



**D**RINK to the knights of old!  
 Tales of their might be told,  
 Now as in days of yore :  
 Drink to the sea-dogs grim !  
 Who to the wide world's rim,  
 Dauntless their banners bore.

Heirs of the blood are we,  
 Fearless as they, and free,  
 Ready to right the wrong ;  
 Aye—when a tyrant hand  
 Falls on a British land  
 —Ready to strike, and strong !

