

## NAVAL AND PATRIOTIC POEMS

### THE SEA QUEEN WAKES

She wakes! in the furthest West the murmur has reached our ears.  
She wakes! in the furthest East the Russian listens and fears.  
She wakes! the ravens clamour, the winds cry overhead;  
The wandering waves take up the cry, "She wakes, whom Nations  
dread!"

She calls, and Her ships of battle—dragons Her seas have bred—  
Glide into Plymouth harbour, and gather round Beachy Head.  
She wakes! and the clang of arming echoes through all the Earth,  
The ring of warrior's weapons, stern music of soldiers' mirth.

In the world there be many nations, and there gathers round every  
Throne  
The strength of earth-born armies, but the sea is England's own.  
As she ruled, She still shall rule it, from Plymouth to Esquimalt,  
As long as the winds are tameless—as long as the waves are salt.

This may be our Armageddon; seas may purple with blood and  
As we go to our rest for ever, leaving the world a name.  
What matter? There have been none like us, nor any to tame our  
pride;  
If we fall, we shall fall as they fell, die as our Fathers died—

What better? The seas that bred us shall rock us to rest at last,  
If we sink with the Jack still flying, nailed to the Nation's mast.

Victoria, B.C.

SIR CLIVE PHILLIPPS-WOLLEY.

### THE SILENT SHIPS

Out where the ocean meets the sky and the sky sits on the rim,  
Where the sea mists fall and the sea birds fly and the sea rolls gray  
and grim,  
And the dank fog lies like a cloud of night where the sullen waters  
flow,  
The silent ships, the silent ships, the ships of England go.

They drink the reek of the washing waves when the gale whines to  
the shore,  
At equal ease though the soft sea laves or the boiling breakers roar;  
Gaunt and gray as the hand of death, as the hand of death are they,  
And their long lines lie across the sky as they wait for the toasted  
"Day."

No nishing smack is the prize they seek, no schooner coasting by;  
Whene'er the guns of Britain speak 'tis fighting men that die;  
The child may sleep in his crib secure while up the briny deep  
The silent ships, the silent ships, the ships of England sweep.  
Not theirs the lot to strike and run, not theirs to fight and flee;  
Their heavy duty must be done—'tis theirs to hold the sea;  
In storm and stress, in cloud and rain, in darkness or in light  
They hold the sea, the cold black sea, the wild sea raging white!

Oh Nelson, Drake and Frobisher, Oh men who made us free,  
In days of mighty need you were the masters of the sea;  
And masters still thy sons shall be when through the storm and reek  
The silent ships, the silent ships, the ships of England speak!

Calgary, Alberta.

ROBERT J. C. STEAD.