

Waiting the blood-red setting of our star ;  
 But ere her proud lips deigned to whisper,  
     "Come,"  
 From all earth's quarters—north, south, east,  
     and west,  
 The Eaglets gathered round the Eagle's nest.'

*Imperial Federation*

'Ay! fly the dear old Flag—let trumpets  
     sound!  
 Those who would crush the rose, have clasped  
     its thorn;  
 They came to break; and but more surely  
     bound—  
 To slay, and saw a Greater Britain born,  
 Whose boast is this—all ancient boasts above—  
 Stronger than swords of steel are bonds of  
     love.'