

“Toll for the brave who are no more,”
 Who hapless lost their life,
 Amid the overwhelming roar,
 And elemental strife
 Of wind and wave—no time to think—
 Steaming, with canvas spread,
 Top-heavy, they capsize and sink
 Among the millions dead.

Oft-times in days and years to come,
 The hardy mariner,
 Who sails his vessel through the foam
 Around Cape Finisterre,
 At midnight dark upon the brine,
 Pensive and thoughtful then,
 Will drop a tear for brave BURGoyNE
 And his five hundred men.

The Muse in sympathy shall too,
 Her tearful tribute shed,
 And sing in solemn “dirges due,”
 A *Requiem* for the dead.
 GOD save the QUEEN—her sailors save,
 That plough the raging seas,
 And keep them safely as they brave
 “The battle and the breeze !”

