

The year climbs up to it's highest peak,
To the glorious Christmas season,
And the Lucknow Sentinel, this week
Has quite a happy reason
For donning it's very gayest dress
Just to go again to press.
A hundred greetings, more or less!
Why the world's alive with friendliness!

Let's tell The Sentinel how, all year
We welcomed it's weekly coming,
When news from lands both far and near
Kept the great world presses humming.
Never news like the local news,
So let us, each and all, enthuse
And vow in future to refuse
To keep from our paper fine, it's dues.

Week in, week out, it ready stands
To catch the very beating,
And feel the pulse throbs in the hands
Of a little world it's greeting.
How would we know who's sick or dead?
Or who was to the altar led?
What we can get to spread our bread?
Or things the politicians said?

And think of the folks from Huron, Bruce
Who journeyed away and away,
Who heard a call and were foot-loose
And never came back to stay.
Gladly they hail the Sentinel too,
Read its pages thru' and thru',
Hunt for the names of those they knew,
And everything the home folks do.