

CROWNING OF EMPIRE

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With all her mighty dead who died,
Will write their names forever;

Great, with the great of victories won
From Waterloo's red lava,
To that famed line that thundered on
To death at Balaclava.

But here in their own loving north
Where maples leaves are falling,
And all the nation's heart goes forth
Unto her great dead calling;

Her noble and her gallant sons,
Beyond our mad to-morrow,
Will wait the last great matin guns,
Enshrined in our high sorrow.

Higher than storied shaft above,
Than gilded pomp's acclaiming,
Ennobled in a people's love,
Past all heroic naming.

Crowning of Empire

(Ode written for the Coronation, in June, 1901)

Thou latest bloom of liberty-loving states,
Peerless, new-found, thou vast imperial flower,
Thou dream of patriots, golden possibility,
As yet untried, unweighed in fortune's balance,
The hope of few, the wonder of the many,
Thou splendid pinnacle of human days,
Whereby earth's aliens linked in speech and blood
And heart allegiance to one flag, one throne,