

TO

H. M. S. BLAKE.

HAIL to Britannia's noble ship !
Whose pendant, streaming high
Doth shadow forth a nation's might
Athwart our placid sky.

Thou comest not in pomp of power,
Nor din of battle's roar ;
Thy cannon wake no trembling hearts
Upon our peaceful shore.

Hail to Britannia's sailor sons !
Great sons of greatest fleet !
We tender ye a welcome true
Unto fair Abegweit.

Our happy hearths, our blooming fields
We owe to such as you ;
For Nelson, Howard, Frobisher
Were of the " boys in blue."

Long live our noble Admiral !
May his noble deeds afford
That crown which lustres poortith's brow,
And graceth prince or lord.

May bonds of sympathy unite
Great Neptune's greatest sons
With lowliest tar, within whose veins
The blood of fealty runs.