

## DRAKE'S DRUM.

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DRAKE he's in his hammock an' a thousand miles away,  
(Capten, art tha sleepin' there below ?),  
Slung atween the round shot in Nombrc Dios Bay,  
An' dreamin' arl the time o' Plymouth Hoe.  
Yarnder lumes the Island, yarnder lie the ships,  
Wi' sailor lads a-dancin' heel-an'-toe,  
An' the shore-lights flashin', an' the night-tide dashin',  
He sees et arl so plainly as he saw et long ago.

Drake he was a Devon man, an' ruled the Devon seas,  
(Capten, art tha sleepin' there below ?),  
Rovin' tho' his death fell, he went wi' heart at ease,  
An' dreamin' arl the time o' Plymouth Hoe.  
"Take my drum to England, hang et by the shore,  
Strike et when your powder's runnin' low;  
If the Dons sight Devon, I'll quit the port o' Heaven,  
An' drum them up the Channel as we drummed them  
long ago."

Drake he's in his hammoek till the great Armadas come,  
(Capten, art tha sleepin' there below ?),  
Slung atween the round shot, listenin' for the drum,  
An' dreamin' arl the time o' Plymouth Hoe.  
Call him on the deep sea, call him up the Sound,  
Call him when ye sail to meet the foe;  
Where the old trade's plyin' an' the old flag flyin'  
They shall find him ware an' wakin', as they found him  
long ago!

H. NEWBOLT.