

SUNDAY, JANUARY 7, 1872.

And then I'd sadly sit and think
How soon you would forget me
And happy how I might have been
Had I but earlier met thee
I deem my dear may you be thine
The day that knows no ending
May you never feel the pangs of love
That are now my bosom rending -

Lake Ontario - 1847 -

Come around me all ye fair Maids
Ye Sprightly and ye true
Come fill your glass both one and all
And pledge a Sailor's Bay
Then let it here go round and round
Not one of you say no
Here's a health to all the "Sackett Blue"
On Lake Ontario -

Chorus - On Lake Onta-ri-o

- On Lake Onta-ri-o

Here's a health to all the "Sackett Blue"

On Lake Ontario -