

A moment of hushed quiet, then,
 The Benediction's grand appeal,
 Pours out for all those stalwart men.
 How few its sublime pathos feel.

Then the command of, wheel or march,
 The regular time-measured tramp,
 Column by column they advance,
 And turn their steps towards the camp.

Woods, lake, and rock, shine in the light,
 Enhanc'd by pageantry of war,
 But ev'ning gives a pleasant sight,
 Unprecedented here before.

For groups get gather'd round the rock,
 Music re-echoes o'er the bay,
 Soldiers, civilians, hither flock,
 In crowds to hear the Rifles play:

The groups of officers together,
 Talk where they stand of what they list,
 While all enjoy the pleasant weather,
 Exchanging many a hearty jest.

And then we get the frothing ale,
 From out the primitive canteen;
 Oh! turn not, virtuous reader, pale,
 We'd get where we could not be seen.

There we enjoyed the brimming cup,
 Talk'd of old times, old scenes now lost,
 (Tho' in our mem'ries treasured up),
 Until the scund of the "first post."

Then to the camps we'd all disperse,
 Each on our "virtuous couches" lie,
 For beer but made us little worse,
 Than in the morning, rather dry.