



Harris the Brave, 1822 – 1859

Charles Wright Harris

**Beneath the surging wave
There lie the young and brave.
God rest their souls- and save!**

**One of no common mould,
Like valiant knight of old.
HARRIS—the stanch and bold**

**A starving band to save.
He dived beneath the wave,
And found at length -- a grave!**

**For such brave daring done,
Let the bright setting sun
Glances o'er a trophy won.**

**Hoist, hoist the flag on high!
Let the death – signal fly.
Seen by each passer by.**

**And the red beacon's glare
A sad momento bear
O'er the wild breakers there**

Adelaide, August 28 THETA