

## **To the First Contingent**

WE send you forth, oh brave, devoted band,  
With deafening cheer and high uplifted hand,  
And tears that mingle with a nation's pride,  
That gives her best to fight at England's side.

We send you forth to keep what England won  
For all who wear the title of a son,  
What now she battles for beyond the sea,  
The Briton's right and broad humanity.

We send you forth beneath the Triune Cross,  
The Victor's sign of triumph won through loss.  
In loyal fealty you bravely stand,  
To live or die for Queen and Motherland.