

"Hurrah," they cry while yet more high the wild carousal grows,
 And the waves above them roar and shout as a strong Nor' Easter blows,
 "Though we are dead yet on ~~her~~ her head the Norseman's glories shine,
 "And as her slaves she rules the waves, this Princess of our line."

"Far o'er the Northern Ocean a thousand years ago,
 "We sailed in our 'Sea Dragons' nor feared a mortal foe,
 "But our sons to-day surpass us, for their meteor flag unfurled,
 "Like a ray of light, it flashes bright, in triumph round the world."

Then from the Past and Present the Vikings turn their eyes,
 And gaze into the Future with triumph and surpris; Hail
 Once more their joyous laughter shakes the Valhalla's hall—
 Once more the waves are roaring, responsive to their call.

"Hurrah," they cry, and round the board cluster the weird band;
 "Hurrah," once more, and high aloft is raised each shadowy hand;
 "Down through long future ages, Bri'annia's sons we see,
 "Still hold against all comers the Empire of the Sea!"

"Worthy are they to bear the flag that once their fathers bore—
 Worthy are they the Ocean realm they won in days of yore,
 When o'er the crested waters the praise of Odin rang,
 And peans wild of Victory the Scandinavians sang!"

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A sweeter and a purer song sing the Sea Kings of to-day,
 Which speaks of Peace and Fellowship to the nations far away;
 And Britain's Queen, the "Peacemaker," from her fair Island throne,
 Bids lawless Might succumb to Right, and the world her power own!

But while one drop of old Norse blood still courses through our veins—
 Long as the Norseman's proud "Hurrah," our battle cry remains—
 On land or sea, where'er it be, shall Britain's sons be seen,
 Ready at need to fight and bleed, or die for Britain's Queen.