

## F THE YACHT RACE.



### HALIFAX HARBOUR--OUTSIDE COURSE.



Let go that jib to windward !  
Haul in main sheet, I say,  
The starting gun has fired ;  
We're off across the bay,  
The soul west wind is freshening fast,  
Her washboard dips to lee ;  
Now, pile out, boys, to windward,  
And steer her carefully.

Look out for that sharp "squealer."  
I see it hit the trees,  
See now it strikes the water,  
And, hissing, seaward flees ;  
So shove her up to windward ;  
See that your sheets are clear ;  
Just keep that "luff" a shaking,  
And mind your running gear.