

BRITAIN THE MIGHTY.

HARK to the shout again.
Flung back from kop to fen:
Tryanny trembles
Ever she sends more men,
Britain the mighty !
Terror of criminals

Under our flag they fall,
They who obey her call,
Sons of the Empire.
True soldiers one and all.
Britain the mighty !
Mistress of armies.

Friends bleeding, foemen dead,
Bravely we forge ahead,
Letting the light in.
Dark is the path we tread,
Britain the mighty !
Champion of freedom.

Great as thou art in war,
Peace proves the mightier,
True colonizer.
Queen of both sea and shore,
Britain the mighty !
Mother of nations.

When hate's subsiding blast
Blows the last war-cloud past,
True fostermother;
Rule as thou ever hast,
Britain the mighty ?
Our Great Britain