

Lo! what lightnings flash round the inflexible oak,
 The Heroes of Britain still arduous assuming,
 Avert from her emblem the treacherous stroke,
 And preserve as they found it eternally blooming.
 Ye Freemen stand true, to the storm no compliance,
 Be Britons, and bid the usurper defiance,
 From pole unto pole, bid your thunders to roll,
 And Freedom redeem ere she basely expire,
 Or Sacrifice all for your King, and your Sire.

Ye subjects of Britain o'er whatever Zone,
 At the Moment of danger be nigh to his Throne,
 By Ganges or Lawrence, from centre to Pole;
 Be Freedom your Theme, at each distant extreme,
 Let Loyalty thrill through each true Britons soul.

And you amongst whom is unravelled my lay,
 Shall my strains an ungen'rous suspicion disclose?
 Accurst be the muse that a doubt could betray,
 Of a People who fought and defeated his foes,
 Ye Freeborn of Lawrence awake at the name,
 With Britain we move in the sphere of her fame,
 Then nobly stand fast, to encounter the blast
 And contribute to save her ere Freedom expire,
 Or sacrifice all for your King and your Sire.