

Blow on us, Breath of the pitiless passion that pulses and throbs in the heart of the sea!

Smite on us, Wind of the night-hidden Arctic! Breathe on us, Breath of the languorous South!

Here, where ye gather to conflict and triumph, men shall have manhood, Man shall be free;

Here hath he shattered the yoke of the tyrant; free as the winds are the words of his mouth.

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Voice of the infinite solitude, speak to us! Speak to us, Voice of the mountain and plain!

Give us the dreams which the lakes are dreaming—lakes with bosoms all white in the dawn;

Give us the thoughts of the deep-browed mountains, thoughts that will make us as gods to reign;

Give us the calm that is pregnant with action—calm of the hills when night is withdrawn.

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Brothers, who crowd to the golden portals—portals which God has opened wide—

Shake off the dust from your feet as ye enter; gird up your loins, and pass within;

Cringing to no man, go in as brothers; mount up to kingship, side by side:

Night is behind us, Day is before us, victories wait us, heights are to win.

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God, then, uplift us! God, then, uphold us! Great God, throw wider the bounds of Man's thought!

Gnaws at our heart-strings the hunger for action; burns like a desert the thirst in our soul:

Give us the gold of a steadfast endeavour; give us the heights which our fathers have sought:

Though we start last in the race of the Nations, give us the power to be first at the goal.

FREDERICK GEORGE SCOTT.