

As a lonely hero can,
With a prayer, that, in her greatness,
She be loyal to a man.

On the Karoo, in the Kranzes,
On the lone Matoppo heights,
Where the flower of Britain resteth
After many valiant fights,
Rise the voices of the Empire,
Richer than the glowing words,
And the cadence of the choir,
And the music it accords.

In the island of Samoa
Where the sea-winds rise and fall,
Sleeps a patriot son of Britain
In a kingly Taj Mahal,
With the azure sky o'erbending
In a vast, unbroken sheet,
And the great, unfettered ocean
Falling constant at his feet.

Is your mind aflame for valour?
Is your heart deep-set on glory?
Why unearth the old-world ages
With their almost-fabled story?
When our soldiers and our sailors