

IP
Ah ! little thought these gallant men,
A few short days before,
That they should never look again
On "Merry England's" shore ;
Or that their ship, designed for war
By "Cowper Coles," should be
A costly naval sepulchre,
Superfluous at sea.

"Toll for the brave," who far away,
A hundred fathoms deep,
Beneath the waves of Biscay Bay,
Encased in *iron*, sleep !
Death-drugged they sleep as sleep the slain,--
No hurricane that blows,
Nor cannon thundering o'er the main
Shall break their long repose.

"Toll for the brave," while England sad
And sorrowful may wail
The loss of her great *Ironclad*,
That foundered in the gale,
Off *Finisterre*, where British braves,
In olden times would steer,
To sing "Britannia rules the waves,"
That *France* and *Spain* might hear.

Yes, long has Britain on the seas
Maintained supreme command,
And quelled her numerous enemies
With Fleets and Squadrons grand !
But now and then, alas ! we see,
Upon the swelling tide,
The waves assert their dignity,
And *rule* Britannia's pride.