

VIII.

Now, shame on the foul slander
Of those who meanly tried,
At Courtney's cost to pander
To a boastful people's pride;
For Courtney was defeated,
Not for the want of will,
Nor by the bribe of treason,
But by superior skill.

IX.

From sea to sea victorious,
He left his home a while,
To gather bays more glorious
In Britain's sea-girt isle ;
And how he played with Hawdon,
And how sponged out his shell,
With tears of mirth and laughter,
The Tyneside pitmen tell.