

No bliss he thinks like forty winks,
Yet his vigilance ne'er doth fail!
For he sleeps with but one eye-lid shut,
So beware how you tread on his tail.—CHO.

His foes at best are knaves confest,
Whose malice from envy springs;
And it oft betides that his tawny sides
They pierce with their gnat-like stings,
But he merely yawns, for the thought ne'er dawns
Such pigmies to assail:
Till grown more bold, his sloth to behold,
They venture to tread on his tail.—CHO.

Then, up he bounds, and his roar resounds
As he lashes each foaming side;
His warlike breath hurls fire and death,
And scatters them far and wide!
Down, down they fall, both great and small,
Neath the storm of his iron hail!
And repent, to their cost, when all is lost,
That they trod on the Lion's tail.

Chorus—And repent, to their cost, when all is lost,
So beware how you tread on his tail.

16. Our National Defences.

Our national defences! but traitors all are they
Who'd dare assert that Britain's power has waned or passed away!
While peace may shed her blessings, and commerce claim her right,
Old England still has manly hearts to guard her in the fight.
Then rally 'round the standard that ne'er has conquered been;
St. George for merry, merry England, our altars and our Queen!

Our national defences are stout old British hearts,
And come what will, they'll prove it still, true valour ne'er
departs.

We seek no idle quarrel, but proudly still we claim
Our right to hurl the tyrant down who'd sully England's fame.
Then rally 'round, &c.

Our national defences, they float upon the deep,
They peer from ev'ry beetling crag, from every rocky steep.
In every cottage dwelling—neath every palace roof,
And woe to such, if comes the day, who'd dare them to the proof.
Then rally 'round, &c.

Our national defences—we trusted them of yore—
And still they'll serve if need should be, to guard our native
shore;

We fear no rash invader, but boldly claim to seize
The lawless hand who'd dare dispute our empire on the seas.
Then rally 'round, &c.