

“ Then, to your voyage, my gallant crew :  
Leave the loved faces behind,  
Turn to the duties that wait for you  
With a stern and resolute mind.

\* \* \* \* \*

When the voyage is done, and the prize is won,  
May the glory of Heaven shine  
Where the green grass waves o'er the hallow'd  
graves  
Of the crew of the 'Ninety-Nine.' ”

A. T. B.