



The days roll by. The ocean slowly yields
Its bosom to the squadron's steady pace,
Until the cliffs of England rise to greet
The scions of her colonizing race
Come home—to give their all. Come home—
to fight.
Come home—though born of that far Western
land,
Where Britain's shield is 'stablished for the
right,
They volunteered to lend an armèd hand.

Oh ! Plymouth, Cradle of the mighty Drake ;
The haven of his vessel's hopes and fears ;
Yet have you ever seen so fine a sight ?
Or have you waked to such a crest of cheers
As roars aboard the transports, on whose decks
Are packed the khaki hosts ? Has e'er a day
Such wealth of loyal blood, such willing hands
Brought to your shores ?
All England answers, " Nay."

