

But only state that perhaps they might,
 Behave when in the smoking fight,
 Not them alone, but even all,
 Here that may know a bugle's call,
 Shew that the self same metal runs,
 In all of Albion's distant sons,
 As in the days, now in the shade
 The first or e'en the last crusade.
 A gentle breeze the loading o'er,
 Blows gently from the other shore
 So now we 'll leave and onward go,
 In our allotted stations so
 As to avoid confusing line,
 Or to preserve a discipline—
 I resher, still fresher breezes blow,
 We round the point with sheets that flow,
 And oh ! methought if on the sea,
 With noble ship, how it would be,
 For often in the pressing gale,
 I 've furl'd or made or shorten'd sail,
 The sun had sunk, receding light,
 Was clasp'd within the arms of night,
 And we did land, within a bay,
 To camp until the break of day.
 Ten minutes pass, and you will see,
 Fires that blaz'd right merrily,
 Camp kettles fill'd, from out the Lake,
 And so content our suppers take,
 While laugh and jest I need not say,
 Are given in the usual way
 With merry taunt, in cheery sound,
 That takes away one half the wound,
 For words oft spoken in a jest
 Are apt to hurt full many a breast ;
 Heedless of all they play their part ;
 'I were worthy of a painter's art,
 To see the feature group'd together,