

THE
BRITISH FLAG
Maintained.

AND shall we then renounce the Flag?
Hear this ye British Sailors,
While of the stuff remains a rag,
'Tis you shall teach the French to brag,
The Devil take the *Failers*.

Still may the Flag undaunted fail,
Though some in Britain haply rail,
And talk of cowing Reason;
The Gallant sight shall make France Pale,
Who doubts—I say 'tis Treason.

The Song shall be “my Sons Strike Home,”
Dash with French Blood the proud sea-foam,
Resurging from the Billows;
From France to Egypt let them roam,
We'll make the waves their pillows.

See *Britain's Cymon born to brave
All that contend by land or wave,
Who quell'd † “this Fortune's Minion;”
And Nelson from Aboukir's grave
A Phenix with fresh pinion.

Unfurl the Flag its fullest length,
There Britain owns her heart-spring's strength
Expanding with its motion:
While from ‡ “the giddy *Top-masts* height,”
'Tis Vict'ry waves her pinions bright;
Be yours, She cries, the Ocean.

O! Freedom, best of blessings known,
In Britain still erect thy Throne,
The seas and rocks surrounding
O Happy Isle thou standst alone,
Her foes and thine confounding.

* Sir Sydney Smith.

† Shakespeare.

‡ Shakespeare.

