

Waves and the winds of all the world have sung
The master songs of triumph—all is said
When on the headstone of her noblest son
England has written these two words, 'Well
done.'

Ye cannot see the wind that moves our ships,
The blood of Earth that makes our roses red,
The pride beyond all speech that seals our lips,
The height beyond men's hope of England's
Dead ;
And can *ye* measure, *ye* outside our gate,
The love of Britons that makes Britain great ?