

The Lion's Brood

(Donald A. Fraser, Victoria.)

Far-scattered 'round the world-rim,
The Lion's brood lay sleeping;
But the Lion Queen on her rock was seen,
A quiet vigil keeping.

And as she gazed o'er the ocean,
In the summer sunshine gleaming,
On the breeze afar came the scent of war,
And the sound of an Eagle screaming.

She rose on her sturdy haunches,
And fire from her eye was flashing;
Gave a mighty roar that re-echoed o'er
The waves 'round her seaboard dashing.

Then faint in the far, dim distance,
Came sounds like increasing thunder,
As the Lion's brood rushed to where she stood,
All ready for prey or plunder.

"Mother," they cry, "we answer.
We heed your slightest beckon;
Who angers you, insults us too,
And has with us to reckon."

"Blood of your blood is tingling;
Bone of your bone appealing.
With the greater need, then with greater speed
We come, though the earth be reeling."

Hurrah! for the Lions' Empire,
On Love and Honour grounded;
For danger's hour but swells her power,
And the world stands by confounded.