

And they from their blood-bonds turning,
As a son with man-like pride
Will turn from his father's roof-tree
And cleave to a stranger bride.

But the century pine though changing
Is surely a pine tree still ;
And the sprout of the dying acorn
The life of an oak must fill.

So these of my sons who follow,
Who spring from our primal seed
Must move with their inborn instincts
That course in their blood and breed.

And here on my misty coastlands
They gathered them face to face,
And whispered their ancient legends
The threads that have knit their race ;

They talked of them long together
In village and greenwood glade,
The things that were dreamed by Arthur,
The laws that our Alfred made;

The creed of the saintly Edward
Grown broader beyond the flood;
The deeds of the Lion-hearted,
Though his were but deeds of blood;

The lays of the Ayrshire plowman
The Lark that was "made to mourn,"
The tales of our household Shakespeare
An English of England born.

These stirred in their blood and leavened
Their thoughts when their lips were dumb ;
Like a still, small voice in their brooding
That whispered of things to come.