



PROGRAMME

OF THE

York Pioneers' Dinner,

WALKER HOUSE,

ON THURSDAY, APRIL 17, 1879.

The following Toasts will be given by the Chairman and Officers of the Association.

THE QUEEN.

PRINCE OF WALES AND ROYAL FAMILY.

HIS EXCELLENCY THE GOVERNOR GENERAL.

LIEUTENANT GOVERNOR OF ONTARIO.

ARMY AND NAVY, AND VOLUNTEERS.

INDIAN WARRIORS.

MEMORY OF GEN. SIR ISAAC BROCK.

MAYOR AND CORPORATION.

EDUCATIONAL INSTITUTIONS.

KINDRED SOCIETIES.

HEROES OF 1812.

PRESS.

LADIES.

PIONEER SONGS.

Should old acquaintance be forgot,
And friendship cast away,
When limbs are growing stiff with age
And locks are turning gray ?

Ah ! no : let friendship warmer grow,
When youth is past and gone ;
And let the evening's ruddy glow,
Be brighter than the morn.

Should memory fail to take us back
To days of early toil,
When first we sought a forest home,
To battle with the soil ;

When first we struck the sturdily oak,
And felled the lofty pine,
And robbed the maple of its sweets,
In days of auld lang syne.

The valiant deeds of Britain's sons
Have long been known to fame ;
On every sea, on every shore,
They've won an honor'd name.
And from their loins have sprung a race
Who knew no craven fears ;
Such men were they who lead the way
With York's Old Pioneers.

Then pledge the men of Eighteen-
twelve,
The Braves of by-gone years ;
A bumper fill with right good will,
To York's Old Pioneers.

How well they fought, how firm they
stood,
When foemen reared their crest.
Let Stony Creek and Landy's Lane,
And Queenston Heights attest ;
When high above the battle din,
Were heard their ringing cheers ;
In fear and dread the foemen fled,
From York's Old Pioneers.

We struggled through the tangled
brake,
To reach the distant mill ;
Or chased the shy and bounding deer,
Across the breezy hill.

We gained the treasures of the lake,
With homely rod and line ;
And gathered fruit from bush and tree,
In days of auld lang syne.

And when our country called to arms,
We met the battle shock,
And taught the foe a lesson stern,
Led on by gallant Brock.

And now we meet, a brother band,
To pledge in rosy wine,
The memory of the early time—
The days of auld lang syne.

By W. B. Phipps, Toronto.

Then pledge the men of Eighteen-
twelve,
The Braves of by-gone years ;
A bumper fill with right good will,
To Brock's brave volunteers.

Fill high the cup to Canada !
Her loyal sons still show
There's manly hearts within her realm
Who fear not any foe.
While Brock's and brave Tecumseth's
name,
Upon Fame's scroll appears,
Canadians will remember still
York's staunch Old Pioneers.

Then pledge the men of Eighteen-
twelve,
The Braves of by-gone years ;
A bumper fill with right good will,
To York's Old Pioneers.

By Alex. H. Wingfield, Hamilton.