

On, on, the stubborn foe in flight they press
O'er river-drift and rock-bound wilderness ;
'Mid bursting shell and deadly bullet sting,
They hear the rushing wind of Azrael's wing

Unflinching, for they hold the soldier's creed,
"Not years we live in, but heroic deed,"
Yet must we mourn the sons who sleep afar,
Though wrapped in honour, 'neath the Southern Star.

Their names are sounded in the triumph-song,
To live remembered, long as time is long.
Our high acclaim perchance afar they hear
In air-borne echoes waved from sphere to sphere.

For now, brave Keepers of our Faith ! ye come,
Amid the trumpet blare, the roll of drum ;
With cheers that thunder through the cannon's roar,
The Nation greets her heroes to her shore.