



IN that far time, when Rome's proud eagle shone  
On Dover's cliffs, two thousand years ago,  
Britannia, roused by Caesar's trumpet blast,  
Flung back the mantle of her savage past ;—  
Embraced her destiny, and evermore,  
In storm or calm, in peace or battle's roar,  
The path of empire trod. The Saxon arm,  
The Norman art, the subtle Celtic charm,  
In age-long strife conjoined, refined, annealed,  
Were hers to mould, were hers in might to wield  
—And ever on, resistless, hold their way  
From yonder dawn to this refulgent day.  
Rome ruled the olden world, but nevermore  
Her golden eagle shines on sea or shore ;  
While she whose slumbering soul great Caesar woke,  
Whose neck was bowed beneath the Roman yoke  
—Britannia—flings her banners to the breeze,  
The proudest earthly realm, the mistress of the seas !