

Borne from Victoria of the southern seas.
Whence came this throng in Oriental garb?
From out the vast incomparable heights
That pierce the sunlit Himalayan skies;
They come to pledge their fealty to the Crown.
Whence come these armies of the desert wild?
They are the soldiers of the Patriot Rhodes,
They are the invincible defenders of
The "all red line" from Cairo to the Cape.

VI.

Come hither, Britons, to this table-land
Hard by the sea—The Land of High Resolve—
This table-land is Britain's heritage
From days anterior to the Druid tombs.
It is Britannia's synonym for Light:
And this high sea is the broad Sea of Time,
Unbounded but by vast Eternity,
Available to them that love the light
What time great Phœbus nightly sinks to rest,
And angels walk upon the golden clouds;
When heavenly music laps the gilded shore.
This British Table-land guards every sea
And inland water o'er the wide, wide world.
Art thou a Briton? Make thy firm resolve!
For Parliaments do but reflect thy light,
And thou must answer for their blind misdeeds.
But, to be worthy of such guardianship,
Thou needs must hither come each sunset hour,
And drink some golden mystery of Light.
Return such men to Parliament as shall
Blend all the powers of local government
With what, within his coronation vow,