

On a single fishing smack, 130  
 In memory of the man but for whom had gone to  
 wrack

All that France saved from the fight whence England  
 bore the bell.

Go to Paris: rank on rank

Search the heroes flung pell-mell

On the Louvre, face and flank!

135

You shall look long enough ere you come to Hervé  
 Riel.

So, for better and for worse,

Hervé Riel, accept my verse!

In my verse, Hervé Riel, do thou once more

Save the squadron, honour France, love thy wife, the

Belle Aurore!

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—Browning.

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