

[First draft—need more research]

Oh the frozen wastes where no man would ever go

But to wage war upon the sleeping

Are no colder than the warmest mother's heart

That in England fair is beating

And the wind off Calais

Blows the sunlight away

And the North Sea takes many a sailor under

But I'd rather say my graces from the bottom of the sea

Than stand silent at John Bull's bloody plunder.

Nor their English gold nor a world of painted men

Can give blind men back their seeing

And they'd lief as well try staring through a stone

Than to find me in my being

They can march their sons

To the muzzle of our guns

And then wail while the dead march they are playing

But their numbers have no meaning to the bloody English
king

And it's he that their fair sons has been slaying