

And yet amidst that joy and uproar,
 Let us think of them that sleep,
 Full many a fathom deep,
 By thy wild and stormy steep,
 Elsinore !

Brave hearts ! to Britain's pride
 Once so faithful and so true,
 On the deck of fame that died
 With the gallant good Riou :
 Soft sigh the winds of heaven o'er 't in grave !
 While the billow mournful rolls
 And the mermaid's song condoles,
 Singing glory to the souls
 Of the brave !

THOMAS CAMPBELL.

THE HEART OF A SAILOR.

'Tisn't the jacket or trousers blue,
 The song or the dance so cheerly,
 That show us the heart of a seaman true,
 Or tell us his manner sincerely.
 'Tis the hour of strife, when venturing life,
 Where the spirit of prudence might fail her,
 In battle he'll sing for Britannia and king,
 And this shows the heart of a sailor !

'Tisn't his merriment kindled ashore,
 By the cash oft too quickly expended ;
 'Tisn't his going to sea for more,
 When the store in the locker is ended.
 'Tis the hour of distress, when misfortunes oppress,
 And virtue finds sorrow assail her ;
 'Tis the bosom of grief made glad by relief,
 That pictures the heart of a sailor !

THOMAS DIBDIN.