

On sea, on land, the thund'ring gun
Told where their noble work was done ;
The broad, calm heaven reveal'd the blaze
Of conquer'd cities to the gaze.

Soldiers of France, your praise shall ring
Through the wide world ! each tongue shall sing
Of England's valour !—nobly blest,
A shield of nations,—glorious crest !

Sebastopol ! the Russians' pride,
England and France its spoil divide ;
And loud the Black Sea's moaning wave
Echoes above the war-ships' grave.

Let us rejoice that o'er the main
The allied fleet alone shall reign ;
The allied armies too shall spread
Protection o'er the feeble head.

Down with all tyrants ! Rise and reign,
Justice and Peace, o'er land and main !
And sacred truth in power be shown
Where'er the conqu'ring arm is thrown.

God save the Queen ! and may the hand
So firm, so valiant, in command,
Soothe the sad hearts that now must mourn
For those who never will return.