

THE RECALL OF THE NAVY.

Ah, you should have lived in the days of old,
When this was a naval port,
Full of the men with hearts so bold,
And ready for any sport—

These were the days of right royal fun
And prosperity reigned supreme ;
We ne'er gave a thought of the dark ones to come,
Never thought that 'twould end in a dream.

Fifty years of such times we Victorians have seen ;
From now we depend on the fates,
For if England still wants us, we'll stay as we've been,
And we won't be annexed to the States.

These, and suchlike, are remarks we now hear,
Sad as they sound, they are true,
The Navy have gone, and with them good cheer ;
Now the question is—what can we do ?

Esquimalt—the harbour of which we're so proud,
Lies wasted and empty—forgot by the world,
Can nothing be done to lift off this cloud,
Can't the flag we all love once again be unfurled ?

That colonials are loyal, we've had ample proof,
And they don't wait for England to call,
But went forward like men, and few held aloof ;
They were ready to fight—and to fall.

Has England forgotten, or does she not care ?
Or perhaps she thinks Canada's free
From attacks by the nations, who may think they dare
Show that they too can battle at sea.

England's statesmen at home, upon whom we depend,
Have ruled that these things should be so,
Is it wise, is it policy not to attend
To the wants of their sons as they grow ?

Old England desert us !—oh, can it be true
That things should have come to this state ?
Won't somebody help us and strive to undo
This awful—this terrible—fate ?

Now Canada's sons, awake from your trance,
Take a leaf from the Commonwealth's numbers ;
Make a bid and a leap, 'tis your very last chance,
And high time you arose from your slumbers.