

**F**ESQUIMALT! in thy rocky lair,  
Sound though he sleep, what power shall dare  
Question the Lion's presence there?  
Uprising from his fortress caves,  
If he but thunder o'er the waves,  
Mid shot and shell and canon's roar,  
Awe wakes the world on sea and shore.  
Under his red-cross flag and crest,  
Long may the lordly Lion rest,  
Tried guardian of our East and West.

Beneath his banner broad unfurled,  
Canadians with him front the world.