

# Drake's Drum

Words by Sir Henry Newhall

Music by Sato Cleveland

Drake, he was a Devon man and ruled the seven seas. "Captain, are you sleeping there below?" Roving till his death fell, he went with heart of woe, And dreaming all the time of Plymouth Hoe. "Take my drum to England, hang it by the shore. Strike it when your powder's running low. And if the Dons strike Devon, I'll leave the port of heaven, And we'll drum them up the channel as we drummed them long ago.

2) Drake, he's in his hammock and a thousand miles away,  
"Captain, are you sleeping there below?"  
Slung between the round shot in Nombre Dios Bay,  
And dreaming all the time of Plymouth Hoe.  
Yonder looms the island, yonder lies the ships,  
With sailer lads a'dancing heel and toe,  
And the shore lights flashing, and the night tide dashing,  
And he sees it all so plainly as he saw it long ago.

3) Drake, he's in his hammock till the great Armadas come.  
"Captain, are you sleeping there below?"  
Slung between the round shot, listening for the drum,  
And dreaming all the time of Plymouth Hoe.  
Call him on the deep sea, call him up the sound,  
Call him when you sail to meet the foe,  
Where the old traders plying, and the old flag flying,  
They shall find him'ware and watching as they found him long ago.