

On British soil, his constant care.
Hail! Hail! Hail! Britannia!
Living long, but ever young;
On the waters of all oceans
To the breeze thy flag is flung.

The earth around the sun careers,
Its sounds commingled sunward float;
Amid them all he ever hears
The British bugle's thrilling note.
Each land, in turn, doth greet his light
At daybreak with the beat of drum;
The British drum-beat has no night,
Its echoes to him ever come.
Hail! Hail! Hail! Britannia!
Thou art in the front of time;
And the sunlight sheds its glory
On thy sons in every clime.

May Britain's children never weep
Beside their fallen country's grave!
May British songs of gladness sweep
Around the earth, a swelling wave!
A host of loyal Britons now
Their king with joyous greetings hail:
Long live the crown upon his brow,
And never may its glory pale!
Hail! Hail! Hail! Britannia!
May composure mark thy mien;
'Mid the tumults of the nations,
May thou ever sit serene.

All hail the glad, auspicious day
That marks King Edward's budding reign!
All hail the light of freedom's ray
That gladdens Britain's vast domain!
From peaceful lands, from smiling seas
Deep orisons to Heaven rise!
A million anthems laude the breeze,
And sweep in concert to the skies.
Hail! Hail! Hail! Britannia!
Glorify the Lord of Hosts;
Every nation falls in ruin,
That its own achievement boasts.