

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.'