

## THE ARRIVAL OF HOWE'S FLEET

1776

**T**HE fogs have lifted from the wharves, the  
harbour's course is clear,

And groups of men with eager eyes crowd each  
projecting pier;

Some climb the grassy slope that lies above the  
wooden town,

Some from the rambling roofs that shade the un-  
paved streets look down,

And all are gazing oceanward beyond the islands  
green,

Where, specks of white against the blue, a hundred  
sail are seen;

The fishermen in suburbs lone, from cabins by the  
shore

Look out in fear lest France has come to claim the  
land once more.

A hundred sail, and on they move across the harbour  
bar,