

TUESDAY, JANUARY 9, 1872.

And when our watch is ended

We quietly walk below

To dream we have them in our arms

On Lake Ontario -

The Old Sea Dogs may laugh at us

And say we're something green

'Cause we never "crossed the line" maybe

Or could "the Horn" have been

But a Thunder Squall off Cobourg Light

Would better let them know

I have seen the bravest hearts made quail

On Lake Ontario -