

And Peggy wiped the pearly drops
From eyes as black as sloes ;
" May Heaven protect my Colin's life,"
She cried, " where'er he goes ;
For Heaven can turn the balls aside
When danger hovers near,
And trusting in its guardian care,
I 'll banish every fear."

Chorus.

" Yet gladly shall I see again,
The conq'ring flag unfurled,
And hail our glorious fleet returned,
The wonder of the world."

When in War on the Ocean.

When in war on the ocean we meet the proud foe,
Tho' with ardour for conquest our bosoms may glow,
Let us see on their vessels old England's flag wave,
They shall find British sailors but conquer to save.

And now their pale ensigns we view from afar,
With three cheers they are welcomed by each British tar,
Whilst the genius of Britain still bids us advance,
And our guns hurl, in thunder, defiance to France.

But mark our last broadside—she sinks, down she goes!
Quickly man all our boats, they no longer are foes ;
To snatch a brave fellow from a watery grave,
Is worthy a Briton, who conquers to save.