

We shun no toil—no danger dread—  
No vain alarms we feel,  
Nor prize our lives, but as they may  
Promote our country's weal.

“We've rescued Spain—invaded France—  
At Leipsic raised a flame,  
Where babes unborn, as years advance,  
Shall bless the British name.  
Then here's to Stewart, in court or camp,  
Or wheresoe'r he roam;  
For those who fight for us abroad,  
Should be revered at home.

“From Holland, 'tis remembered yet,  
Our great King William came;  
To Holland now we pay the debt,  
We go with conq'ring Graeme.  
Barossa's field his deeds report,  
Sebastian owns his fame;  
And Frenchmen, buried in Belgian forts,  
Shall find him still the same.

“Then, fear not, Peggy—from the mast  
The signals wave in air,  
The boatswain pipes all hands on deck,  
And Colin is not there.  
My bonny lass, I love thee well,  
But love my honour more.”  
In haste he kissed her blushing cheek—  
The boat forsook the shore;