

On the Plains of the Nile,

by J. J. Stockdale, Esq^r.

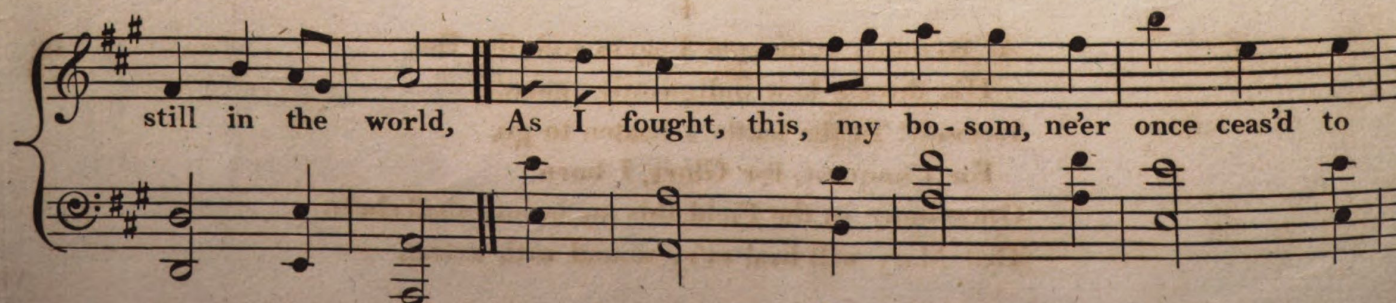
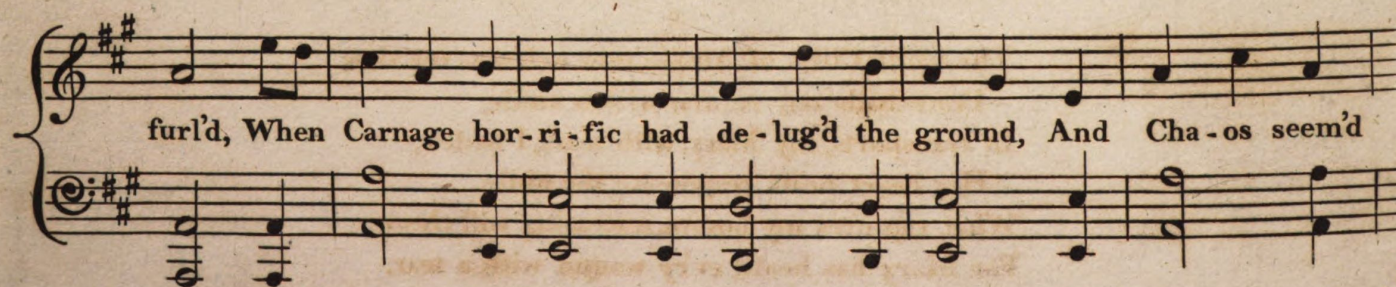
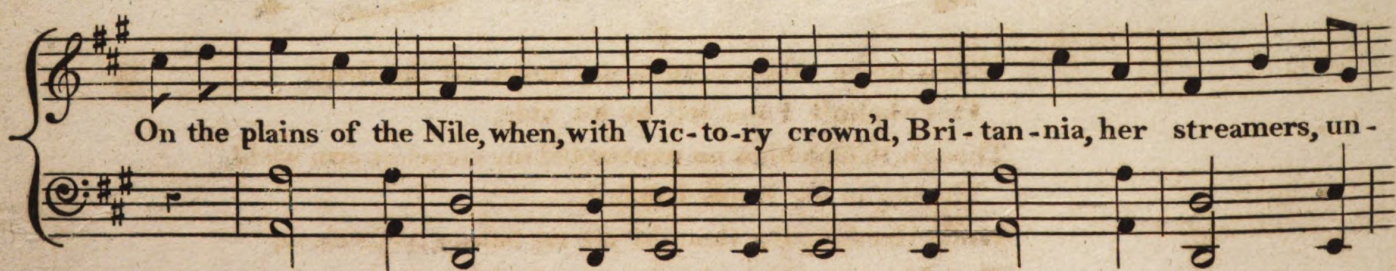
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cheer, That Mary would heal ev'-ry wound with a tear. As I fought, this, my
 bo-som, ne'er once ceas'd to cheer, That Ma-ry would heal ev'ry
 wound with a tear.

2

When brave Abercrombie was borne off the field,
 O'erwhelm'd I too fell by his side;
 Though, th'faulchion no more could my nerveless arm wield,
 The foe, in my heart, I defy'd,
 While bleeding the thought yet my bosom could cheer,
 That Mary would heal ev'ry wound with a tear.

3

The white Cliffs of Albion, now welcome my view,
 Peace hails our return with a smile;
 In transports, my Mary, with tears, I bedew,
 Her heart beats responsive the while.
 What raptures my bosom, unceasing will cheer;
 For Mary has heal'd ev'ry wound with a tear.

4

At Britain's command, I again seek the Foe,
 His threats how indignantly spurn!
 Farewell! To the battle I hasten to go,
 For Conquest, for Glory, I burn.
 Once more in the Field, this my bosom shall cheer,
 That Mary will heal ev'ry wound with a tear.