

His load-star is ever the good of his kind,
 A patriot pure, single-hearted and *great*,
 No thought of emolument hampers his mind
 While giving his life to the labors of state.

Then who need have a fear for this Old Countrie
 While wise are her councillors, just are her laws;
 See Sepoy and Sikh, and the lordly Parsee,
 Her once bitter enemies, fight in her cause.

And what though I may sigh for the Old Countrie
 That I'm discontented, let no one infer,
 I've daughters and sons in this good colony,
 And they honor this shattered old pensioner.

And we're all thrifty shoots of the Old Oak Tree,
 And far beyond doubt is our loyalty,
 Right proud of the grand old trunk are we
 And ready to fight for the Old Countrie.