

O East they go and West they go, and never can they bide,
 For the longing that is in them, and the whisper at their side !
 They may 'stablish hearth and home,
 But the sons will forth and roam,
 As their fathers did before them, across the hollow foam,
 Till strange lands lift to greet them at the edges of the tide.

They have visions of a country that sorrow never knew ;
 They have rumours of a region where the heart has naught to rue :
 And never will they rest
 Till they reach the fabled West,
 That is charted, dim but certain, in the Volume of the Breast,
 And for ever they are dreamers who make the dream come true.

In the North they are far forward, in the South they have begun,
 The English of three continents who take their rule from none,
 But follow on the gleam
 Of an ancient, splendid dream,
 That has manhood for its fabric, perfection for its theme—
 With freedom for its morning-star, and knowledge for its sun.

And slowly, very slowly, the gorgeous dream grows bright,
 Where rise the four Democracies of Anglo-Saxon might ;
 The Republic, fair, alone ;
 The Commonwealth new-grown ;
 The proud, reserved Dominion with a story of her own ;
 And One that shall emerge at length from travail, war, and blight.

O doubt not, wrong, oppression, and violence, and tears,
 The ignorance and anguish and folly of the years,
 Mu t pass and leave a mind
 More sane, a soul more kind,
 And the slow ages shall evolve a loftier mankind,
 When over lust and carnage the great white peace appears.

For surely, very surely, will come the Prince of Peace
 To still the shrieking shrapnel and bid the Maxims cease—
 Not as invaders come
 With gun-wheel and with drum,
 But with the tranquil joyance of lovers going home
 Through the scented summer twilight, when the spirit has release.

By sea and plain and mountain will spread the larger creed—
 The love that knows no border, the bond that knows no breed ;
 For the little word of right
 Must grow with truth and might,
 Till monster-hearted Mammon and his sycophants take flight,
 And vex the world no longer with rapine and with greed.

O England, little mother by the sleepless Northern tide,
 Having bred so many nations to devotion, trust, and pride,
 Very tenderly we turn
 With willing hearts that yearn
 Still to love you and defend you,—let the sons of men discern
 Wherein your right and title, might and majesty reside.

O Sir, no empty rumour comes up the earth to-day
 From the kindred and the peoples and the tribes a world away :
 For they know the Law will hold
 And be equal as of old,
 With conscience never questioned and justice never sold,
 And beneath the form and letter the spirit will have play.

When you hear the princely concourse take up the word and sing,
 And the Abbey of our fathers with acclamations ring,
 Know well that, true and free,
 By the changeless heart's decree,
 On all the winds of heaven and the currents of the sea
 From the verges of the Empire will come, "God save the King!"