

THE BREED

(A Song of the Brand)

*They who bear the brand of the lonely land
Must follow its lonely way
Through the long, long night, till the dawning light
Shall herald the break of day.
Cross the Arctic snows, where the north wind blows,
Or parched 'neath a burning sky,
To a call that was theirs since creation
They answer and know not why.*

I chain with the fetters that bind the soul,
I link with the links of time
And speak ere the cradle shall yield its child;
I claim thee and thou art mine.
From palatial pomp to the reeking slum,
Midst classes and kinds I roam.
And I trust to their keeping mine honour,
Midst trails of the great alone.

How they smile with joy o'er the baby boy,
And plan him a future grand.
But I watch unseen, as I stand between,
To letter him with the brand.