## The British Bayonet.\*



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3. And shall heart of Saxon quail,
Or with coward fear grow pale,
If from Cherbourg's frowning bastions,
Belch out seas of leaden hail?
No, invasion cannot fret,
While she breathes will England set
The whole world at defiance,
With the British Bayonet!
The British Bayonet! &c.

4. Though the Sons of Tamerlane
Swarm on India's seething plain,
And in countless hordes surround us,
We will fight,—and not in vain!
Soon we'll dye their skins of jet!
When with teeth and sinew set,
We exterminate the traitors
With the British Bayonet! &c.