



Proud laugh the Tritons of the sea  
As the good ship glides along;  
They blow their elfin horns in glee,  
And this is the Triton's song--

"O winds, blow fair! O stars, shine clear!  
He waves, like a millpond be!  
Let the Rose o' York, and the Sea Kings' son  
O'er the opal ways fare free."

Each wave takes on a bluer tint,  
And the coral reefs blush red,  
While the living rainbows of the deep  
Join this chant, by the Tritons led--

"O winds, blow fair! O stars, shine clear!  
He waves like a millpond be!  
Let the Rose o' York, and the Vikings' son  
O'er the opal ways fare free."

The Frigate bird and the Albatross,  
With the Petrel stay their flight,  
For never have ocean's magic eaves  
Hung back such a pean of might--

"O winds, blow fair! O stars, shine clear!  
He waves, like a millpond be!  
Let the Prince who wears the White Rose o' York  
O'er the opal ways fare free."

She steers from the shrine of the king called Great,  
The realm of Canute's sway,  
To the fairy isles where Britannia's state  
Is the shield and sword to-day.

And the wind blows fair, and the stars shine clear!  
And the opal ways up-bear  
A ship that brings a Right Royal Freight,  
White Rose of York, and her Viking Mate,  
To Ro-ta-ron fair.