

Now, may kind heaven grant a leader, bold,
To guide Britannia safely through the sea :
She bears a freight of wealth and worth untold ;
And there are breakers on the bow and lee.

Clouds are o'ershadowing our sunny sky,
And traitors are among the gallant crew :
Proud Britain's honor, and her standard high,
Must be upheld by all the brave and true.

Those distant mutterings portend a storm :
Now we shall miss the penetrating eye,
The steady judgment, and the lordly form,
At whose bold presence traitors turn and fly.

There may be trouble ; but we fear no ill ;
For England—glorious in war or peace—
She bears the Ark, the message of God's will.
The guarantee of safety, and of grace.

S O N G .

LIFE's sunny hours are fleeting away.
Slowly they vanish, day after day :
Laughter is fading ; joy cannot last ;
Surely they 're gliding into the past.

Time is progressing, blighting our youth ;
Daily we 're learning how rare is truth :
Then, in the future, shall memory bring,
Thoughts of our childhood, life's pleasant spring.

X