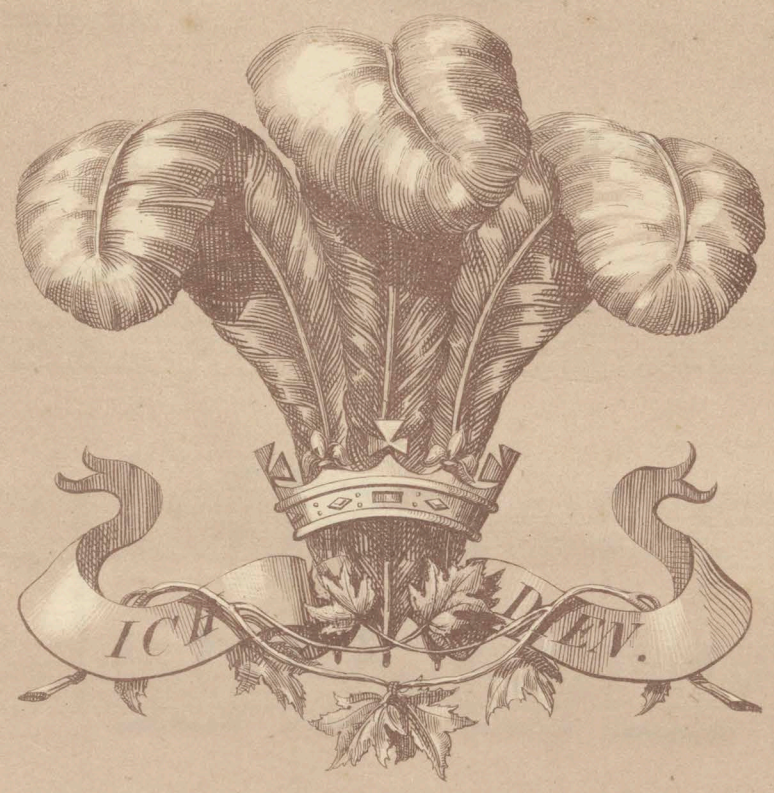
WELCOME TO CANADA!



dedicated to

H. R. H. THE PRINCE OF WALES.

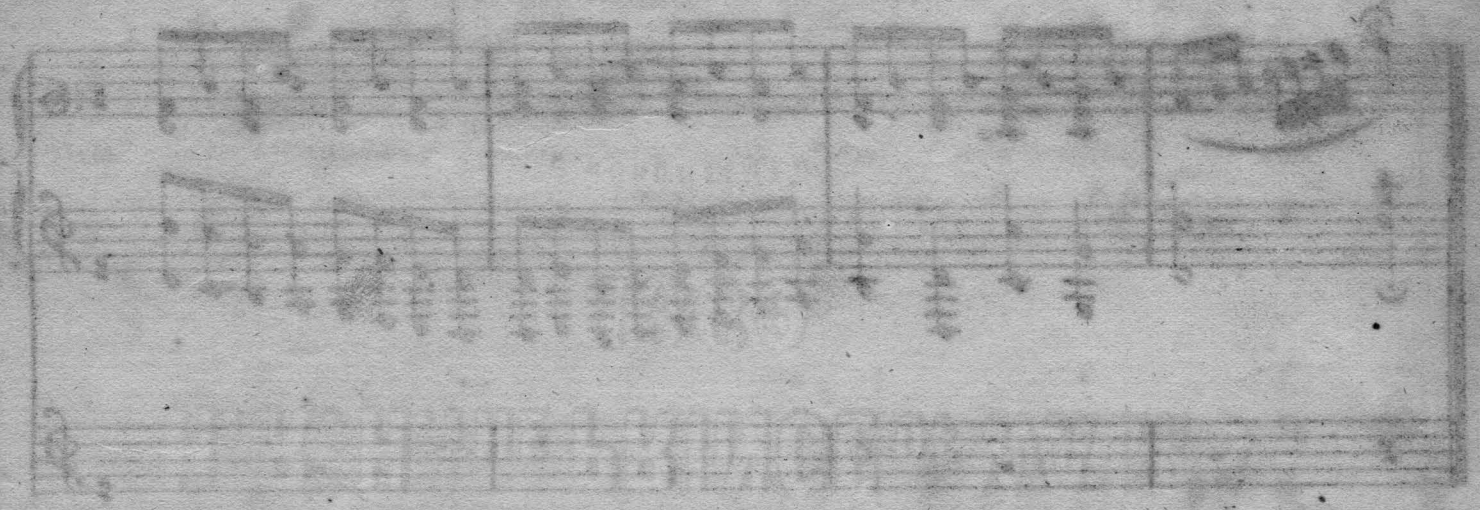
1860.

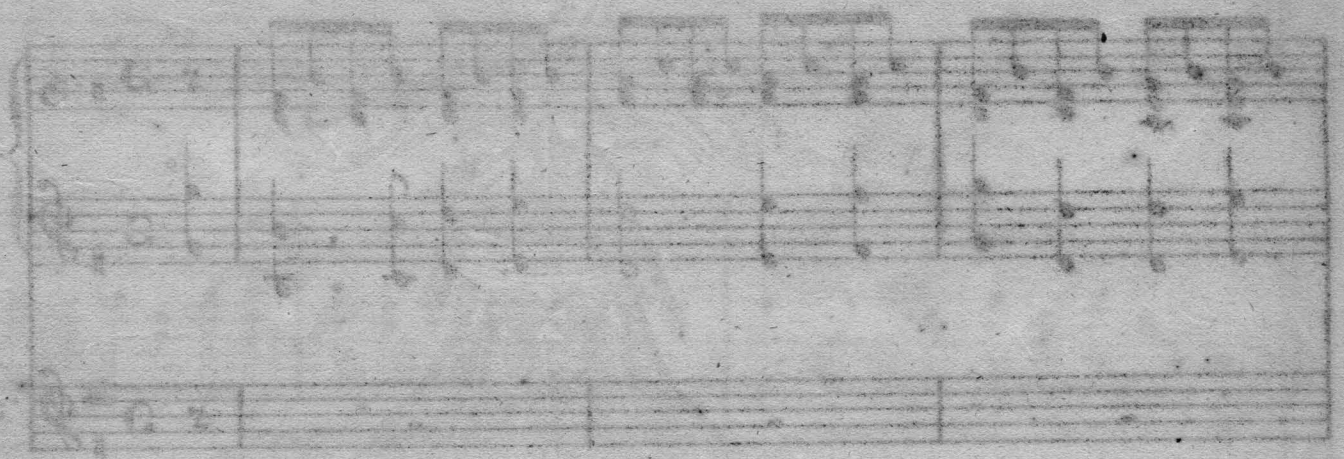
Words by Revd. E. Denroche, Toronto.

Music by H. F. Sefton Esqre. Prof: of Music Normal & Model Schools, Toronto.

A. S. NORDHEIMER,
Toronto, Montreal, Hamilton & London.

Fuller & Bencke, Lith. Vict: Hall, Toronto.



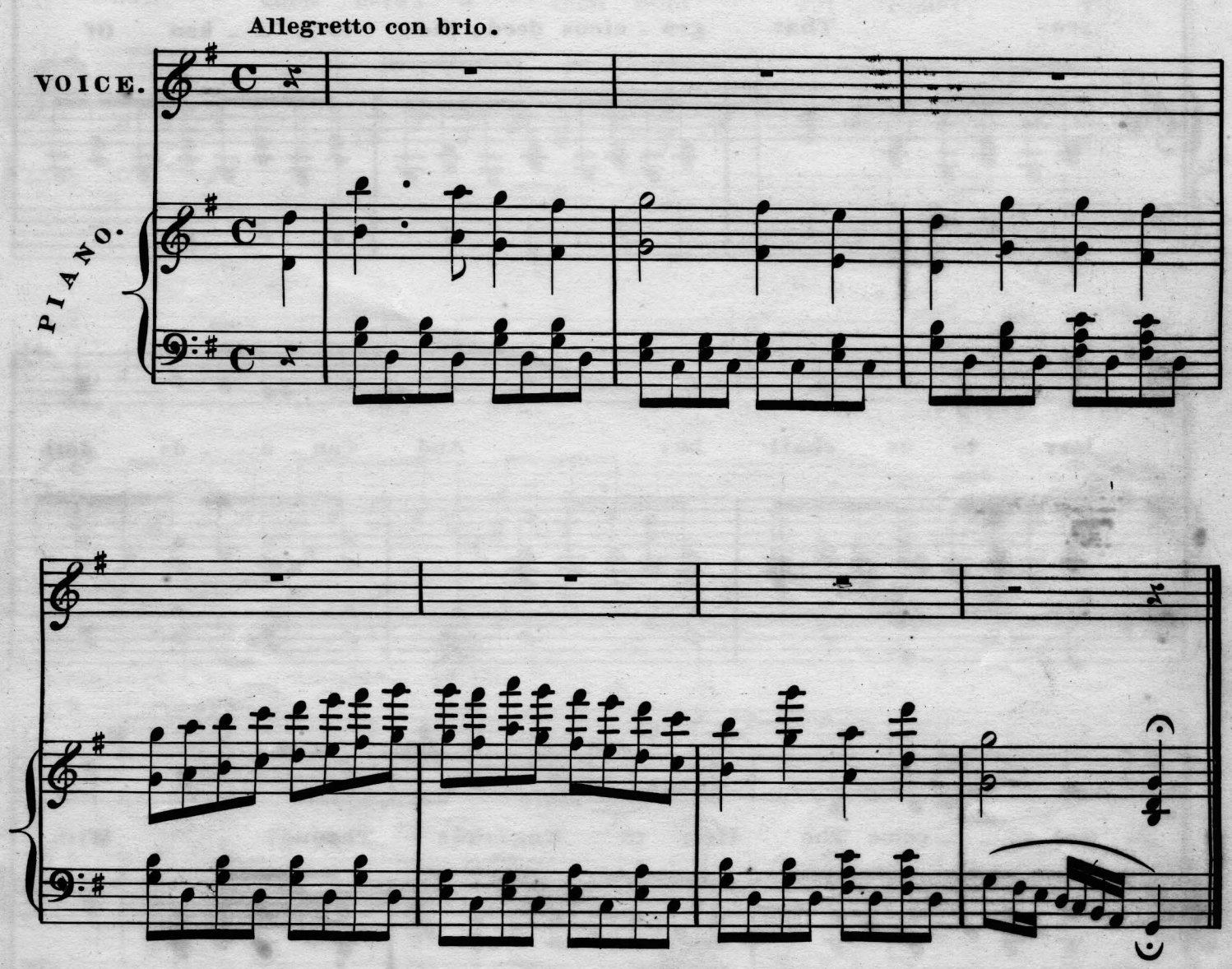


"WELCOME TO CANADA."

SONG AND CHORUS.

Words by
The Rev: E. Denroche.

Music by
H. F. Sefton.



God bless our Queen for send - - - ing Her son a - cross the

sea. That gra - cious deed, the to - - - ken Of

love to us shall be, And Can - a - - da doth

wel - - - come The Heir to England's Throne, With,

p

heart of hon - est hom - - - age, A true heart like his

f

own. Then here's a thou - sand wel - comes, To

Ri - - - - - - tar - - -

good Vic - tor - ia's Son, Hur - rah, hur - rah for

colla voce.

- dan - - - - - - do. ad lib:

Bri - tain's Prince, We bless him, ev' - - ry one!

CHORUS.

1st

Then here's a thousand welcomes, To good Vic - - toria's

2nd

TENOR.

Then here's a thousand welcomes, To good Vic - - toria's

BASS.

PIANO.

ad lib:

Son, Hur-rah! hur-rah! for Britain's Prince, We bless him, ev'-ry one.

Son, Hur-rah! hur-rah! for Britain's Prince, We bless him, ev'-ry one.

ad lib:

2

His Royal birthright brought him
Proud Cambria's triple plume;
With it to-day we mingle
Our maple's modest bloom.
The forest wreath, now verdant,
When crimsoned o'er in death,
Shall tell how love that's loyal
Glows on till latest breath.*
Then here's a thousand welcomes
To good Victoria's son;
Hurrah, hurrah, for Britain's Prince,
We bless him every one.

3

Fair Science cast her "cable"†
Our ocean wave across,
To bind our land to Britain,
And—all deplore the loss.
But that which holds the vessel
Of Albert to our strand,
Doth bind our best affection,
To dear old "Fatherland."
Then here's a thousand welcomes, &c.

4

Should foes assail brave Britain,
From wood and field we'll send
A few more "Queen's own Hundredths"
The homestead to defend.
No width of wave shall part us,
We're ONE—by choice and "*blood!*"
And that blest bond "*is thicker*
Than" ocean's "*water*" flood.‡
Then here's a thousand welcomes, &c.

5

When home our Prince returneth
Be this his tale to tell:
He felt "at home" among us,
And happy here could dwell,
Where great and small are jealous
For Albion's ancient fame,
And loyal hearts right boldly
Stand up for her good name.
Now sing God save our Sovereign,
God save her noble son;
Long live the Queen, long live the Prince,
We bless them, every one!

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* In early times, at the investiture of the Prince, the Chancellor used to place upon his brow A WREATH, for which, at a later period, a gold crown was substituted.—(*See Dr. Doran's "Princes of Wales."*)

The maple, Canada's chosen national leaf, changing as it does from green to scarlet and crimson, adds much brilliancy and warmth of colouring to her autumnal forest foliage.

† The great Atlantic Cable.

‡ In that lamentably disastrous fight on the Peiho, wherein the British were taken at tremendous disadvantage, an American officer, having visited one of our vessels, wished to return, but found his boat empty! After some delay his men came back, very hot, smoke-begrimed, and fightish. "*Blood is thicker than water,*" observe Flag Officer Tatnall. So too, thought these gallant fellows. I reply to their officer's question, put in a tone of assumed severity,– "Halloa, sirs, don't you know we're neutrals? What have you bee doing?" "Beg pardon," said the brave Americans, "they wer very short handed at the bow gun, sir, and so we gived them a hel for fellowship sake." They had been hard at it for an hour. "Gallan Americans," (says the reviewer,) "you and your admiral did mor that day to bind England and the United States together, than a your lawyers and pettifogging politicians have ever done to part us —(*Blackwood, December Number*, 1859, *page* 664.)