

The "Laughing Sally"

And while she lay in the run of the seas,
By the grimmest whim of chance
Out of a bay to the north came forth
Two battle-ships of France.

On the English ship the twain bore down
Like wolves that range by'night;
And the breaker's roar was heard no more
In the thunder of the fight.

The crash of the broadsides rolled and stormed
To the "Sally," hid from view
Under the tall, liana'd boughs
Of the moonless, dark bayou.