

Fired a gun and raised her colors then  
(A flag held dear by patriotic men).

Vancouver, "Lieutenant Puget" sent  
To ascertain what such ceremony meant,  
Returning, with grave face, brought away  
Rough charts that proved infallibly  
The glorious story as told by Gray.  
Easy for all now to recognize  
The chiefs chagrin and ill concealed surprise;  
To the great sailor perhaps a shock  
For Gray had sailed up the river "Roc,"  
Had given a name of glorious memories,  
And Columbia's sovereignty from sea to sea.

What shall be said of those Boston men  
Who owned the ships and placed their hopes in  
    them,  
Pictured in their minds, they saw the day  
When "Westward the star of Empire should take  
    its way,"  
Cities should rise where towering forests lean  
Photographed in shade or mountain stream  
Over all, flaunting in the sun,  
"Old Glory" in proof their work was done.  
Hallowed be the names of these consignors true  
Who conceived the voyages to regions then all new,  
Who placed their hopes with no thought of gain  
Which gave the nation this grand domain.  
Their names seldom uttered, but little known,  
The simple dignity of a marble stone  
Tells where they lay in New England far away,  
Their country got all they won,  
But their work will stay.