

AS a queen on the breast of the ocean,
The "St. Croix" steams proudly away;
Like diaphanous robes, trail behind her,
A royal blue gown edged with spray.
She watches when passengers slumber,
She hears their gay sallies by day,
She knows every one of the number
Admires her regal array.

She glides on her way, bearing hundreds,
To shores that are teeming with health,
She guides them past marvels of nature,
That rival the India's wealth.
With comfort this steamer is teeming,
And once on her decks — farewell care,
On the breast of the great ocean — steaming,
She sails for the Scotias, so fair.