

Save fruitless blows against that rock-bound face,
 If, haply, valour tempt thee from thy base ;
 While he, great leader of that baffled host,
 Whose dauntless soul is known and dreaded most,
 With body frail, stands dying at his post !
 'Tis done ! Ere yet the throbbing stars
 have paled,
 The height is won, the dizzy pathway
 scaled :
 The guard, amazed, with wild and wondering eyes
 See men, like phantoms, from the deep
 arise,
 Whose breathless foremost leap upon the
 foe,
 To gain a respite for the friends below ;
 And as the morn breaks radiant o'er the
 land,
 The chosen ranks in calm formation stand !
 Fair morn ! so big with fate, wherein the
 Past
 Shall melt and vanish in new landscape
 vast,
 And War and Discord fold their wings at
 last !

To plead before High Heav'n their last
 appeal
 And learn the sentence which the Fates
 reveal,
 Here, on this Altar, uplift to the skies,
 Two nations offer solemn sacrifice !
 Twin hearts, of single mould, and each
 content
 To leave this hard-fought field his monu-
 ment ;
 To pass to glorious rest, ere set of sun,
 What'e'r betide, his duty nobly done—
 Here is no longer foe, but only friend,
 The Lilies and the Cross above them blend,
 True emblem of new life that shall not
 end !

And England conquers, and the strife is
 o'er—
 'Tis hers the healing oil and wine to pour,
 Bind up all wounds and let large Free-
 dom's thrill
 With sweet surprise a waiting people fill ;
 To hold their welfare as the common cause,
 To guard their Altar and protect their
 laws,—
 A mother true, within whose sheltering
 breast
 Each new-found son secures untroubled
 rest,
 Till gladsome hearts and deep content de-
 clare
 Love conquers hate, joy triumphs o'er
 despair,
 And grateful homage swells to patriot
 prayer !

Well for the loyal faith and knightly grace
 That bind time-honoured foes in close em-
 brace !
 Oh ! well that noble hearts can soar above
 All hates o'erpast, to brotherhood of love !
 The Lilies and the Cross, by God entwined,
 Stand fast mid chaos—marvel to mankind !
 For lo ! around them, locked in deadly
 strife,
 Sons of one household seek each other's
 life !
 By grievance fired and evil counsels' sway,
 Unfilial sons with aliens join the fray
 And strike the mother, breathless and at
 bay !

In vain their arts to kindle hate again
 And break the bonds of sacred trust—in
 vain !
 With faith undimmed, though England
 seem to fall
 And France triumphant on her children
 call,
 The North stands true—while, from the
 mother torn,
 A new-made nation in the South is born ;
 Who vex, within their bounds, in fierce
 despite,
 All loyal hearts that shared the losing
 fight,—
 The narrow soul that marked their grand-
 sires shown
 In secret charge by evil whisper blown,
 And wanton malice when the fight is done !

Forth, like an Israel, to the wilderness
 Her loyal sons, with souls unshaken,
 press :
 From friends and kindred, see ! the
 chosen come,
 From costly mansion and from lowly
 home ;
 Nor purse nor scrip—true hearts alone
 they bring,
 A royal offering to their rightful King !
 Ope wide your portals, brethren of the
 North,
 Lift up your voice and shout your greet-
 ings forth !
 For lo ! as star draws star with untold
 might,
 Deep answers deep, and height responds
 to height,
 So loyal hearts to loyal hearts unite !

To guard and build, to found our empire
 wide ;
 O'er lake and plain and lofty peak to
 stride ;
 To grasp the hand of brothers found apart,
 And form one household of one mind and
 heart ;
 To spread true Freedom on each wind
 that blows,