

The Book of the Native

With one foe beaten under his bow,
The other afar in flight,
The English captain turned to look
For his fellow in the fight.

The English captain turned, and stared ;—
For where the "Sally" had been
Was a single spar upthrust from the sea
With the red-cross flag serene !

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A wind blew up from Pernambuco, —
(Yeo heave ho ! the "Laughing Sally" !
Hi yeo, heave away !)
And boomed for the doom of the "Laughing
Sally,"
Gone down at the break of day.