

He heard the whispered sigh,  
He heard the maddening cry,  
He waited not in parting  
But bid me fond good-bye.  
My word now back I send,  
As to a kind, dear friend  
Is that my all, my treasure,  
All my joy and pleasure  
Is in Thy battle-line  
Braving tide and time.

Britannia.

My heart tho' streaming  
With its death-like struggle  
Which round enfolds,  
Is soothed from half its trouble  
By truly, noble souls.  
Bulwarks of my kingdom,  
All praise be thine  
Duty crowned with patriot's love-light  
Shall remain a diadem;  
And the honour of our homeland  
Ever bright and fair shall be;  
When our heroes, home returning  
Freedom gained, our loved flag free.