



We Conquer dear Girls  
but for You.

Printed and Sold by J Pitts No. 14 Great  
St. Andrew Street, 7 Dials.

COME sailors be filling the can,  
The wind is beginning to blow,  
We've time to drink round to a man,  
And then to weigh anchor must go,  
What thousands repair to the strand,  
To give us a cheering adieu,  
'Tis plain they believe on the land,  
We conquer, dear girls, but for you,

When oft the main top-mast yard,  
The sailor is swung to and fro,  
Tho' the tempest blows ever so hard,  
He whistles defiance to woe ;  
The gale can but last for a while,  
'Tis always the boast of the crew,  
And they reflect with a smile,  
We conquer, dear girls, but for you.

The battle tremendous appears,  
When blood stain the face of the main,  
Tho' thunder resounds in his ears,  
The sailor's a stranger to pain ;  
The thought with what rapture and pride  
Each girl will her hero review,  
'Tis this makes him danger deride,  
We conquer, dear girls, but for you.

