

With folded arms Napoleon stood,
 Serene alike in peace and danger ;
 And, in his wonted attitude,
 Addressed the stranger :—

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“Rash man, that wouldst yon channel pass
 On twigs and staves so rudely fashioned ;
 Thy heart with some sweet British lass
 Must be impassioned.”

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“I have no sweetheart,” said the lad ;
 “But—absent long from one another—
 Great was the longing that I had
 To see my mother.”

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“And so thou shalt,” Napoleon said,
 “Ye’ve both my favour fairly won ;
 A noble mother must have bred
 So brave a son.”

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He gave the tar a piece of gold,
 And, with a flag of truce, commanded
 He should be shipped to England Old,
 And safely landed.

Our sailor oft could scantily shift
 To find a dinner, plain and hearty ;
 But *never* changed the coin and gift
 Of Bonaparté.¹

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1. Bonaparté (bőnapartā), almost the Italian, perhaps Corsican, pronunciation of the family name Buonaparte.