

Pilgrims all, we must travel on
With face to the sun's uprising.
And at Christmas time we gladness don,
It isn't at all surprising.
For at this time the world grows small,
It isn't the same big world at all,
The absent ones they backward call,
And we're kids again, all playing ball.

So here's to the Sentinel staff who toil,
Just a bit of hearty praising,
We know you burn the midnight oil,
And isn't it quite amazing
We leave our kindness late somehow,
A little word to cool your brow,
Your work is fine all must allow,
So "Merry Christmas" to you now!

5. BRUCE COUNTY

Tune - "Wait for the Wagon"
Come listen to us ladies dear,
And we will try to tell
Just why it is that all of us
Are glad in Bruce to dwell.

Remember how we loved to draw
That map upon the wall
From Kinloss, Huron down below
To St. Edmund so tall.

And how we learned to print the names
Of Townships great and small
To skirt Lake Huron's vast shore-line
It's Bays, inlets and all?