

TORONTO'S WELCOME!

By G. G. PURSEY.

ACCEPTED BY

The Marquis of Lorne

AND

H. R. H. THE PRINCESS.

SET TO MUSIC BY F. H. TORRINGTON.

*And sung by the Philharmonic Society with a full Orchestra,
before Her Royal Highness and His Excellency, in
the Horticultural Gardens, Sept. 11th, 1879.*

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TORONTO'S WELCOME.

1. Ring the bells! Upraise the banners!
Give the pennants to the breeze;
Beauty, cull your choicest flowers;
Woodman, strip your greenest trees;
Strew the path with olive branches;
Interwreath the evergreen;
Let all nature give a welcome
To the Daughter of our Queen.
2. Give a blast! ye marshall'd cornets,
Such as stirs the warrior's breast;
Throb, ye drums in measured cadence;
Pipes and cymbals break your rest;
Peal forth thunder massive organs;
Open wide your thousand throats;
Harp and viol keep not silence,
Freely yield your sweetest notes.
3. Let the hum of shaft and pulley
Be suspended for a while;
Artizan and craftsman cunuing
Drop the hammer, stay the file,
Celebrate this glad occasion
In your own familiar style,
Give your heartiest, proudest welcome
To the Scion of Argyle.
4. Yeomen, call your boys from labor,
Give the girls a holiday,
Get behind your fleetest roadsters,
Swell Toronto's gala day;
'Tis a day to be remembered—
Drain a bumper to the lees;
Give three threes in British music
For the Marquis and Louise.

5. Merchant, Cleric and Professor
Give a truce to sager thought,
Throw aside your cloak and ledger
With their sterner duties fraught,
Catch the spirit of the season,
Put you on a joyous mien,
Let the hills give back the echo
Bless the children of our Queen.
6. Mothers, waive your household duties,
Feel your youngest, look your best,
Mark this page with bright red letters
In the annals of the west ;
You will be the first to honor
Britain's last and dearest loan ;
Teach your children aye to cherish
Loyalty to England's throne.
7. Children, come, attune your voices,
Swell the choros loud and high ;
Make the welkin ring with music,
Wake the echoes to the sky ;
Come without your school decorum ;
Come unbend yourselves and run ;
Shout hurrah for Britain's Daughter !
Shout hurrah for Scotland's Son !
8. Come, ye men of every nation,
In whatever language taught ;
Come and join the demonstration,
Prostrate every foreign thought ;
Sink all misconceived opinion,
Difference of race or creed ;
This our common home, then let us
From all prejudice be freed.
9. Let not England be exclusive ;
Nor proud Scotland prominent ;
Let not Ireland, though expressive,
Be to-day predominant ;
Bury sectional uprisings,
All dividing lines remove ;
Canada is our's in common,
Let us all be one in love.

10. 'Tis not that we seek occasion
 Pseudo loyalty to flaunt;
 But from honest, felt emotion,
 Nor to irritate, nor taunt;
 'Tis not royalty we honor—
 Royalty in name alone;
 'Tis a something deeper, nobler,
 Something grander in its tone.
11. 'Tis that something, royal lady,
 Earthly power cannot impart;
 'Tis that native, innate goodness,
 Off-shoot of thy mother's heart;
 Not because thou'rt born a princess
 In the highest earthly state;
 But a woman of a woman,
 Greatest of the truly great.
12. Nor do we, Most Noble Marquis,
 Homage yield to blood or clan;
 Thou art born to Ducal honors,
 But we honor thee as man;
 In thy person representing
 All that British hearts hold dear;
 Queen and country, home and kindred
 Though afar, in thee brought near.
13. Let us then both high and lowly
 Be as one great family,
 With one object still before us
 National prosperity;
 Based on what alone exalteth,
 What alone high heaven will bless;
 Truth indwelling, truth outspoken,
 Equity and righteousness.
14. Thus we gladly hail and greet you,
 Royal Daughter! Noble Son!
 May heaven's blessing still surround you—
 Guard you till your work be done;
 Cover you with His protection;
 Let no sorrow intervene;
 Prosper you in this Dominion,
 Whilst we pray—God save the Queen.