

## AN EMPIRE'S PRAYER



Great God of Battles, in whose hand  
The issues are of death and life,  
We dare to lift our hearts to Thee  
For guidance in this hour of strife:  
This awful hour with anguish rife!

Our faith is strong, that to our arms  
Vict'ry must come or soon or late;  
Since pure and high our motive is  
Take from our hearts all venom'd hate,  
Make Thou the Empire truly great!

Strong to take arms for those oppressed;  
Strong to keep faith where honor grips;  
Strong in her "hearts of oak" who hold  
The "King's Highway" in Britain's ships  
And die with "England" on their lips.

The spirits of the mighty dead  
Are round us—Nelson points the way;  
And as the nation's annals read  
In those brave days, they read to-day;  
But oh the price! the price we pay!

We pay the price, and what the need?  
Not to enlarge the Empire's might—  
But for a weaker brother's need  
For Honor, Liberty and Right;  
These are the things for which we fight!