

XVIII.

Such challenge disregarded
Might not unnerve the youth,
Whose speech on the unwon victory
Was written out, good sooth !
The boast was scarcely uttered,
“ They’re off ! ” the umpire cried,
And away they sped, but Hanlan led
With oars superbly plied.

XIX.

Like arrow from the bowstring,
Swiftly he sped along
Past Grindstone Quay, past Redheugh Bridge
And all the astonished throng,
Past the meadow-isle, whose human tides,
Like billows, sway and roll,
And by ten good lengths a winner,
Swept gaily past the goal.