

## THE LAUNCHING OF THE YACHT.



MARK ye how the banners wave !  
 Mallet blows are ringing,  
 Trolling out a merry stave,  
 Hark, the men are singing !  
 A lady fair stands by the bow,  
 A bottle hangs down from the prow ;  
 She wakes ! she lives ! she moves, and now  
 She's to the water springing !

Fleet, she races to the tide,  
 Neptune's youngest daughter ;  
 Like bridegroom who receives his bride,  
 See the sea has caught her.  
 Oh, what a comely maid is she !  
 This new-born daughter of the sea,  
 Riding there so gracefully,  
 On the glassy water.

She will sail when winds blow high,  
 Sail when spindrift's flowing ;  
 She will sail when winds but sigh,  
 And gentle breezes blowing.  
 My bonnie bride so trim and fast,  
 With sails sun-lit all glowing,  
 Long fly thy flag through storm and blast,  
 Fair ladies' hands are sewing.