

*The "Laughing Sally"*

She hove to under a high French hull,  
And the red cross rose to her peak.  
The French were looking for fight that night,  
And they hadn't far to seek.

Blood and fire on the streaming decks,  
And fire and blood below;  
The heat of hell, and the reek of hell,  
And the dead men laid a-row!

And when the stars paled out of heaven  
And the red dawn-rays uprushed,  
The oaths of battle, the crash of timbers,  
The roar of the guns were hushed.