

Smile at their threat, and press through dang'rous seas,
 Filling thy sails with every pleasant breeze,
 Kiss foreign shores waving in graceful pride,
 Thy full-swelled sails along the silver tide,
 Bring in return the wealth of every land,
 Empty them freely in thy owners' hand.
 Should Picton's sons see thee in distant lands,
 Waving thy flag above their golden sands,
 Gladly they'd own thy flaps at any shrine,
 And shout all hail, sweet Phoebe Catharine!
 O, be thou kept by heaven's propitious eye
 When storms assemble, thy proud fronts to try,
 And when their pride and strength shall all engage
 To crush thy power when deep-rate battles rage,
 May vict'ry fall on Phoebe Catherine's side,
 And conquering sail in her Pictonian pride,
 Return to hail the welcome thou hast won,
 While at thy helm was some Pictonian son—
 Accept my song, with my desire for thee
 To press thy way through every troubled sea;
 May age alone stamp on thy noble brow;
 The infirm proofs that 'll lay thy tangles low,
 Success e'er mark thy Captain and her crew,
 And bring him home with plenteous stores anew,—
 May ruthless time alone lay low thy head,
 And hide thy brow 'neath ocean's lustrous bed.

THE MILITARY.

G. JACOBS, BANDMASTER SIXTEENTH BATTALION.

AIR—"Bonnie Scotland."

On a spot were the tide of Ocean's waters billow,
 Assails the fair bosom of Britain's green shore,
 Do dwell the strong hearts that would press death's cold pillow,
 'Fore foes should ere rob them of treasures of yore.

CHORUS—Then hoist Britain's flag, and unfurl freedom's banner,
 And swell her a song with the heart of the true;
 We'll die in her service while heaven breezes fan her
 And shout hurra, boys, for the red white and blue.

The proud flag of Britain has wav'd in rich glory,
 O' nation that shine in her crown and her story.