

No braver on this earth of ours, no matter where you go,
 Then they whose boast was aye to bear the battle's sternest blow;
 No braver than that gallant host, who wait with hearts of fire
 To bridle with an iron bit the Muscovite's desire.
 Ho! gallant hearts, remember well the glories of the past,
 And answer with your island shout the Russian's trumpet-blast;
 Ho! gallant hearts, together stand, and who shall dare molest,
 The bristling hem of battle's robe, the Islesmen of the West?

Brave are the chivalry of France as ever reined a steed,
 Or wrung from out the jaws of death some bold heroic deed;
 A hundred fields have proved it well from Neva to the Po.
 When kings have knelt to kiss the hand that smote their souls with wo.
 And worthy are the sons to-day of that old Titan breed,
 Who spoke in thunders to the Earth that glory was their creed;
 Ay, worthy are the sons of France, in valour's lap caress'd,
 To-night beside their foes of old, the Islesmen of the West.

Oh, England! in your proudest time you ne'er saw such a sight,
 As when you flung your gauntlet down to battle for the right;
 What are the Seindian plains to us, the wild Caffrarian kloof,
 That glory may be bought too dear that brings a world's reproof!
 The brightest deed of glory is to help the poor and weak,
 And shield from the oppressor's grasp the lowly and the meek;
 And that thou'lt do—for never yet you raised your lion crest,
 But victory has blest your sons, the Islesmen of the West.

Who are those haughty Islesmen now who hold the keys of earth,
 And plant beside the Crescent moon the banner of their birth?
 Who are those scarlet ranks that pass the Frenchman and the Turk,
 With lightsome step and gladsome hearts, like reapers to their work?
 The sons of Merry England they, reared in her fertile lands,
 From Michael's Mount to stout Carlisle, from Thames to Mersey's sands;
 From every corner of the isle where valour was the guest,
 That cradled in the freeman's shield the Islesmen of the West.

The stormers of the breach pass on, the daring sons of Eire,
 Light-hearted in the bayonet-strife as in the country fair;
 The mountaineer who woke the lark on Tipperary's hills,
 And he who kiss'd his sweetheart last by Shannon's silver rills.
 The "Rangers" of our western land who own that battle-shout,
 That brings the "Fag-an-bealag" blow, and seals the carnage rout;
 Those septa of our old Celtic land, who stand with death abreast,
 And prove how glorious is the fame of Islesmen of the West.

The tartan plaid and waving plume, the bare and brawny knee,
 Whose proudest bend is when it kneels to front an enemy;
 The pulse of battle beating fast in every pibroch swell—
 Oh, God assolize them who hear their highland battle yell.
 Those Campbell and those Gordon men, who fight for "auld lang syne,"
 And bring old Scotland's broadsword through the proudest battle line;
 You have done it oft before, old hearts, when fronted by the best,
 And where's the serf to-day dare stand those Islesmen of the West?