

Your glorious standard launch again  
To match another foe !  
And sweep through the deep,  
While the stormy tempests blow ;  
While the battle rages loud and long,  
And the stormy tempests blow.

The spirits of your fathers  
Shall start from every wave !  
For the deck it was their field of fame,  
And the ocean was their grave !  
Where Blake and mighty Nelson fell,  
Your manly hearts shall glow,  
As ye sweep through the deep,  
While the stormy tempests blow ;  
While the battle rages loud and long,  
And the stormy tempests blow.

Britannia needs no bulwarks,  
No towers along the steep ;  
Her march is o'er the mountain waves,  
Her home is on the deep.  
With thunders from her native oak,  
She quells the floods below,  
As they roar on the shore,  
When the stormy tempests blow ;  
When the battle rages loud and long,  
And the stormy tempests blow.

The meteor flag of England,  
Shall yet terrific burn ;  
Till danger's troubled night depart,  
And the star of peace return.