

" Bright he cast his glances o'er us,
" Bright he waved his sword on high;
" On! Coimbra falls before us—
" God, San Jago be your cry."

" Wail, Coimbra; crime unmeasured
" In thy ruin meets its fate.
" Retribution long uptreasured
" Now hath laid thee desolate.

" See! Two garlands freshly breathing
" Home we bring with hearts elate;
" PEACE be ours, while GLORY's wreathing
" To our God we consecrate.

" Upward may San Jago bear it
" At his Master's Feet to lay.
" Glory's garland, who shall wear it?
" He Whose Word is Victory."