

GREAT MOTHERLAND.

All Honor Thee.

Thy giant strength and stable mind
Confirmed the wavering and inspired the weak.
Thy dreadnaughts, all the oceans lined.
Their thundering voices shook the alien hills
And echoed on from peak to farther peak.

Thou land of many mingled races,
Nurtured ~~by~~ wild encircling seas,
Or bred among thine oaken trees,
On moors, in fens or mountain places.

misdet

There—stalwart Gael and fiery Celt,
In lawless freedom long had dwelt,
Till Roman Legions drilled and led,
By Caesar's captains, overspread.
And with persistent, patient hand
Established order in the land.

Then,—Saxons, Jutes, and Danes contended,
Until their children's offspring blended,
But Latin-French, by Normans led,
O'erthrew the ruder Saxon head,
On Hastings' fateful field.

When,—warring Earls by stern command
Were tamed, and made to till the land.
Though harshly firm, the conqueror's rule
Maintained its mastering training school,
Till racial hatreds healed.

Relieved from internecine strife,
With Peace, advanced the Nation's life,
Till vaunting kings of Norman line
Assumed to rule by "right Divine."
But Freeman meeting, mailed and armed
Compelled their despot Lord, alarmed,
To sign the "Charter," which is still,
A triumph of the Nation's will.