

The Army and Navy.

"Fear not, my Peggy, stormy winds,
Nor dread the exulting foe,
'Tis honour calls, our King commands,
And Colin now must go.
He goes, but soon shall come again,
Enriched with spoils and fame;
Nay, dry these tears, my bonny lass,
To weep it were a shame.

Chorus.

The anchor's weigh'd,
The crew's on board,
Our conqu'ring flag's unfurl'd;
And England's glory
Still shall be
The wonder of the world.

"Our gracious Prince, with one accord,
We 'll join with heart and hand,
To nerve his arm, whose gentle sway
Protects this happy land.
With filial love, and duty joined,
His cause we will defend;
For Europe finds, and owns in him,
A Father and a Friend.

"Where'er from coast to coast we sail,
Our praises fly before,
And British valour is renowned
From Ind' to Afric's shore.