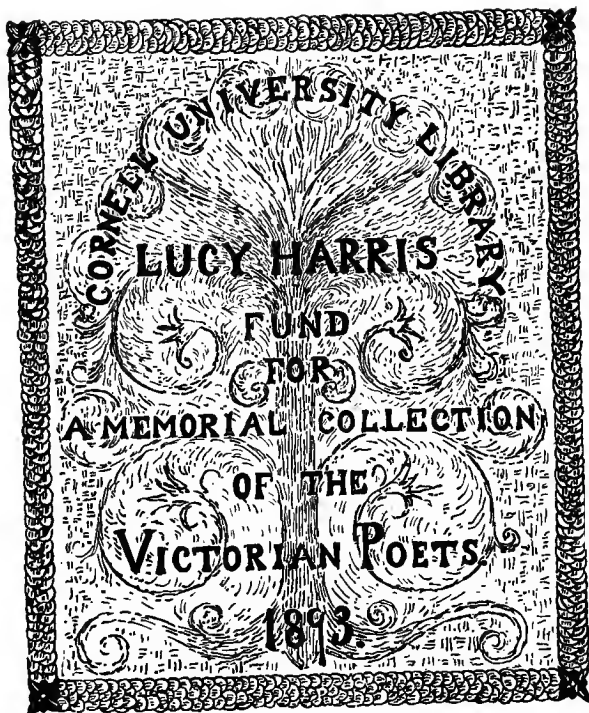
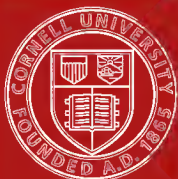


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ONE PENNY

A Word  
for  
The Navy

BY

ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE  
..

*POPULAR EDITION*

LONDON  
GEORGE REDWAY

M D C C C X C V I

## PUBLISHER'S NOTE

*This Poem was issued by me ten years ago, and circulated at a high price among a limited number of book collectors. It is now re-issued with a few alterations rendered desirable by change of national circumstances.*

GEORGE REDWAY.

9 HART STREET, BLOOMSBURY,

*January 1896.*

# A Word for the Navy

BY

ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE

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# A Word for the Navy

I

**Q**UEEN born of the sea, that hast borne her  
The mightiest of seamen on earth,  
Bright ENGLAND, whose glories adorn her  
And bid her rejoice in thy birth  
As others made mothers  
Rejoice in births sublime,  
She names thee, she claims thee,  
The lordliest child of time.

## II

**A**LL hers is the praise of thy story,  
All thine is the love of her choice :  
The light of her waves is thy glory  
The sound of thy soul is her voice.  
They fear it who hear it  
And love not truth nor thee :  
They sicken, heart-stricken,  
Who see and would not see.

III

**T**HE lords of thy fate, and thy keepers  
Whose charge is the strength of thy ships,  
If now they be dreamers and sleepers,  
Or sluggards with lies at their lips,  
Thy haters and traitors,  
False friends or foes descried,  
Might scatter and shatter  
Too soon thy princely pride.

## IV

**F**ALSE France, as a serpent for rancour,  
Strong Germany, girded with guile,  
Lay wait for thee riding at anchor  
On waters that whisper and smile.  
They deem thee or dream thee  
Less living now than dead,  
Deep sunken and drunken  
With sleep whence fear has fled.

V

**A**ND what though thy song as thine action  
Wax faint, and thy place be not known,  
While faction is grappling with faction,  
Twin curs with thy corpse for a bone?  
They care not, who spare not .  
The noise of pens or throats;  
Who bluster and muster  
Blind ranks and bellowing votes.

## VI

**L**ET populace jangle with peerage  
And ministers shuffle their mobs ;  
Mad pilots who reck not of steerage  
Though tempest ahead of them throbs.  
That throbbing and sobbing  
Of wind and gradual wave  
They hear not and fear not  
Who guide thee toward thy grave.

VII

**N**O. clamour of cries or of parties  
Is worth but a whisper from thee,  
While only the trust of thy heart is  
At one with the soul of the sea.  
In justice her trust is  
Whose time her timestreams keep;  
They sink not, they shrink not,  
Time casts them not on sleep

## VIII

**S**LEEP thou : for thy past was so royal,  
Love hardly would bid thee take heed  
Though France were not constant and loyal  
Nor Germany guiltless of greed.  
No nation, in station  
Of story less than thou,  
Re-risen from prison,  
Can stand against thee now.



IX

**S**LEEP on : is the time not a season  
For strong men to slumber and sleep,  
And wise men to palter with treason?  
And they that sow tares, shall they reap?  
The wages of ages  
Wherein men smiled and slept,  
Fame fails them, shame veils them,  
Their record is not kept.

## X

NAVY, whence is it then that we know it,  
What wages were theirs, and what fame?  
Deep voices of prophet and poet  
Bear record against them of shame.  
Death, starker and darker  
Than seals the graveyard grate,  
Entombs them and dooms them  
To darkness deep as fate.

## XI

**B**UT thou, though the world should misdoubt  
thee,

Be strong as the seas at thy side ;

Bind on but thine armour about thee,

That girds thee with power and with pride.

Where Drake stood, where Blake stood,

Where fame sees Nelson stand,

Stand thou too, and now too

Take thou thy fate in hand.

## XII

**A**T the gate of the sea, in the gateway,  
They stood as the guards of thy gate;  
Take now but thy strengths to thee straightway,  
Though late, we will deem it not late.  
Thy story, thy glory,  
The very soul of thee,  
It rose not, it grows not,  
It comes not save by sea.





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