



H Motherland! who, tearful, gave
Thy sons and daughters, leaving thee
For lands afar,
The Book of hope, inspiring, free,
A light beyond the blinding wave,
Their guiding star.

Britannia, mother of the free,
Ancestral home and ethic school
Of influence rare,
Imperial, democratic rule—
What shall we render unto thee
For all thy care?

The captive Jew, by Babel's stream,
The curse invoked with quenchless will,
In fealty grand—
That his right hand might lose her skill,
If he forgot his people's dream—
Their hallowed land.