



(2)
And, bearing up to gain the Port,
Some well known object kept in view,
An Abbey tow'r, an Harbour fort,
Or Beacon, to the Vessel true
While oft the lead the Seaman flung,
And to the Pilot cheerly sung,
By the mark—Seven !

(3)

And as the much lovid Shore we near, With transport we beheld the root Where dwelt a Friend or Partner dear, Of faith and love a matchless proof: The lead once more the Seaman flung, And to the watchful Pilot sung, Quarter less—Five.

