

So landsmen speak. Lo ! her top-masts
Are quivering in the sky ;
Her sails are spread, her anchor's raised,
There sweeps she gallant by.
A thousand warriors fill her decks ;
Within her painted side
The thunder sleeps—man's might has nought
Can match or mar her pride.
In victor glory goes she forth ;
Her stainless flag flies free ;
Kings of the earth, come and behold
How Britain reigns on sea !

When on your necks the armed foot
Of fierce Napoleon trod,
And all was his, save the wide sea,
Where we triumphant rode,
He launched his terror and his strength,
Our sea-born pride to tame ;
They came—they got the Nelson-touch,
And vanish'd as they came.
Go, hang your bridles in your halls,
And set your war-steeds free :
The world has one unconquer'd king,
And he reigns on the sea !

ALLAN CUNNINGHAM.

THE ARMADA.

ATTEND, all ye who list to hear our noble England's praise :
I tell of the thrice-famous deeds she wrought in ancient
days,
When that great fleet invincible against her bore in vain
The richest spoils of Mexico, the stoutest hearts of Spain.
It was about the lovely close of a warm summer day,
There came a gallant merchant-ship full sail to Plymouth
Bay ;