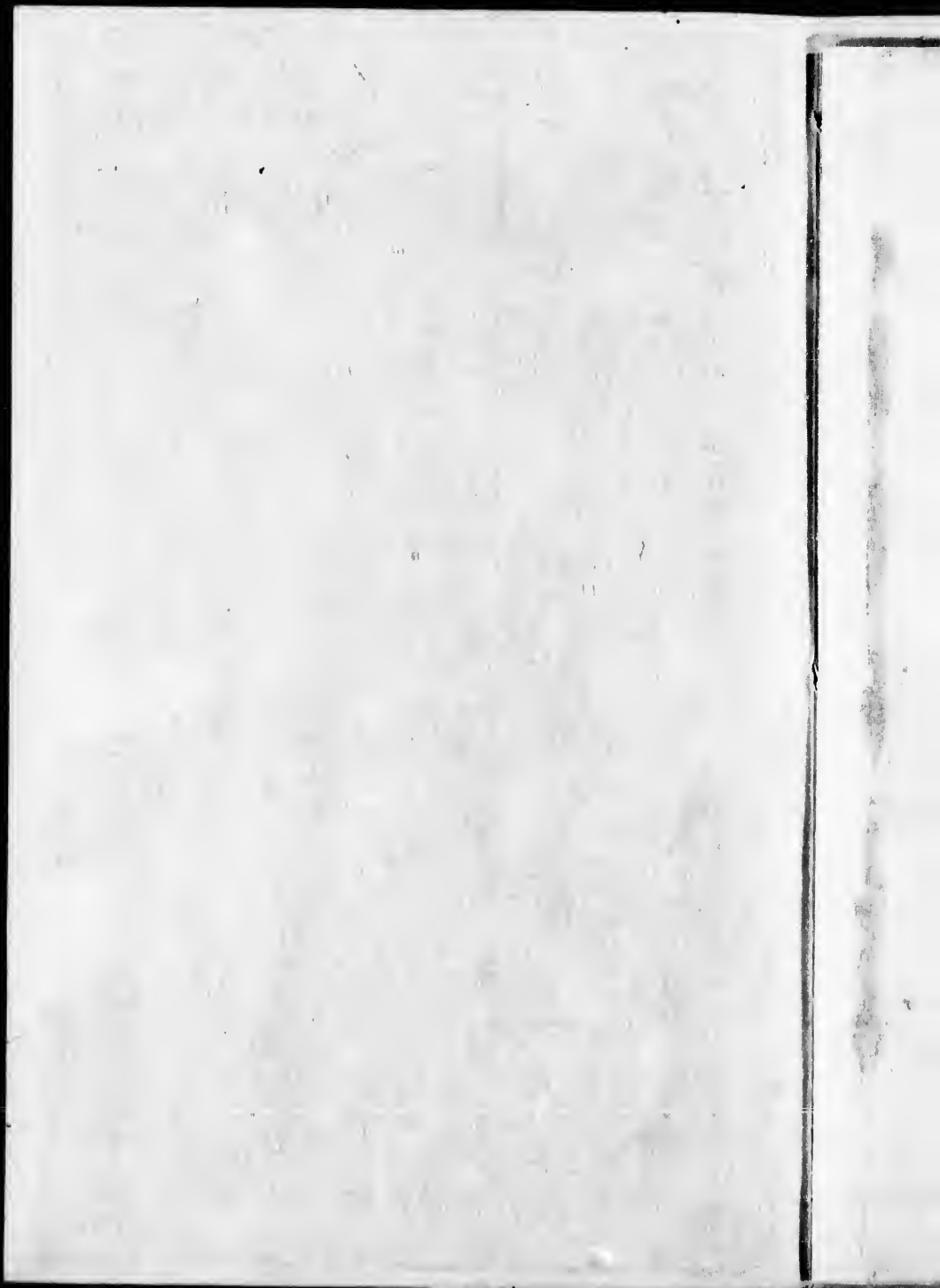
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THE BIRTH DAY OF HER MOST GRACIOUS MAJESTY,

**ALEXANDRINA VICTORIA I.**

GUELPH, 1876.

The Mercury Steam Printing Establishment.



NATIONAL, PATRIOTIC,  
--AND--  
POPULAR SONGS.

---

1. **We Come with Songs to Greet You.**

We come *again* with songs to greet you,  
To feel the warmth of every heart.  
In happiness we *smile* to meet you;  
Yet sigh to think how soon we part.

*Cho.*—We come, we come, we come with songs to greet you,  
: We come, :| we come, we come again.—(Repeat *Cho.* p.p.)

On every spot the sunbeam brightens,  
*These* constant hearted friends we find,  
With such the tie of friendship tightens,  
No space can blot them from the mind.—*Cho.*

O hearts like *those* we long shall cherish,  
While singing o'er our native strain,  
*Not one* remembrance e'er shall perish,  
Till *we* shall haply meet again.—*Cho.*

2. **Irish National Song.**

THE MEETING OF THE WATERS.

There is not in the wide world a valley so sweet  
As that vale in whose bosom the bright waters meet:  
Oh! the last rays of feeling and life must depart,  
Ere the bloom of that valley shall fade from my heart.

Yet it was not that nature had shed o'er the scene  
Her purest of crystal and brightest of green;  
'Twas not her soft magic of streamlet or hill,  
Oh! no—it was something more exquisite still.

'Twas that friends, the beloved of my bosom, were near,  
Who made every dear scene of enchantment more dear,  
And who felt how the best charms of nature improve  
When we see them reflected from looks that we love.

## 3. Strike the Silver Strings.

Oh, strike the silver strings,  
 Let music breathe around,  
 While fanned by fairy wings,  
 Sweet roses scent the ground.  
 Let naught the charm destroy,  
 Whate'er to-morrow brings,  
 To-night we'll give to joy,  
 Oh, strike the silver strings.

*Chorus*—**STRIKE!** strike the silver strings;  
 Oh, strike, strike the silver strings,  
 To-night we'll give to joy, to joy;  
 Oh, strike the silver strings.

We'll sing the merry lay,  
 We'll sing in early hours  
 When all around is gay  
 And blooming are our bowers,  
 While bounding hearts keep time,  
 And joy's gay chorus rings  
 Like bells in merry chime,  
 Oh, strike the silver strings. — CHO.

## CODA FOR LAST STANZA.

**STRIKE!** strike the silver string . . . s;  
 Oh, strike, strike the silver strings.  
 To-night we'll give to joy, to joy,  
 Oh, strike the silver strings,  
 Oh, strike the silver strings,  
 Oh, strike the silver strings,  
 Oh, **STRIKE!** Oh, **STRIKE!** the silver strings.

## 4. Beautiful England.

Beautiful England, bright Queen of the sea,  
 First of the nations, the fearless, the free;  
 Fair are thy daughters like stars in the sky,  
 Brave are thy sons when the war-storm is nigh.  
 Pure is thy glory, unsullied thy fame,  
 Liberty's laurels encircle thy name.  
 :: Beautiful England, bright Queen of the sea,  
 First of the nations, the fearless, the free. ::  
 —Repeat in Chorus.

Beautiful England, thy name is entwined  
 With all that ennobles, enlightens mankind.  
 In peace o'er the waters thy flag shines afar,  
 But woe to the tyrants that rouse thee to war,  
 Thy spirit undaunted shall prove as of yore,  
 No foeman shall trample on Liberty's shore.  
 :: Beautiful England, bright Queen of the sea,  
 First of the nations, the fearless, the free. ::—CHO.



5. Canadian Volunteer Song.

In a cottage by my side  
Sits the darling of my pride,  
While our happy children round us are at play;  
But the news spreads thro' the land  
That the Fenians are at hand,  
And our country's call we cheerfully obey.

*Chorus*—Then shout, shout, shout  
Ye loyal Britons:  
Cheer up, let the rabble come—let them come;  
For beneath the Union Jack  
We will drive the Fenians back,  
And we'll fight for our beloved Canadian home.

Should that poor, deluded band  
E'er set foot upon our land,  
To menace the rights of England's noble Queen,  
They will meet with British pluck,  
English, Irish, Scotch, Canuck,  
And will wish themselves at home again I ween.—*Chor.*

Now, as British Volunteers,  
For the Queen we give **THREE CHEERS**,  
For her Army and her Navy o'er the SEAS;  
On each **HEART** her name's engraved  
With the **GOOD OLD FLAG** that's braved  
For a thousand years the **Battln** and the **BREEZE**.—*Chor.*

NOTE.—At the words "Three Cheers," wave the right hand over the head, and let the arm extend out at the word "seas," and bring the hand to the left breast with force at the word "Heart," extending it at the words "Good Old Flag," and dropping it at the side at the word "breeze." *Ch.* Let the motions be in perfect time and keeping to the signification, and sing and move with animation.

6. Irish National Song.

ERIN IS MY HOME.

Oh, I have roamed in many lands,  
And many friends I've met;  
Not one fair scene or kindly smile  
Can this fond heart forget;  
But I'll confess that I'm content:  
No more I wish to roam.  
||: Oh, steer my bark to Erin's isle,  
For Erin is my home. ||:

If England were my place of birth,  
I'd love her tranquil shore;  
If sunny Scotland were my home,  
Her mountains I'd adore;  
Tho' pleasant days in both I pass,  
I dream of days to come, &c.

7. **Our Homes.**

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

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

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

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

## 8.

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

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

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

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

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

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

9. Bonnie Dundee (in Character).

To the Lords of Convention 'twas Claverhouse spoke,  
Ere the King's crown go down, there are crowns to be broke,  
So let each cavalier who loves honor and me,  
Let him follow the Bonnets o' Bonnie Dundee.

*Chorus*—Come, fill up my cup, come, fill up my can;  
Come, saddle my horses and call up my men;  
Unhook the *west port* and let us *gao free*,  
For it's up wi' the Bonnets o' Bonnie Dundee.

There are *hills* beyond Pentland and streams beyond *Forth*;  
If there's lords in the *southland* there's chiefs in the *north*;  
There are wild dunniewassels three thousand times three  
Will cry "heigh for the Bonnets o' Bonnie Dundee."—*CHO.*

(Class be ready to rise last time of chorus.)

Then awa to the *hills*, to the *woods*, to the *rocks*,  
Ere I own a usurper, I'll crouch with the *fox*,  
Then tremble false *Whigs*, though triumphant ye be,  
You hac *ne'er* seen the last o' my bonnets and me.—*CHO.*

10. Dominion Hills and Homes.

Dominion hills, Dominion homes,  
We breathe our dearest songs to you;  
The peaceful roofs, the sunny domes,  
The friends whose hearts are warm and true.

*Chorus*—Dominion hills, Dominion homes,  
With mem'ry dear we turn to you;  
However far our footsteps roam,  
The tho't will linger back to you.

We hear the clear Dominion bells  
Ring forth their welcome Sabbath peals,  
From hill to hill the music swells,  
And o'er remembrance gently steals.—*CHO.*

We see our homes in quiet lie  
Among Dominion's sacred hills:  
And mem'ry of the days gone by  
Our hearts with deep emotion fills.—*CHO.*

11. Irish National Song.

The harp that once thro' Tara's halls, the soul of music shed,  
Now hangs as mute on Tara's walls as if that soul were fled.  
So sleeps the pride of former days, so glory's thrill is o'er,  
And hearts that once beat high for praise, now feel that pulse  
no more.

No more the chiefs and ladies bright, the harp of Tara swells,  
The chord alone that breaks at night, its tale of ruin tells.  
Thus Freedom now so seldom wakes, the only throb she gives  
Is when some heart indignant breaks, to show that still she lives.

## 12. Come, Cheerful Companions.

Come, cheerful companions, unite in this song,  
 Here's to the friends we love!  
 May bountiful heaven their sweet lives prolong!  
 Here's to the friends we love!

*Chorus*—Oh! sympathy deepens whenever we sing!  
*Friendship's the mystical word in our ring;—*  
 ||: Here's to the friends :|| Here's to the friends we love!

And first, the dear *parents* who watch o'er our youth,—  
 They are the friends we love!  
 And next are our *teachers*, who tell us of truth;—  
 They are the friends we love!—CHO.

Next, think of the absent, to all of us dear,  
 Think of the friends we love!  
 Oh! would they were with us, oh! would they were here!  
 They are the friends we love!—CHO.

And here's to the good, and the wise, and the true,—  
 They are the friends we love!  
 Their beautiful lives are for me and for *you*,  
 They are the friends we love!—CHO.

## 13. The Sailor-Boy's Dream (Recitation in Chorus).

(BY DESIRE.)

In slumbers of midnight, the sailor-boy lay,  
 His hammock swung loose, at the sport of the wind:  
 But watchworn, and weary, his cares flew—a—way,  
 And visions of happiness danced o'er his mind.

The heart of the sleeper beats high in his breast:  
 Joy quickens his pulse, and all hardships seem o'er,  
 And a murmur of happiness steals thro' his rest—  
*O God thou hast blest me, I ask for no more.*

*Ah!* what is that flame which now bursts on his eye?  
*Ah!* what is that sound which now 'larms his ear?  
 'Tis the lightning's red glare, painting death on the sky—  
 'Tis the crash of the thunder, the groan of the sphere.

(This verse Cres.)

He springs from his hammock, he flies to the deck,  
 Amusement confronts him with images dire.  
 Wild winds and mad waves, drive his vessel a WRECK!

(Remain *sistens* and unmoveable.)

The masts fly in splinters, the shrouds are on fire.

14. The 100 Pipers (in Character).

(BY REQUEST.)

*Chorus*—||: Wi' a hundred pipers an' a' an' a'. :||

We'll up an' gie them a blaw, a blaw,

Wi' a hundred pipers an' a', an' a',

||: O, it's owre the border, awa', awa', :||

We'll up an' we'll march to Carlisle ha'!

Wi' its yetts, an' castles an' a', an' a'.—*CHO.*

Oh! our sodger lads looked braw, looked braw,

Wi' their tartans, kilts, an' a', an' a',

Wi' their bonnets an' feathers an' glitterin' gear,

An' pibrochs soonding sweet an' clear,

Will they a' return to their ain dear glen?

Will they a' return, our Hi'lan men?

Second-sighted Sandy looked a' fu' wae,

An' mither's grat when they marched awa'.—*CHO.*

Oh, wha is foremaist o' a', o' a'!

Oh, wha diz follow the blaw, the blaw!

Bonnie Charlie, the king o' us a', hurrah!

Wi' his hundred pipers an' a', an' a'!

His bonnet an' feather he's waving high,

His prancin' steed maist seems to fly;

The nor' wind plays wi' his curly hair,

While the pipers blaw an' unc' flare'.—*CHO.*

The Esk was swollen sae red an' sae deep,

But shouther to shouther the brave lads keep;

2,000 swam owre to fell English ground.

An' danced themselves dry to the pibroch's soond.

Dumbfoonder'd the English they saw, they saw,

Dumbfoonder'd they heard the blaw, the blaw,

Dumbfoonder'd they a' ran awa', aw.....a',

Frae the hundred pipers an' a', an' a'.—*CHO.*

15. The British Lion.

Oh, the British Lion is a noble scion,

And proud in his conscious might,

The terror of those he has made his foes,]

For he ever defends the right.

And yet so mild that a timid child

May approach him, and need not quail,

And may pat him on the crown and stroke him down,

But beware how you tread on his tail.

||: Oh, beware, have a care; :|| Oh, beware how you tread on  
his tail.—(Repeat in Chorus.)

'Twill much require to rouse his ire,

For he's fond of a quiet snooze;

No idle vaunt, or threat, or taunt

Will provoke him his strength to use;

No bliss he thinks like forty winks,  
 Yet his vigilance ne'er doth fail!  
 For he sleeps with but one eye-lid shut,  
 So beware how you tread on his tail.—CHO.

His foes at best are knaves confest,  
 Whose malice from envy springs;  
 And it oft betides that his tawny sides  
 They pierce with their gnat-like stings,  
 But he merely yawns, for the thought ne'er dawns  
 Such pigmies to assail:  
 Till grown more bold, his sloth to behold,  
 They venture to tread on his tail.—CHO.

Then, up he bounds, and his roar resounds  
 As he lashes each foaming side;  
 His warlike breath hurls fire and death,  
 And scatters them far and wide!  
 Down, down they fall, both great and small,  
 'Neath the storm of his iron hail!  
 And repent, to their cost, when all is lost,  
 That they trod on the Lion's tail.

*Chorus*—And repent, to their cost, when all is lost,  
 So beware how you tread on his tail.

### 16. Our National Defences.

Our national defences! but traitors all are they  
 Who'd dare assert that Britain's power has waned or passed away!  
 While peace may shed her blessings, and commerce claim her right,  
 Old England still has manly hearts to guard her in the fight.  
 Then rally 'round the standard that ne'er has conquered been;  
 St. George for merry, merry England, our altars and our Queen!

Our national defences are stout old British hearts,  
 And come what will, they'll prove it still, true valour ne'er  
 departs.

We seek no idle quarrel, but proudly still we claim  
 Our right to hurl the tyrant down who'd sully England's fame.  
 Then rally 'round, &c.

Our national defences, they float upon the deep,  
 They peer from ev'ry beething crag, from every rocky steep.  
 In every cottage dwelling—'neath every palace roof,  
 And woe to such, if comes the day, who'd dare them to the proof.  
 Then rally 'round, &c.

Our national defences—we trusted them of yore—  
 And still they'll serve if need should be, to guard our native  
 shore;

We fear no rash invader, but boldly claim to seize  
 The lawless hand who'd dare dispute our empire on the seas.  
 Then rally 'round, &c.

17.           **The Maple Leaf for Ever.**

In days of yore, from Britain's shore,  
 Wolfe, the dauntless hero, came,  
 And planted firm Old England's flag  
 On Canada's fair domain.  
 Here may it wave, our boast, our pride,  
 And joined in love together,  
 The Thistle, Shamrock, Rose, entwine  
 The Maple Leaf forever.

*Chorus*—||: The Maple Leaf, || the Maple Leaf forever;  
 The Thistle, Shamrock, Rose, entwine  
 The Maple Leaf forever.

Our vast Dominion now extends  
 From Cape Race to Rootka Sound;  
 May peace forever be our lot,  
 And plenty in store abound;  
 And may those ties of love be ours  
 Which discord cannot sever,  
 And flourish green o'er Freedom's home  
 The Maple leaf forever.—*CHO.*

On Merry England's far-famed land  
 May kind heaven sweetly smile;  
 God bless Old Scotland evermore,  
 And Ireland's Emerald Isle!  
 Then swell the song, both loud and long,  
 Till rocks and forests quiver,  
 God Save our Queen, and heaven bless  
 The Maple Leaf forever.—*CHO.*

18.           **Red, White and Blue.**

O! Britannia, the pride of the ocean,  
 The home of the brave and the free;  
 The shrine of each patriot's devotion,  
 A world offers homage to thee.  
 Thy mandates make heroes assemble,  
 When liberty's form stands in view,  
 Thy banners make tyranny tremble  
 When borne by the Red, White and Blue.

*Chorus*—When borne by the Red, White and Blue,  
 When borne by the Red, White and Blue,  
 Thy banners make tyranny tremble,  
 When borne by the Red, White and Blue.

When war spread its wide desolation,  
 And threaten'd our land to deform,  
 The ark then of our freedom's foundation,  
 Britannia rode safe thro' the storm,

With her garlands of vict'ry around her,  
 When so nobly she bore her brave crew,  
 With her flag floating proudly before her,  
 The boast of the Red, White and Blue.  
 The boast of the, &c.

Cold water, cold water, bring hither,  
 And fill up the glass to the brim,  
 May the wreath Nelson won never wither,  
 Nor the star of his glory grow dim.  
 May the service united ne'er sever,  
 But still to her colors prove true,  
 The Army and Navy for ever!  
 Three cheers for the Red, White and Blue!  
 Three cheers for the, &c.

### 19. Give Me a Wet Sheet and a Flowing Sea.

Give me a wet sheet and a flowing sea,  
 A wind that follows fast,  
 And fills the white and rustling sail,  
 And bends the gallant mast;  
 And bends the gallant mast, my boys,  
 While like an eagle free,  
 Away the good ship flies,  
 And leaves Old England on the lee.

*Chorus*—Give me a wet sheet and a flowing sea,  
 A wind that follows fast,  
 And fills the white and rustling sail,  
 And bends the gallant mast.

"Oh, for a soft and gentle wind!"  
 I heard a fair one cry;  
 But give to me the smother breeze,  
 And white waves heaving high!  
 And white waves heaving high, my boys,  
 The good ship tight and free:  
 The world of waters is our home,  
 And merry men are we.—*Chorus*.

There's tempest in yon horned moon,  
 And lightning in yon cloud;  
 And, hark! the music, mariners,  
 The wind is piping loud;  
 The wind is piping loud, my boys,  
 The lightning flashes free;  
 While the hollow oak our palace is,  
 Our heritage—the sea.—*Chorus*.



20. **New National Anthem.**

God bless our native land!  
 May Heaven's protecting hand  
 Still guard our shore!  
 May peace her power extend,  
 Foe be transformed to friend,  
 And Britain's right depend  
 On war no more.

Through every changing scene,  
 O Lord, preserve the Queen;  
 Long may she reign!  
 Her heart inspire and move  
 With wisdom from above,  
 And in a nation's love  
 Her throne maintain.

May just and righteous laws  
 Uphold the public cause,  
 And bless our isle!  
 Home of the brave and free,  
 The land of liberty,  
 We pray that still on thee  
 Kind Heaven may smile.

And not this land alone,  
 But be thy mercies known  
 From shore to shore.  
 Lord, make the nations see  
 That men should brothers be,  
 And form one family  
 The wide world o'er.

21. **Auld Lang Syne.**

Should auld acquaintance be forgot,  
 And never brought to mind?  
 Should all acquaintance be forgot,  
 And days o' lang syne?

*Chorus.*—For auld lang syne, my dear,  
 For auld lang syne,  
 We'll tak' a cup o' kindness yet,  
 For auld lang syne.

We twa ha'e run about the braes,  
 An' pu'd the gowans fine;  
 But we've wandered monie a weary foot  
 Sin' auld lang syne.  
 For auld lang syne, &c.

We twa ha'e paid't i' the burn  
 Frae mornin' sun till dine;  
 But seas between us bra'd ha'e roared  
 Sin' auld lang syne.  
 For auld lang syne, &c.

An' there's a hand, my trusty fricn',  
 An' gi'e's a hand o' thine,  
 An' we'll tak' a right guid-willie waught  
 For auld lang syne.  
 For auld lang syne, &c.

An' surely you'll be your pint-stoup.  
 As sure as I'll be mine,  
 An' we'll tak' a cup o' kindness yet  
 For auld lang syne.  
 For auld lang syne, &c.

22.

## Rule Britannia.

When Britain first, at Heav'n's command,  
 Arose from out the azure main,  
 Arose, arose, arose from out the azure main.  
 This was the charter, the charter of the land,  
 And guardian angels sang the strain:  
*Chorus*—Rule Britannia, Britannia rules the waves!  
 Britons never shall be slaves.

The nations not so blest as thee  
 Must, in their turn, to tyrants fall;  
 ||: Must in :|| must in their turn, to tyrants fall;  
 While thou shalt flourish, shalt flourish, great and free,  
 The dread and envy of them all.—*Chor.*

The muses, still with freedom found  
 ||: Shall to thy happy coasts repair, :||  
 Blest isle, ||: with matchless :|| beauty crown'd,  
 And manly hearts to guard the fair.—*Chor.*

23.

## Canadian Boat Song.

Faintly as tolls the evening chime,  
 Our voices keep tune and our oars keep time,  
 Our voices keep tune and our oars keep time;  
 Soon as the woods on shore look dim,  
 We'll sing at St. Ann's our parting hymn!  
 Row, brothers, row, the stream runs fast,  
 The rapids are near and the daylight's past,  
 The rapids are near and the daylight's past.

Why should we yet our sail unfurl?  
 There is not a breath the blue wave to curl,  
 There is not a breath the blue wave to curl;  
 But when the wind blows off the shore,  
 Oh! sweetly we'll rest our weary oar.  
 Blow, breezes, blow, the stream runs fast,  
 The rapids are near and the daylight's past,  
 The rapids are near and the daylight's past.

Ottaway tide! this trembling moon  
 Shall see us float over thy surges soon,  
 Shall see us float over thy surges soon;  
 Saint of this green isle, hear our pray'r!  
 Grant us cool skies and fav'ring air.  
 Blow, breezes, blow, the stream runs fast,  
 The rapids are near and the daylight's past,  
 The rapids are near and the daylight's past.

#### 24. A Cheer for the Workers.

Hurrah for the men who work,  
 Whatever their trade may be!  
 Hurrah for the men who wield the pen,  
 For those who plough the sea,  
 And those who earn their daily bread  
 By the sweat of an honest brow!  
 ||: Hurrah for the men who dig and delve,  
 And they who reap and sow! :||

Hurrah for the sturdy arm!  
 Hurrah for the steady will!  
 Hurrah for the worker's health and strength,  
 Hurrah for the worker's skill!  
 Hurrah for those who gave us birth,  
 Hurrah for the young and old!  
 ||: The men of worth all over the earth,  
 Hurrah for the workers bold! :||

Hurrah for the men that work,  
 And the trade that suits them best!  
 Hurrah for the six day's labour,  
 And the one of blessed rest!  
 Hurrah for the free and open heart!  
 Hurrah for the noble aim!  
 ||: Hurrah for a loving quiet home!  
 Hurrah for an honest name! :||

Hurrah for the men who strive!  
 Hurrah for the men who save!  
 Who do not sit down and drink till they drown,  
 But struggle and breast the wave.

Hurrah for the men on land,  
 And they that are on the sea,  
 Hurrah for the bold and brave,  
 The good, the true, and the free! :||

25. Hurrah for England.

Hurrah, hurrah for England!  
 Her woods and valleys green;  
 Hurrah for good old England!  
 Hurrah for England's Queen!  
 Hurrah for England's Queen! England's Queen!

Strong ships be on her waters,  
 Firm friends upon her shores,  
 Peace, peace within her borders,  
 And plenty in her stores.  
 And plenty in her stores, in her stores.

Right joyously we're singing  
 We're glad to make it known  
 That we love the land we live in,  
 And our queen upon her throne.  
 And our queen upon her throne, upon her throne.

Then hurrah for merry England,  
 And may we still be seen  
 True to our own dear country,  
 And loyal to our queen.  
 And loyal to our queen, to our queen.

26. Say a Kind Word when you Can.

What were life without some one to cheer us  
 With a word or a smile on our way;  
 A friend who is faithfully near us,  
 And heeds not what others may say.  
 The bravest of spirits have often  
 Half fail'd in the race that they ran,  
 For a kind word life's hardships to soften,  
 So say a kind word when you can.

*Cho.*—||: So say a kind word, say a kind word, say a kind word  
 when you can. :||

Each one of us owns to some failing,  
 Tho' some may have more than the rest;  
 There's no good in heedlessly railing  
 'Gainst those who are striving their best.

Remember a word spoke complaining  
 May blight every effort and plan,  
 Which a kind word would help in attaining,  
 So say a kind word when you can.

*Cho.*—So say a kind word, &c.

Oh! say a kind word then, whenever  
 'Twill make the heart cheerful and glad,  
 But chiefly forget it, O never,—  
 To one who is hopeless and sad.  
 There's no word so easy in saying,  
 So begin, if you have not began—  
 And never in life be delaying,  
 To say a kind word when you can.

*Cho.*—So say a kind word, &c.

27.

### Home, Sweet Home.

'Mid pleasures and palaces tho' we may roam,  
 Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home!  
 A charm from the sky seems to hallow us there,  
 Which seek thro' the world, is ne'er met elsewhere.

Home, home, sweet, sweet home!  
 There's no place like home!  
 There's no place like home.

An exile from home, splendour dazzles in vain!  
 O give me my lowly thatch'd cottage again!  
 The birds singing gaily that come at my call;  
 Give them with that peace of mind that's dearer than all.  
 Home, home, &c.

28.

### How Sweet to be Roaming

ROUND.

How sweet to be roaming  
 When summer is coming,  
 Thro' woodland and grove,  
 Thro' woodland and grove.

How sweet, how sweet  
 When summer is coming,  
 Thro' woodland and grove,  
 Thro' woodland and grove.

29.

## Queen Victoria.

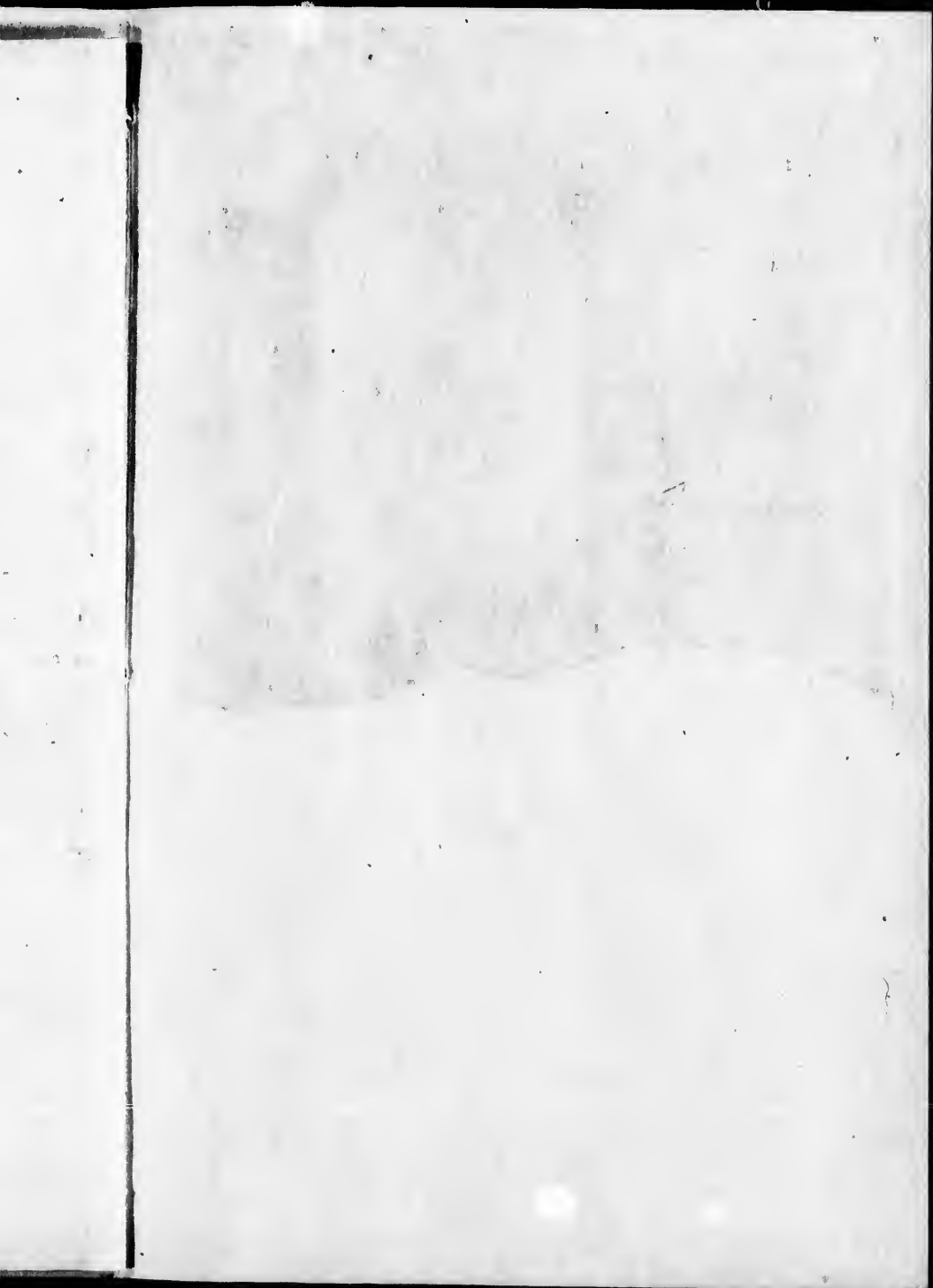
God save our gracious Queen,  
 Victorious Victoria!  
 Old England's Queen,  
 Old Scotland's Queen,  
 Old Ireland's Queen,  
 And Queen of our great Western land!  
 Bahama's Queen,  
 Australia's Queen,  
 And Queen of Afric's torrid strand,  
 And Queen of India's golden land,  
 And Queen of isles in every sea!  
 There are no shores where ocean foam,  
 There are no lands where men may roam,  
 But there her loyal subjects be;  
 Victorious Victoria!

Long years ago they placed the crown  
 Of mighty Britain on her head—  
 That crown through ages handed down  
 To her from the illustrious dead.  
 And well she graced it; and we know  
 She gave to it new brilliancy;  
 There ne'er sat crown on nobler brow  
 Within that Kingdom of the sea.

A Queen, a Mother, Woman, too,  
 With a true woman's tenderness;  
 With heart to feel, and hands to do  
 For all her people in distress.  
 Not Queen alone of rich and great;  
 Not Queen alone of nobles; but  
 A Queen to all within her State,  
 From palace hall to peasant hut.

She ruleth with an olive wand  
 From farthest east to farthest west;  
 Her name is known in every land,  
 Of all earth's sovereigns, noblest—best!  
 Long may she reign upon the throne  
 She graces by her virtuous parts;  
 Long may we feel she is our own—  
 Queen of our Empire and our hearts!

G. S. C., Guelph.





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