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Title: Song of the U.E. Loyalist and York Pioneer

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SONG OF THE U. E. LOYALIST AND YORK PIONEER.



H. H. DATE.

TO ALL
CANADIANS AND BRITISH COLONISTS,
THIS LITTLE POEM IS
DEDICATED.

H. H. DATE.

MR. H. H. DATE,
in the office of the Minister of Agriculture.

The following verses were suggested to the mind of the writer while on a visit to General Brock's monument, about the summer of 1875 or '76, the occasion being the recurrence of the yearly picnic of the society of York Pioneers and U. E. Loyalists, held to commemorate the battles of Queenston Heights and Lundy's Lane. Among the people assembled, were a remnant of the old heroes who fought so gallantly through the stirring times of 1812, and who, through the lapse of long years, were still able and pleased to express their love and loyalty to the Queen and the Old Country. The intention of the writer was to produce a national song for Canada, but it can be easily seen that the subject, in the hands of these old veterans, naturally spun itself out to a pretty long yarn. It is hoped, however, that sufficient material may be gleaned from the verses to constitute a loyal song to be set to music. Long may the custom of such gatherings be popular in our Dominion, and perpetuate the love and loyalty of every Canadian to the great empire whose subjects we have the privilege to be.

When a son of Britannia departs from her shore
And the home of his kindred is hid from his sight,
Gentle ripples on memory's tide shall restore
The lov'd haunts of his childhood with softened delight.

SONG OF THE U. E. LOYALIST AND YORK PIONEER.

Come list to the song of the York Pioneer,
An old U. E. Loyalist battered and gray
Whose days have spun out to his ninetieth year;
He will sing you an old-fashioned roundelay.

And his theme is an Isle in the ocean blue,
A most beautiful land called the Old Countrie,
Where an acorn of freedom was planted and grew
With fostering branches that spread o'er the sea.

And the isles and the nations rejoice in its shade,
Ev'ry land is enriched by its vigorous roots,
For they carry the germs of commerce and trade
And civilization is one of its fruits.

Refrain.

And we are a branch of that Old Oak Tree
That sprang from the acorn of liberty,
And we're proud of the grand old trunk, you see,
That stands in the beautiful Old Countrie.

What matters our travels by land or by sea,
Though varied the climes and the faces we meet,
That brave little isle is sufficient for me
With its proud stalwart men and its maidens sweet.

Oh! my heart, it goes back to the Old Countrie,
'Tis the head of the nations, the pride of the earth,
Like some beautiful dream of the bright blue sea,
This proud home of honor, affection and mirth.

When demagogues, rising in transient might,
Decree'd that her standard dishonor'd should be,
When sharp every Briton stripped off for the fight,
This shout from her children went over the sea.



We're a trusty branch of the Old Oak Tree,
With none of your Brummagem loyalty,
And we're proud of the grand old trunk, you see,
And ready to fight for the Old Countrie.

And its echoes were heard in the Old Countrie,
Where these short-sighted traitors would wipe us out,
But old England responded with three times three,
With no voice uncertain, right glad was the shout.

And we love the old land, where our life begun,
With its beautiful mothers of honest men,
Our glory, the Empire, our sinews have won,
Making fruitful the wilderness, forest and fen.

Let no petty questions of race or of creed
E'er sap the foundations of structure so grand,
But shoulder to shoulder let each stand agree'd
To maintain undivided our glorious land.

Be true to our Monarch, love the old tree
And the flag, the ensign of victory,
Proud of their beauty and grandeur is she.
Hurrah for the Queen and the Old Countrie.

Remember the mettle, the pluck and the will
Ever trusted by Brock in the hard won fight,
For it had the right ring and it has it still
As at old Lundy's Lane and at Queenston Height.

And to hold this Dominion from sea to sea
With its cities so rich and fruit laden farms,
Old England for ever, our watchword shall be;
We wait for the bugle call, stand to your arms!

A gallant crew mans the Ship of the Nation;
Her lines are a marvel and trim are her sails,
We launched and christen'd her Confederation,
She's a bird on the billows and laughs at the gales.

And while at the helm stands honest Sir John,
Steady boys! Steady! a pull altogether,
The tide of prosperity carries us on
In spite of the croakers or dirty weather.

Ah! he is a limb of the Old Oak Tree,
A champion of true British liberty,
His heart is all oak and each fibre, you see,
So honestly clings to the Old Countrie.

His load-star is ever the good of his kind,
A patriot pure, single-hearted and *great*,
No thought of emolument hampers his mind
While giving his life to the labors of state.

Then who need have a fear for this Old Countrie
While wise are her councillors, just are her laws;
See Sepoy and Sikh, and the lordly Parsee,
Her once bitter enemies, fight in her cause.

And what though I may sigh for the Old Countrie
That I'm discontented, let no one infer,
I've daughters and sons in this good colony,
And they honor this shattered old pensioner.

And we're all thrifty shoots of the Old Oak Tree,
And far beyond doubt is our loyalty,
Right proud of the grand old trunk are we
And ready to fight for the Old Countrie.

For the drop of warm blood that thrills in us yet
Is the blood of the Britons wherever they be;
It is loyal and true and free to be shed
In defence of our own or the Old Countrie.

We proved that our loyalty's no idle song,
When war clouds had darken'd the Old Mother Land,
For we sent her a regiment, a thousand strong,
Equipp'd for the battle field, hers to command.

Still many a thousand sharp weapons shall flash
And at ev'ry bright arm a Canadian,
Each eager to prove he inherits the dash
Which decided the fortunes of Inkerman.

And we never forget our old sponsor, John Bull,
Nor the oak that he planted in days long ago.
Of love for Old England our bosoms were full
When we gave an account of the Fenian foe.

Nor distant the day when each colony
Shall muster its legions around the old tree
And show to the world such a front, you'll see
All nations shall honor the Old Countrie.

Uncle Sam sometimes blusters and threatens to thrash
The old British Lion, but bless him! what then?
One growl from his Lordship soon settles the hash
And he goes for the almighty dollar again.

For ever afraid we'd earn some of his pelf,
To sink little Canada eager he grew,
But finds such amusements rebound on himself,
For they teach us to paddle our own canoe.

Annexation be hang'd, no, not even when
John Bull casts us off, or he asks us to go;
Though spread Eagle senators shriek now and then
And rattle the dry-bones of Mister Monroe.

Still there's many a cheek in Sam's Countrie,
That blushes at acts so unneighborly;
But the world, in general, smiles you see
And can't swallow bluster for dignity.

A son of Britania departs from her shore,
The home of his kindred is hid from his sight,
Soft ripples of memory's tide shall restore
Old haunts of his childhood with soften'd delight.

For there's some cherish'd nook in that Old Countrie
Each Briton preserves in his bosom, I ween,
And the fondest loved spot in my memory,
Is yon old parish church neath its ivy green.

See, yonder, the smoke from the hamlet ascends,
The skylark and throstle make joyous the fields,
The nightingale warbles as twilight descends
And witches the night with the music he yields.

And Hodge to his oxen still drowsily sings
As o'er the rough furrows he follows his plough,
And the song of the anvil as merrily rings
A lifetime though vanish'd I hear it all now.

Though a seared brown leaf of the Old Oak Tree,
The emblem of true British liberty,
I'd sit neath the shade of his crown you see
Once more in the beautiful Old Countrie.

And listen again to the music of bells
As it floats down the vale on the summer breeze
So softly and sweetly it sinks and it swells,
And mingles its cadence with whispering trees.

The green lanes and hedges where primroses grow,
Adown through the dell where no discord might come,
Where I courted my Mary, in days long ago,
E'er I left the soft shades of that old English home.

Old faces, familiar in days that are fled,
Though green in my mem'ry, I never shall see,
For down in yon church-yard they rest with the dead
And their sons fill their place in the Old Countrie.

The rivulet ripples its wandering way
Mid breath of sweet meadows, meandering along,
Or o'er rugged rocks rushes rudely in spray
As on to the ocean he carries his song.

And noisily tells of the Old Oak Tree
Whose leaves sing softly the song of the free,
Whose planks are floating o'er every sea
With cargoes so rich for the Old Countrie.

Ah! how many a tale of the olden time,
Of young joys and sadness my memory tells,
My boyhood comes back as I list to the chime
And hear the glad clang of those merry old bells.

Here my forefathers lived from far ancient date,
A band of stout yeomen, proud, loyal and true,
We'd ever a soldier to fight for the State
And I won this medal at grim Waterloo.

For I fought for King George in life's early day
Till vict'ry was ours and Boney gave in.
Now battered my carcass, these locks thin and grey,
I still love Old England and honor the Queen.

And e'er the last sands of my life shall be run
And the great Captain issues his last command,
I would muster again where my march first begun
For a brief stand at ease in the dear old land.



And a rest neath the shade of that Old Oak Tree,
The emblem of true British liberty,
Oh! my heart goes back and it yearns for thee;
I would sleep my last sleep in the Old Countrie.

[The end of *Song of the U.E. Loyalist and York Pioneer* by Henry Harrington Date]