

Over the waters sounding right lustily,  
 Is echoed the clamor of cannon and cheers,  
 Greeting HER loudly, loyally and proudly,  
 Our QUEEN, who grows dearer as pass the years ;  
     Sing to her, winds of May,  
     On this, her natal day ;  
 Sing her the songs of the Kings of the Sea ;  
     Hope and joy bring to her,  
     Shout for her, sing for her,  
 Hail her VICTORIA, QUEEN OF THE FREE !

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### THE CHAMPIONS OF OLD.

In my little parlor sitting  
 By the fireside warm and bright,  
 While the clock's incessant ticking  
 Marks the watches of the night ;

Legendary tales and fancies  
 Tales of knightly deeds of yore,  
 Learned in early childhood's hour  
 In wild mingled vision pour.

Ho ! Sir Lanceolet the fearless,  
 Tarry with me for a space,  
 Royal and golden haired Guinevere,  
 Show awhile your peerless face.

Ho ! Sir Galahad "the stainless"  
 Sound your proud old battle cry,  
 Which once in Avilion's valley  
 Like a trumpet rose on high.