

ELLA LEE

And, at last, saw splinters fly,
And men stagger, fall, and die,
Overcome.

Then our case in all its pride,
Came from panelled cabin's side,
Stripped with glee :
When o'er fleet that dared invade
Fell to English gun and blade,
Victory.

And I know not how or why,
On the face a little sky,
White and blue,
Canopied a swinging ship,
That would rise, and then would dip,
Slow and true.

Her long pennant thin streamed there,
With its waves in breathless air,
Gently rocked :
Castled poop and castled prow
In a noiseless surge would plow—
Ever mocked—