

THE BALLAD OF THE "RAWALPINDI"

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When gusty tales are gathered
The sagas of the sea,
And close about the capstan bars
Are sung right lustily,
There from a shining scroll we'll
sing
Of Raleigh and Nelson bold;
Of Hawkins and Drake we'll lift
a song
In staves with the ring of gold!
But when gales blow foul and
windy
From the Ports of Nevermore
We'll sing you the "Rawalpindi"
And her fighting fourteen score!

Men of the stamp of Grenville,
Men of the breed of Drake
Who plough the furrows of the
deep
And follow the whitening wake;
For these are the sons of England,
Stout as the strong salt sea
Who rule our Empire of the
Deep
And keep our Island free!
Lads, when they ask for a
chantey
Full of a rhythmic roar
We'll sing them the "Rawalpindi"
And her fighting fourteen score!

There lay the huge grey sea-wolf
That whelped the wolves of the
sea
Who dream of a great World-
Kingdom
Where never a heart is free;
Dread was the dark Atlantic
Icy and drear and vast
And dead ahead in the northern
dusk
The fight that would be the last.
Beneath her drove the cruel deep
And a crueller foe before
The dauntless "Rawalpindi"
And her fighting fourteen score!

Full in her path lay duty,
Duty that had to be done
And she tackled the great grim
raider
With odds of a million to one.
Stern was the cannonading
As both fell to with a will,
And though the English ship
went down,
The sea was England's still!
Onward steam her avengers
Whose voice is the lion's roar
Who'll strike for the "Rawal-
pindi"
And her gallant fourteen score!