

THE ANNASONA.*

A FORECASTLE DITTY.



OW glasses round, we're homeward bound,
 The season it is over,
 And we may tell, we've sailed right well,
 From Clyde all round to Dover.
 A faster boat no man has got,
 Nor e'er has yet been known a
 Yacht to sail in breeze or gale,
 So well as Annasona.

From truck to stem our little gem,
 With winning flags is trailing,
 For twenty-nine we crossed the line,
 And won them by fair sailing.
 From every size, we took the prize
 And beat them all alone, a
 Fig for rig, from yawl to brig,
 With darling Annasona.

If winds did fail, we'd give her sail,
 Then would she buckle to it,
 When reefed down short, she was the sort,
 My boys, to plough right through it.
 Close hauled or free, in breeze or sea,
 Or yet, my boys, when on a
 Wind she'd go blow high, blow low,
 The flying Annasona.

Now hip, hooray! ere up we lay,
 And when the night is early,
 Three cheers we'll give, and say long live
 To brave Will Fife of Fairlie.
 Be long his days, and strong his ways,
 To build some fresh Fiona,
 And may he launch, aye boats as staunch
 As darling Annasona.

* The Annasona, built by Fife, of Fairlie, and sailed by Captain W. O'Neil, was the celebrated 40-tons cutter which headed the winning list of yachts in 1882.