

We leave the land behind us,  
And make out in the bay,  
We feel the Atlantic rollers,  
And taste their salt sea spray,  
She dips her nose to meet them,  
And sends the creamy spume  
Aflaying o'er her fore deck ;  
She's wet from gaff to boom.

That ugly craft to windward,  
She thinks she's very "coy"  
By crowding us to leeward  
So we can't fetch the buoy,  
Quick ! ease off sheet, haul in, luff up !  
Across her stern we go,  
And now We are the weather boat,  
And They can "go below."

Ready about ! around the buoy  
We fly with helm a' lee.  
Break out the spinnaker ! my boys,  
For now we're running free,  
With frothing "bone between her teeth"  
She yaws on every sea ;  
With helm a 'trembling' ; watch her close,  
And head her for the quay,

And now she's fairly flying,  
And travelling up the bay,  
The other boats are closing fast  
To try and gain the day,