

At last we hear the bugle call
Through British isles both far and near.
Will our great nation stand or fall—
The home we hold on earth so dear?

Men and women to attention,
Would you slay your Motherland
Through your wilful detention
Of your time, and wealth, and hand?

Stand with your armour girded ready
In righteous wrath beside your King,
March with steps both firm and steady
When the battle cry shall ring.

Britain now and Britain ever
Should be the cry of every heart,
Let no foe seek our bonds to sever
Or of our Homeland share a part.

United Britain's subjects, stand
With loyal hearts and willing hand
To save their Empire from defeat
Which in Heaven's sight is just and meet.