

The loud huzza and manly cheer
Proclaim the Saxon warrior near ;
His is no soul for doubt or fear,
 When honor calls ;
Nor cannon's roar nor flashing spear
 His heart appalls.

And where the pibroch proudly swells,
Thrilling each heart where Scotia dwells,
The nodding plume the story tells
 Of love supreme,
And blood that flowed like mountain wells
 For Scotland's Queen.

Our broadsides thund'ring o'er the deep,
Where England's navies proudly sweep,
And belching guns from lofty steep,
 Flash forth her fame,
And British hearts shall sacred keep
 Victoria's name.

But as the lyre Anacreon strung
Left grand heroic deeds unsung,
And still to love's sweet murmurs clung,
 With echoing string ;
The pageant past—the pæans rung—
 “ Sweet home ” we sing.