

The flag, which doth Oppression scorn,
And Tyranny put down,
And proudly Victory's brows adorn
With Glory's burnished crown;

Which flew, when Nelson, without fear,
The lurking foe to meet,
Did bravely enter Aboukir
With his victorious fleet;

Which soared on high with victory flushed
As closed that dreadful day,
When Napoleon's pride was crushed
In Waterloo's bloody fray;

Which waved when he, at England's feet
Her mercies to implore,
Her haughty flag did humbly greet
On Saint Helena's shore.

Then fly and flaunt thy colors three,—
The red, the white, the blue,—
Emblem of might and liberty,
To thee I'm always true!

All Britons free, where'er they roam,
Must ever welcome back
The flag which speaks to them of home,
Their glorious Union Jack.