

"Hearts of oak!" our captain cried; when each gun  
From its adamant lips  
Spread a death-shade round the ships,  
Like the hurricane eclipse  
Of the sun.

Again! again! again!  
And the havoc did not slack,  
Till a feeble cheer the Dane  
To our cheering sent us back;  
Their shots along the deep slowly boom:  
Then ceased—and all is wail  
As they strike the shatter'd sail;  
Or in conflagration pale  
Light the gloom.

Out spoke the victor then,  
As he hail'd them o'er the wave,  
"Ye are brothers! ye are men!  
And we conquer but to save;  
So peace instead of death let us bring!  
But yield, proud foe, thy fleet,  
With the crews, at England's feet,  
And make submission meet  
To our King."

Then Denmark bless'd our chief,  
That he gave her wounds repose;  
And the sounds of joy and grief  
From her people wildly rose,  
As death withdrew his shades from the day;  
While the sun look'd smiling bright  
O'er a wide and wotul sight,  
Where the fires of funeral light  
Died away.

Now joy, old England, raise  
For the tidings of thy might,  
By the festal cities' blaze,  
Whilst the wine-cup shines in light;