

Brave Gauls, ye are sons of the heroes who trod
 Victorious through Europe in yore ;
 Your ancestors fought for the hill of our God.

And dyed it with Infidel gore,
 Then haste to the onset, fame follows your path,
 Your Eagle the despot disarms ;
 Moscow be your war-cry, and victory or death,
 To arms, bravest Gauls, then to arms.

And Britain, tho' far from thy mountains I roam,
 Tho' an exile 'mong strangers I pine,
 Thou still art my country, thou still art my home,
 And thy welfare shall ever be mine,
 May the LILY, ROSE, THISTLE, and SHAMROCK, long
 twine,

Their laurels, midst war's dread alarms,
 May friendship and love reign in every line,
 To arms, GAUL and BRITON, to arms.