

The topsail flutters, the jibs collapse,  
And belly and tug at the groaning cleats,  
The spanker flags, and the mainsail flaps,  
And thunders the order, "*Tacks and sheets!*"

'Mid the rattle of blocks calm breath I draw,  
While hisses the rain of the rushing squall;  
The sails are aback from clew to claw,  
And now is the moment for "*Mainsail haul!*"

And the heavy yards like a baby's toy  
By twenty strong hands are quickly swung;  
She holds her way and I look with joy  
For the first spray flake o'er the bulwarks flung.

To her haven and rest let the good ship hie,  
How we sing at our work grown suddenly gay,  
And we search the lockers for jackets dry  
While speeding into Britannia Bay!

MAURICE CASEY.

