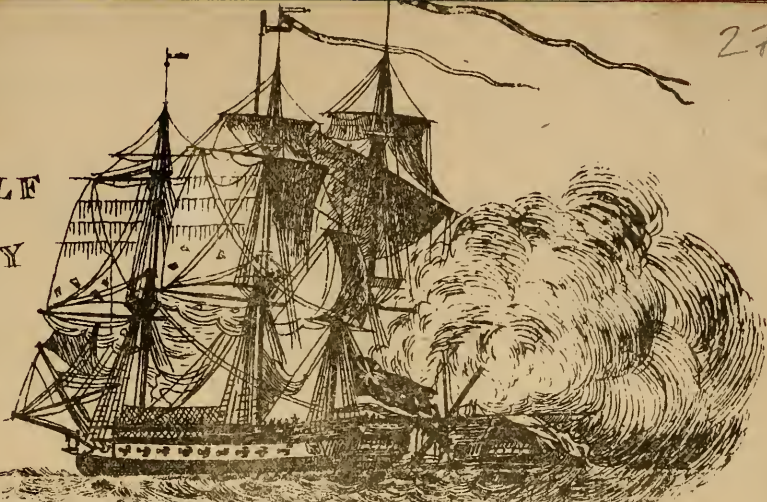


THE HALF
PENNY
LYRE

No. 17



YE MARINERS OF ENGLAND.

Ye Mar-i-ners of Eng-land That guard your na-tive seas, Whose
 flag has braved a thousand years The bat-ile and the breeze, Your
 glorious standard launch a-gain To match an-oth-er foe, ... As they
 sweep thro' the deep. As they sweep thro' the deep, As they sweep thro'
 the deep ... When the stormy winds do blow When the stormy winds
 do blow When the stormy winds do blow When the stormy winds do blow

The spirits of your fathers
 Shall start from every wave!
 For the deck it was their field of fame,
 And 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 bulwark,
 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.
 Then, then, ye ocean warriors!
 Our song and feast shall flow
 To the fame of your name
 When the storm has ceased to blow;
 When the fiery fight is heard no more,
 And the storm has ceased to blow.

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 Nos. 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8 of this Miscellany for **Price One Halfpenny** Copious Instructions in Strapping

