

A
NEW SONG,

Composed by JOHN FRIER,

OCT. 25, 1815,

TUNE,—*The Tempest.*

Who are those that wander mourning,
And the Ocean's shores surround;
Are they Tars from wars returning,
With victorious laurels bound?
Or some ill-disposed gentry,
Arbitrary power that shew;
Traitors to their King or Country,
Every Briton answers, no!

Have our fleets been unprotected,
Or our shores the embattl'd plain;
Has the foe our wealth selected,
Or our wives or children slain.
Have they shrunk, from toils or dangers,
Fled inglorious from the foe;
Or long service made them strangers,
That we should despise them so.

Are our fleets destroy'd or taken,
Witness Nile's far distant shore;
Twice the town of Copenhagen,
Heard the British Lion roar.
Every foe they cast an eye on,
Swiftly fly like hunted deer;
Shame to think the British Lion,
Ever should be shackled here.

Is Trafalgar's day forgotten,
Or great Duncan's gallant deeds;
History binds when bones are rotten,
Living laurels round their heads.
Had our foes obtain'd such trophies,
Or but one such battle won;
Every kind and gen'rous office,
For their heroes would been done.

Are our gallant Captains living,
Honor'd as their merits claim;
Or chagrin'd, repining, grieving,
At their heroes' injur'd fame.
Britons by your fleets protected,
Now secure from war's alarms;
Run to succour those neglected,
Take your heroes to your arms.

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