

Fair Portland, Bangor — wheresoc'r
Our eagle spreads his pinions,
Or waves aloft the English flag
In Britain's proud dominions —
The words were kind, the clasp was warm,
The smile was bright and beaming, —
O, well they knew how much was true —
How little of it seeming!
So spite of the waves, and spite of the fog,
And spite of the wind and weather,
You never met
A merrier set
As the Coits sailed on together.