

Ye Mariners of England.

Ye mariners of England
That guard our native seas,
Whose flag has braved a thousand years
The battle and the breeze,
Your glorious standard launch again
To match another foe,
And sweep through the deep,
While the stormy winds do blow
While the battle rages loud and long
And the stormy winds do blow.

The spirits of your fathers
Shall start from every wave !
For the deck it was their field of fame,
And ocean was their grave ;
Where Blake and mighty Nelson fell,
Your manly hearts shall glow ;
As you sweep through the deep,
While the stormy winds do blow ;
While the battle rages loud and long,
And the stormy winds do blow.

Britannia needs no bulwarks,
No towers along the steep ;
Her march is o'er the mountain wave,
Her home is on the deep.
With thunders from her native oak,
She quells the floods below,
As they roar on the shore,
When the stormy winds do blow
When the battle rages loud and long,
And the stormy winds do blow.

The meteor flag of England
Shall *not* terrific burn,
Till danger's troubled night depart
And the star of peace return.
Then, then, ye ocean-warriors !
Our song and feast shall flow
To the fame of your name,
When the storm has ceased to blow ;
When the fiery fight is heard no more,
And the storm has ceased to blow !

—THOS. CAMPBELL