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*For the Motherland*

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South Afrie's skies have changed their hue  
Once warring red, now pceeful blue;  
From ashes' bed wakes nation true.  
True to the Motherland!

The dream fulfilled of one whose soul  
Was f: . of love for Empire whole,  
But, s ed by death, he paid the toll  
For the dear old Motherland.

Let no racial discori drown  
The Nation's spirit deeply sown  
(Like Empire gems in Empire's Crown),  
For the dear old Motherland.

"Who glories in the lion's might"  
Save lion whelps who have that right!  
Let those beware who want to fight!  
The dear old Motherland.

Hail! Empire of the sunlit strands,  
Hail! Nations each with loyal bands,  
Hail! Realm where forceful Justice stands,  
God bless the dear old Motherland!