

Right in the teeth of hell
Shoulder to shoulder,
Red Rose and Shamrock press!
Which is the bolder?

Now the palm shows its plume,
By the Australian,
Watch while he closes in,
This is no alien.

These are strong sons who stand
Guarding the portal
Of the old mother land.
Crown them immortal.

Love by their graves shall weep
Forgetting never.
Light on their graves shall fall
Ever and ever.