

Ye give of your blood on occasion—and royal and clean the gift—
But ye know the load is heavy and ye do not stoop to lift,
But hers is all the hurden, and yours is all the shame—
The Charity-ward of the Empire, a nation only in name.

Is't well to boast of Empire and brag of Britain's might,
Is't well to sing of her soldiers or hurry them into the fight,
Is't well to raise your anthem for the King upon his throne,
While ye leave the Mother-country to bear the load alone?