

One common dream of liberty and rule,
Do come together, one imperial whole,
In world-wide common amity of blood,
And equal vision, nursing one high resolve
Not to be crushed by this ignoble day,
Where many voices jargon many tongues,
And hatreds foiled, and superstitions dire,
Cloaked in poor freedom's many-chequered garb,
Do crouch and snarl and wait to strike thee down.

In this auspicious, high imperial June,
This month of summer yearning to his tide,
And all divine emotions of the year,
'Tis meet that in that centre of world-force,
That arbiter of destinies obscure,
Where all the glowing, blossoming Junes do meet,
Of world-ambitions, on whose golden reefs
Do break the mighty beatings of the world,
That there from whence her myriad sons went out,
To build, to fight, to conquer or repel,
Back to her strength her conquering sons return.

From all those lands of alien summers and suns,
Of winters and despairings nobly met,
Her hosts of children now return once more,
Her wide imperial hosts, with symbols dear,
Of silvern links of blood and golden speech,
To crown her empire when she crowns her king.
Not mine to praise where many falsely laud,
And in high-sounding numbers ape the strain
Of some divine Apollo; rather my task
Of admonition to those, loyal, who read
Impending danger yet are wisely strong;
Who in the sunlight know the black'ning storm,
And build the safety 'gainst the coming ill.