

THE OARSMEN OF ST. JOHN.*

BY CHARLES SANGSTER, Ottawa.

A song for manly muscle, a garland for the brave,
 A lyric round for the homeward-bound, the champions of the wave,
 Flushed with the pride of victory as bloodless as a fleece,
 Victory worthy of the days so famed of ancient Greece,
 When the stout wrestler's strength prevailed against contending odds,
 Admired of mighty Emperors, beloved of men and gods.
 No crowned Olympian Athlete or Pythian proud could don
 A more deserving chaplet than THE OARSMEN OF ST. JOHN.

Through all the wide Dominion the welcome strains shall roll,
 Wherever beats true heart or burns a patriotic soul;
 From stern New Brunswick's coast where foam the Atlantic billows grand
 To where the broad Pacific laves the boundaries of our land.
 Men of the West! as bold and blest as ever chose to be
 The vent'rous children of the wave, the toilers of the sea,—
 The spirit of the Norseman, the Orkney fisher's brawn,
 These bring you strength of soul and limb, brave Oarsmen of St. John.

When Cartier dreamed his dream of fame, he trimmed his drooping sails,
 And for the distant new world steered, unawed by calms or gales;
 But when the summons from afar the cheery challenge told,
 Ye dreamed of honours to be won, and sought them in the old;
 And there, before the admiring eyes of every land and clime,
 Your prowess wrote four manly names upon the scroll of time;
 Names that will ring on aged lips when an hundred years are gone,
 And grandsires to hot youth will boast of the Oarsmen of St. John.

Yet once again the challenge came, and once again like men
 Their swift blades flashed, as they dipped, as they dashed to victory again;
 As the bright waters from their prow in rippling crescents curled,
 Amid ten thousand cheers they sweep, the champions of the world.
 Go, tell it to the climes afar, ye merry wandering breeze,
 We feel a nation's sober pride in experts such as these;
 Go, stand apart my valiant men, all eyes would gaze upon
 The honoured four from your rock-bound shore, brave Oarsmen of St. John.

All honour to such social strife as makes the nations one;
 All honour to the strength of arm, to the valiant deed well done.
 A song for manly muscle, then, bring garlands for the brave,
 And with fadeless laurels crown the brows of these champions of the wave,
 Fair hands would twine the chaplet, sweet loving lips would raise
 Brave lyric strains and sweet refrains to fitly sing your praise;
 A welcome strong of soulful song—whole nations looking on—
 What less should we do for the gallant crew—THE OARSMEN OF ST. JOHN!

* [The "Oarsmen of St. John" who won such fine laurels for themselves at Paris on 5th July, 1867, and at Springfield, Mass., October 21, 1868, are GEORGE PRICE, (Bow), ROBERT FULTON, (Stroke), ELIJAH ROSS, (Aft Midship), and SAMUEL HUTTON, (Fore Midship).]