

There is no mountain too high,
No vale too low,
But add their sigh
To our vast of woe !

But, hark, to the insistent drum !
In the purple, twilighted streets ;
And the doleful reeds and brasses,—
Music's wail !
Soul of the waves of sorrow,
That are always astir,
Never at rest,
Never still,
On any to-day,
(Only to-morrow).
For you and me,
On life's troubled sea !

Lo, they come !
See, flashing bright
The glistening silver and gold !—
Stars that spangle the night,
The black and purple night
All around.
Behold !
Her brave defenders come,—
Her boys !
Khaki and scarlet and blue,
Loyal and tried and true,