

'Tis good to hear the cheer that rings
 From hillside, pier and ship,
 When slowly up the harbor comes
 The first full bumper trip.

'Tis good, a berth to capture, when
 You thought all chance was gone,
 'Tis good to hold the winner
 In the biggest sweepstake on;
 'Tis good to know your captain is
 The greatest "growler" out,
 'Tis good to hear the barrel-man
 A-down the rigging shout:

"The seals are thick and plenty
 To the windward, Nor-Nord-East,
 There's not another ship in sight—
 An hours sail at least
 Will bring us slap amongst 'em boys,
 Make ready for fray,
 And thirty thousand harps shall fall
 Before your bats to-day.

'Tis glory, when the pelt-piled pans
 Are lifting on our lee,
 And greater glory when she's full
 And battened decks we see;
 'Tis brave, the cheer of manly joy,
 That wakens at the sound
 That helm and engine make that
 day,—
 The day we're homeward bound.

Sing cheerily for the maids we love
 For smiling babes and wives;
 Sing! as our ship thro' seething slob
 Swift and serenely glides;
 Sing, for the waiting mother, sing,
 Sing, too, for the youth's first
 "bill;"
 Sing, as the Red Cross flag, for us,
 Is raised on the distant hill.

Ho, for the friendly handshake, ho!
 For the greasy canvas bags;
 Now for the landing, "heave away,"
 While never a sealer lags,
 But, oh, the acme point is reached
 That morn or evening, when
 With joyous shout we clear her out
 And Hayward pay the men.

O hearty, genial, jolly Fred
 With kindly word for all—
 Never across your path of life
 May sorrow's shadow fall;
 A flow of fellowship is felt
 That makes me young again,
 It thrills my soul to stand and watch
 While Hayward pays the men.

The Ryans and the Pittmans

My name it is Robert, but they call
 me Bob Pittman,
 I sail in the Ino, with Skipper Tim
 Brown,
 I'm bound to have Dolly, or Biddy, or
 Polly,
 Whenever I'm able to plank de
 cash down.

Chorus,—

We'll rant and we'll roar like true
 Newfoundlanders,
 We'll rant and we'll roar on deck
 and below,
 Until we see bottom inside the two
 sunkers,
 When straight through the Channel
 to Toslow we'll go.

I'm a son of a sea cook and a cook in
 a trader,
 I can dance, I can sing, I can reef
 the main-boom,
 I can handle a jigger and cuts a big
 figure,
 Whenever I gets in a boat's stand-
 ing room.

If the voyage is good this fall I will
 do it,
 I wants two pound ten for a ring
 and de priest,
 A couple of dollars for clane shirt
 and collars,
 And a handful of coppers to make
 us a feast.

There's plump little Polly, her name
 is Goodsworthy,
 There's Joan Coady's Kitty and
 Mary Tibbo,
 There's Clara from Bruley and young
 Martha Foley,
 But the nicest of all is my girl in
 Toslow.

Farewell and adieu to ye fair ones of
 Valen,
 Farewell and adieu to ye girls in
 the Cove,
 I'm bound to the Westward, to the
 wall with the hole in,
 I'll take her from Toslow the wide
 world to rove.

Fairwell and adieu to ye girls of St.
 Kyran's,
 Of Paradise and Presque, Big and
 Little Bona,
 I'm bound unto Toslow to marry
 sweet Biddy,
 And if I don't do so, I'll be shot by
 her da,