

RHYMES OF A HUT-DWELLER.

THE EMPIRE.

Albert Wm. Drummond.

What hast thou done, great Empire,
That bound thy sons to thee?
From North, from South, from East and West,
From lands far o'er the sea,
They rallied at thy bidding,
But not for thee alone,
But for ravaged lands despoiled by sword,
Did they make proud might atone.
Deeds hast thou done, great Empire,
And we blush to tell the tale;
Deeds hast thou done, great Empire,
And with pride our bosoms swell.
The noblest deed of the ages,
Recorded in years to be,
That thou drew thy sword for a land laid low,
And to set a people free.