

It's Centennial in the Home Town,  
And there's where I would go  
To the places that I lived in  
And the scenes I used to know.  
I'd like to tread the Sepoy streets  
That once I walked upon,  
And see familiar faces  
And talk of years now gone  
I'd like to see the old Nine Mile  
That runs beneath the town  
And view the hills on every side  
That once I hurried down  
I'd like to ride on roads that stretch  
Throughout the country side  
And see again the peaceful farms  
Where country folk abide.  
Though I've wandered from the old scenes  
On a far and alien track  
There's something in the homecall  
That tends to woo me back.  
And Fancy seems to tell me  
That it may yet be mine  
To taste again the simple joys  
I knew in old Lang Syne  
For like a dream Time flies away  
And never more comes back.  
God grant us all to meet again  
And keep us while we pack  
And journey to the gathering  
That marks one hundred years  
Of struggle, toil and effort  
In History that appears.