

Imperial Greece, nor haughty Rome,
 Claimed empire half so splendid ;
Of truth and equity the home,
 Of love and valor blended.
The sun ne'er sets upon the plains
 Whereon thy standard's planted ;
Isle answers Isle in loyal strains,
 From British hearts undaunted,
 Then here's to Britain's loyal sons,
 Aye first in freedom's tussle ;
 For ever wed, in heart and head,
 The Shamrock, Rose and Thistle.

The crushed and feeble turn to thee,
 As to their grand protector ;
And at thy word the dastards flee—
 The tyrant and subjector.
The fetter's clank, and dungeon's wail,
 And fierce oppression's leer,
Before the Royal Lion quail,
 And flee like frightened deer.
 Then here's to Britain's loyal sons,
 Aye first in freedom's tussle ;
 For ever wed, in heart and head,
 The Shamrock, Rose and Thistle.

The ocean owns thy sovereign sway
 In every known relation,
E'er since thy children crushed that day
 The Spanish proud invasion.
And oft since then have British guns
 Their voice of vict'ry thundered ;
As o'er the deep, the good ships sweep,
 And all the world has wondered.
 Then here's to Britain's loyal sons,
 Aye first in freedom's tussle ;
 For ever wed, in heart and head,
 The Shamrock, Rose and Thistle.

O'er all the earth, from zone to zone,
 Thy children shout together—
" Three loyal cheers for Britain's throne !
 Its glory fade shall never.
And three times three to her who sits
 Upon its sure foundation,
May heaven attend, and still extend,
 An undivided nation."
 Then here's to Britain's loyal sons,
 Aye first in freedom's tussle ;
 For ever wed, in heart and head,
 The Shamrock, Rose and Thistle.