

Patriot voices rise, unhurried
By the tumult of the crowd.

In the sun-scorch'd Indian jungle,
Far removed from kith and kin,
British patriot voices mingle
With the uncouth native din,
As they gladly welcome in
This gay morn of merry June,
With their truest patriot tune.

From afar Australian voices
Sweep uncheck'd across the seas
Telling that the world rejoices
In the great Antipodes ;
While we crown our noble King
With supremest honoring.

From his sea-encircled watch tower
In an isolated isle
Of the great Pacific Ocean
Gazing seawards many a mile,
The long-sever'd mission hero
Gladly hails the rising day
With much thought of busy England
Many thousand leagues away ;
And he lifts his voice to Heaven,