

whirling above it, and as arm in arm they stared at the panorama of spruce-clad hills and rocky beach, their joyful hearts found yet a place for the regret at leaving home and dear ones, which echoed to their ears in the words of the sailors singing :

We sing as we heave to the maidens we leave,
Away ! Rio !
You know at this parting how sadly we grieve,
And we're bound for the Rio Grande !
Then away ! Rio !
Away ! Rio !
Sing fare ye well, my bonny young girl,
For we're bound for the Rio Grande !

Sing farewell to mother and old daddy too,
Away ! Rio !
And you who are list'ning, it's farewell to you,
For we're bound for the Rio Grande !
Then away, love, away !
Away down Rio !
Sing fare ye well, my bonny young girl,
For we're bound for the Rio Grande !

THE END