

“ They sewed him up in his shroud
With a round shot top and toe.
They sank him under the salt sharp sea
Where all good seamen go.

“ They sailed away in the dark
To the dear little isle they knew ;
And they hung his drum by the old sea-wall
Just as he told them to.

“ Two hundred years went by,
And the guns began to roar,
And England was fighting hard for her life,
As ever she fought of yore.

“ ‘ It’s only my dead that count,’
She said, as she says to-day ;
‘ It isn’t the ships and it isn’t the guns
’Ull sweep Trafalgar’s Bay.’

“ D’you guess who Nelson was ?
You may laugh, but it’s true as true !
There was more in that pore little chawed-up chap
Than ever his best friend knew.

“ The foe was creepin’ close,
In the dark, to our white-cliffed isle ;
They were ready to leap at England’s throat,
When—O, you may smile, you may smile ;