

In old Devon she is sleeping,  
Close beside the rock-bound sea;  
You must just excuse my weeping,  
For so much comes back to me.

As I hear again the rattle  
Of the drumbeat call her sons,  
Yes! and grandsons to the battle,  
To defeat the savage Huns.

When the war is o'er, I'll greet them  
Proudly if they are alive.  
Hopefully, I'll wait to meet them;  
God protect my valiant five!

They have gone for England's glory,  
Gallant five, across the sea.  
And I know they'll carve a story  
That will bring no shame to me.

So, although my eyes are shedding  
Teardrops, they are grateful tears;  
In my heart there is no dreading,  
It is beating hopes, not fears.