

**ADMIRALS ALL,
AND OTHER VERSES**

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Admirals all, and other verses by Henry Newbolt

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HENRY NEWBOLT

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Tenth Edition

ADMIRALS ALL

AND OTHER VERSES

BY

HENRY NEWBOLT

LONDON

ELKIN MATHEWS, VIGO STREET

1898

TO
ANDREW LANG

PR
5103
N4a
189B

ADMIRALS ALL

A Song of Sea Kings

EFFINGHAM, Grenville, Raleigh, Drake,
Here's to the bold and free!
Benbow, Collingwood, Byron, Blake,
Hail to the Kings of the Sea!
Admirals all, for England's sake,
Honour be yours and fame!
And honour, as long as waves shall break,
To Nelson's peerless name!

*Admirals all, for England's sake,
Honour be yours and fame!
And honour, as long as waves shall break,
To Nelson's peerless name!*

Essex was fretting in Cadiz Bay
With the galleons fair in sight;
Howard at last must give him his way,
And the word was passed to fight.

Never was schoolboy gayer than he,
Since holidays first began:
He tossed his bonnet to wind and sea,
And under the guns he ran.

Drake nor devil nor Spaniard feared,
Their cities he put to the sack;
He singed His Catholic Majesty's beard,
And harried his ships to wrack.
He was playing at Plymouth a rubber of bowls
When the great Armada came;
But he said, "They must wait their turn, good
souls,"
And he stooped and finished the game.

Fifteen sail were the Dutchmen bold,
Duncan he had but two;
But he anchored them fast where the Texel
shoaled,
And his colours aloft he flew.
"I've taken the depth to a fathom," he cried,
"And I'll sink with a right good will:
For I know when we're all of us under the tide
My flag will be fluttering still."

Splinters were flying above, below,
When Nelson sailed the Sound:
"Mark you, I wouldn't be elsewhere now,"
Said he, "for a thousand pound!"

The Admiral's signal bade him fly,
But he wickedly wagged his head:
He clapped the glass to his sightless eye,
And "I'm damned if I see it!" he said.

Admirals all, they said their say
(The echoes are ringing still).
Admirals all, they went their way
To the haven under the hill.
But they left us a kingdom none can take—
The realm of the circling sea—
To be ruled by the rightful sons of Blake,
And the Rodney's yet to be.

*Admirals all, for England's sake,
Honour be yours and fame!
And honour, as long as waves shall break,
To Nelson's peerless name!*

SAN STEFANO

A Ballad of the Bold "Menelaus"

IT was morning at St. Helen's, in the great and
gallant days,
And the sea beneath the sun glittered wide,
When the frigate set her courses, all a-shimmer
in the haze,
And she hauled her cable home and took the
tide.
She'd a right fighting company, three hundred
men and more,
Nine and forty guns in tackle running free;
And they cheered her from the shore for her
colours at the fore,
When the bold *Menelaus* put to sea.

*She'd a right fighting company, three hundred men
and more,
Nine and forty guns in tackle running free;
And they cheered her from the shore for her colours
at the fore,
When the bold Menelaus put to sea.*

She was clear of Monte Cristo, she was heading
for the land,
When she spied a pennant red and white and
blue;