

BALLADE OF OLD ADMIRALS

WHEN England's children needed most
The wall of wood, the naked sword,
There ever stood at duty's post
A sailor, commoner or lord,
Ready at once to step aboard,
And bid the top-sails heavenward shake,
And smite the foe's unwieldy horde :—
Nelson and Rodney, Howe and Drake.

Like some white softly-stealing ghost,
The wide-winged ships, with iron stored,
Drop down the Channel, with a toast
To England, Home, and Beauty. Roared
All in a sudden wild accord
The broadside for old England's sake :
The enemy could not afford
Nelson and Rodney, Howe and Drake.

On every English heart, engrossed
In golden letters, tall and broad,
Are the achievements of our host
And the brave ships, whose horns have gored
Our foes whose flanks are ever scored
With the great gashes that they make—
These names shall strike a ringing chord—
Nelson and Rodney, Howe and Drake.

L'ENVOI

England, thy sons shall guard thy coast,
While the white waves in thunder break ;
While in these names we make our boast—
Nelson and Rodney, Howe and Drake.