

There are men, across the blue,  
Who are noble-hearted, true,  
Who are heroes. What are you?  
They are holding up the flag  
For they know it must not drag  
And they're dying gladly for it.  
Noble lads!

There are men, in pain and sorrow,  
Who will look on no to-morrow;  
Who are heroes. What are you?  
They have broken the barriers down,  
While their comrades still fight on,  
And they're dying gladly for it.  
Noble lads!

There are men, with upturned faces  
Who have run in life's last races;  
Who are heroes. What are you?  
They have fought for freedom's glory,  
They have bled for love's sweet story,  
And they're spirits soaring o'er it.  
Noble lads!