

We couldn't cheer enough!
Cars took us then to King street;
We snake-danced up the hill,
Round Saint John's fav'rite p'liceman
All came to a standstill.
'Mid cheering, yelling, shouting,
The crowd disbanded—yes,
But not before we once more
Cheered loud for F. H. S.!
Then 7 P.M. found us
At the station—still gay,
All wishing that it were not
The end of such a day.
The train pulled from the station,
“Alas! we're homeward bound.”
To brighten up our spirits
A few song sheets were found,
So with hearts light we talk'd—and
With voices sweet (?) we sang,
Till the conductor entered
And requested our “gang”
To adjourn to the “smoker,”
If we truly must sing,
Thus disturbing passengers
Was never quite “*the thing!*”
Whom did they tease 'bout Lois?
Was her name Sophie, Frank?
And say—can some one tell us,
When twelve struck—where was “Squank?”
And thus through all the trip up
We laughed and teased and sang,
And though so very tired
We were a jolly gang.
At 9 P.M. we landed at the C. P. R. Tracks
Then snake-danced from the station
Down to the “Old Barracks.”
Again the crowd disbanded,
Were they weary?—Well yes!
But all said that 'twas worth it
For good old F. H. S.!