

## THE PASSING OF THE "GOOD HOPE"

Not unto useiess death, did Craddock bold, go down—  
Craddock and his brave nine hundred men—  
They died as died the heroes of Nile and Camperdown,  
As Britain's tars will go to death again.

Not always in the victory, rings the greatness of earth's  
men;

To some the iron guerdon of defeat  
Like this man, who gave battle to the foemen, one to ten,  
Closing with his small heroic fleet.

Not without meed of praise from men, or voice of bard,  
Will they slumber where Pacific's combers roll,  
Who all unflinching met the wrecking shell and shard—  
Reaching out unto the deathless goal.

To others be it fated to win in death's grim hour,  
As Nelson, Wolfe, achieved immortal fame;  
But Craddock, dauntless Captain, showed Britain's olden  
power  
'Gainst mighty odds, to pass in martial flame.

To sink to hero death, as sank her great of old,  
Strong sons of Neptune, war-dogs of the deep,  
When singeth mournful Triton on her dawn-lit conch of  
gold,  
O'er greening billows where her brave ones sleep.