In the cottage where we dwell,
We have led a peaceful life;
Ours are joys which none can tell,
Who engage in anxious strife;
Though but lowly be our state,
Yet contented with our lot,
We envy not the proud and great,
Happy in our humble cot.

Blest with life, and blest with health,
We desire no splendid home;
Nor, to be the slaves of wealth,
Do we ever wish to roam.
Though but lowly be our state, &c.

All the sweets that wealth can gain:

Will not bring true liberty,

If in our cot contentment reign—

Home is home where'er it be.

Though but lowly be our state, &c.

17.—THE NATIONAL ANTHEM.

God save our gracious Queen;
Long live our gracious Queen;
God save the Queen!
Send her victorious;
Happy and glorious;
Long to reign over us,
God save the Queen!

come

ing,

way.

Thy choicest gifts in store,
On her be pleased to pour,
Long may she reign!
May she defend our laws.
And ever give us cause
To sing, with heart and voice
God save the Queen!