

What matters our travels by land or by sea,
Though varied the climes and the faces we meet,
That brave little isle is sufficient for me.
With its proud stalwart men and its maidens sweet.

Oh! my heart, it goes back to the Old Countrie,
'Tis the head of the nations, the pride of the earth,
Like some beautiful dream of the bright blue sea,
This proud home of honor, affection and mirth.

When demagogues, rising in transient might,
Decree'd that her standard dishonor'd should be,
When sharp every Briton stripped off for the fight,
This shout from her children went over the sea.

We're a trusty branch of the Old Oak Tree,
With none of your Brummagem loyalty,
And we're proud of the grand old trunk, you see,
And ready to fight for the Old Countrie.