

For domination over brown allies  
 Who'd served them faithfully, for Freedom's prize;  
 We saw the solid English slowly worked  
 Against their nature, to a war that irked  
 Their inward, temperate sense that, largely, right  
 Lay with the freemen whom they wrought to fight;—  
 And many and many a woful slaughter more  
 Must Truth lay at the Homogeneous door."

"Count up the dead by fever, shot and shell,  
 Count up the cripples, count all tears that fell,  
 Count up the orphan children of the strife,  
 Count the long-yearning heart of parent, wife,  
 Count the vast treasure, count the labour's waste,  
 Count all the cost of passion's headlong haste,  
 And then you'll know what *solid* Nation's pay  
 When common impulse sweeps good sense away,  
 Flushing the millions madly all at once  
 With *Wisdom down and up the truculent Dunce!*"

"Give me to live where public matters wait  
 The careful issue of the long debate,  
 Where steady champions of divergent creeds  
 And differing races urge their various needs,  
 Where naught of serious consequence is done  
 Unless approved as fraught with wrong to none,  
 Where every honest man of every kind  
 (Though momentary party passion blind)  
 Shall know full well, within his secret heart,  
 The adopted course is common-sense's part,  
 Expedient in its time, and therefore sound  
 For all alike within the Nation's bound."

"In such a land, though many a year we go  
 So patient-cautious, neighbours call us slow,  
 We shun the abyss, we move by Reason's light,  
 We march as brothers, and we climb the height  
 Where yet our flag shall gently be unfurled