

XXVII.

O Sir, no empty rumour comes up the earth to-day
From the kindred and the peoples and the tribes a world away;
For they know the Law will hold
And be equal as of old,
With conscience never questioned and justice never sold,
And beneath the form and letter the spirit will have play.

XXVIII.

When you hear the princely concourse take up the word and
sing,
And the Abbey of our fathers with their acclamations ring,
Know well that, true and free,
By the changeless heart's decree,
On all the winds of heaven and the currents of the sea
From the verges of the Empire will come, "God save the
King!"

BLISS CARMAN.