

The foe with their weapons
 And banners unfurl'd,
 Came forth like that hero
 Who conquer'd the world ;
 But heroes to cowards
 Were quickly transform'd,
 Who fled from the bulwarks
 That were to be storm'd.
 A glimpse of the *scarlet*
 Soon dazzled the *green*,
 Whose *shadow* departed
 When *substance* was seen.
 The arms of our heroes
 Were powerful and brave,
 But the hand of Jehovah
 Was mighty to save.

Chorus—In triumph of victory, &c.

Our nation is mighty,
 Our soldiers are brave,
 Our banners with vict'ry
 Exultingly wave,
 The voice of our nation
 Triumphantly cheers,
 Inwreathing with glory
 Our brave volunteers.
 But let us remember,
 When triumphs we raise,
 That God for His goodness
 Is worthy of praise :
 The arm of Jehovah
 Directed the blow,
 Which gave us the vict'ry,
 And scatter'd our foe.

Chorus—In triumph of vict'ry, &c.