

## To the Victors

R. V. Y. C.

We meet to-night the laurels to bestow  
That fitly grace the victors in the strife  
For races won on many an open course  
Where that variety, the spice of life,  
Abounds in calm or drift or stormy blow ;  
Developing in all a fund of keen resource.

To thrash again out to the windward mark  
In reminiscent strain some contest keen ;  
Or to recall some distant signal gun  
When fleets were gathered in the sunset's sheen ;  
Or twilight slowly faded into dark,  
And twinkling stars peered from the heavens one  
by one.