

Like a hero of old Greece,  
Or the palmy days of Rome,  
Sword in hand fighting fell,  
Fell upon the blood-stained deck,  
Carried captive off the wreck.  
But the royal fleur de lys,  
Flag of France, still flew free,  
Floated from the riddled staff,  
Till the shattered Atalante  
Sinking like a blood red sun,  
All its course of glory run,  
Sank from view.

And the gallant British tars  
Tributes paid to Vauquelin,  
Noble hero he, though fallen,  
Foeman worthy of their might,  
Who had fought a glorious fight,  
Gave the honors that were due  
To a foeman brave and true,  
Cared for him and set him free,  
Gave him passage over sea,  
Sent him homeward on his way  
Back to France.

Thus hath the tale been told,  
It was worth the telling, too,  
Of the gallant Vauquelin,  
Of the French ship Atalante,  
And of her dauntless crew,  
French they were, for France they fought.  
We are British, proud the name,  
But their deeds are one in fame;  
For bravery speaks one tongue,