

## THE RACES WE'VE SAILED.



RAW round, my old mates, clap a sail o'er the skylight,  
And have one happy night ere the season is o'er.  
Light the lamp, boys, for cheer, and leave out the twilight,  
For lubbers and lovers who are walking on shore.  
We're stout and we're stiff, but we're still yet as hearty  
As in days that are past, we our spirits regaled ;  
When, on that bright morning, a young merry party,  
We met in this boat for the first race she sailed.

There was Jack there, and Jim, and Joe at the tiller—  
Alas! for us all, he's unshipped, is poor Joe—  
When the gun went that morn right smart did he fill her,  
We were first o'er the line a full minute or so.  
The mark-boat ahead, boys, you mind we were laying,  
And we fetched it all right though the others they failed,  
Twice round it we gybed and at Commodore staying,  
Got the gun, boys, and won the first race that we sailed.

There's the mug here, my boys, how often we filled it  
On that night long ago, so we'll fill it again ;  
We drank health and long life, and as Providence willed it,  
Save poor little Joe we have grown to be men.  
Ah! poor little Joe, his memory let's drink, boys,  
To the masthead that morning our old flag he nailed ;  
Then he steer'd us and cheer'd us, it's sad for to think, boys,  
He is not with us now in the boat that he sailed.

There are cups, too my boys, we won in light weather,  
In big topsail breezes in sweet Dublin Bay ;  
And the clock that ticks there we won 'neath the heather  
On the hills of the Clyde in a hard weather day.  
Of old days of glory, each prize tells a story  
Of the days of light winds and the days that we've bailed ;  
Every point in the race now rises before ye,  
In the races, my boys, that the old boat has sailed.

The old boat, my boys, though she never was cranky,  
But stood stiff to her sail as she led them the way,  
Can't quite hold her own with new boats long and lanky,  
Every boat, like a dog, you know, has her own day.  
But gaze at her prizes, her name it arises,  
With the flag before which our rivals oft quail'd,  
When all round we beat them, of all rigs and sizes,  
Then a toast, my dear boys, to the races we've sailed

