

You have proven France's might,
You and all your gallant crew.
We are British, we are men,
And we gladly own your might,
But to you is lost the fight.
Strike your flag then, yield your ship
Yield to us and save your life:
Ours the odds of war and ours
Britain's might."

Swiftly back the answer came
By the voice of Vauquelin,
"You have shot and you have shell,
You have guns and gunners too;
I have none, or need I tell?
Spent are all my shot and shell,
Not one left of all my crew.
Still I shall not yield to you,
Do your worst. I fear not death,
I shall fight to my last breath;
Die I may, but never shall
Haul down the flag of France."
Nobly spoken Vauquelin
In the very face of death,
Hail to France!

And still the cannons roared,
Shot and shell still were poured
On the frigate's sinking shell,
All there was of the Atalante,
While amid the deadly din
Stood the dauntless Vauquelin,
Stood upon the deck alone,
Fighting grimly to the last,