

The Book of the Native

A boat ran out for news of the fight,
And this was the word she brought —
“The King’s ship fights the ships of France
As the King’s ships all have fought!”

Then muttered the mate, “I’m a man of Devon!”
And the captain thundered then —
“There’s English rope that bides for our necks,
But we all be English men!”

The “Sally” glided out of the gloom
And down the moon-white river.
She stole like a gray shark over the bar
Where the long surf seethes forever.