



Where all a continent is Britain's own;  
 And there, as here, the common mother-tongue  
 Resounded, and the Saxon face revealed  
 The presence of a great imperial race.  
 And so I mused, the while we onward sped,  
 And dreamt a dream of empire; free, yet one  
 In commerce as in kinship.  
 The spirit of the mountains filled my soul  
 And made me strong to hope. For who could gaze  
 On such a scene of majesty as this,  
 And not receive within his inmost breast  
 Some thrill of that serener influence  
 That from these solemn sanctuaries breathes?

And so at length we came unto the Plain,  
 That wondrous plain, of which our ears had heard,  
 And doubted as they heard; so fabulous  
 And so incredible had seemed the tale.  
 But now that we beheld it with our eyes  
 In all its bright reality, we knew  
 (Like that renowned queen of ancient days)  
 That all was true, though half had not been told.  
 For here at last, in splendour visible  
 And unimagined, stretched the Plain to view,  
 A panorama, vast, illimitable,  
 A rolling ocean of fertility,  
 To gladden and amaze the mind of man.  
 Full many a wondrous and majestic scene,  
 But lately viewed, still lingered in our hearts;  
 But this for wonder far surpassed them all.  
 For no such plain as this, so infinite,  
 So bless'd with Plenty's overflowing horn,

