

CROWNING OF EMPIRE

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Yea, would I rather raise prophetic voice,
Amid this majesty and high acclaim,
This vast supreme laudation of a world,
To warn this greatness 'gainst her possible doom,
Lest tranced in dreams of far, earth-circling rule,
Her very vastness, wide, imperial power,
Do house a frailty that may thrust her down,
Crushed in ruin wide by her immense
Titan-like shoulders, whereon heavy, outspread,
God-like Responsibility ever broods,
Pondering on the miseries of this world.

Iron-welded, O my people, Saxon, Celt,
Victorious Northmen, strenuous, masterful,
Not to be strangled in time's ocean flood,
Sucked down in vortex of old ruin dire,
But to remain, contend, depose and rule,
Till earth's white morn outflames her latest night,
And freedom breaks in gold about the world.

This thine old spirit, mighty, undismayed,
High, self-sustaining, individual, free,
Protesting ever, fronting creeds of dark,
Denouncing ever the old despotic lie,
Rending the veils of doubt 'twixt God and man,
Reading the morning in the ancient stars,
And the mind's vastness in the spirit's wars.

From London's smoke of commerce blackening down,
Her mighty abbeys and her centuried town,
Her million toilers and her master minds,
Her fleets of commerce swept to every wind,
Whence went her myriads who in shores remote
Rebuilt her greatness, echoed her vast heart,
World-throbbing in its grim immensity,