

Saxon and Norman and Celt, one race of the mingled
blood

Who fought, built cities and ships, and stemm'd the un-
known flood

In the grand historic days that made our England great,
When Britain's sons were steadfast to meet or to conquer
fate.

Our sires were the minster builders, who wrought, them-
selves unknown,

The thought divine within them, till it blossomed into
stone;

Forgers of swords and of ploughshares, reapers of men
and of grain,

Their bones and their names forgotten on many a battle
plain;

For faith and love and loyalty were living and sacred
things,

When our sires were those who wrought, and yours were
the leaders and kings.

VII.

For, since the deeds that live in Arthur's rhyme,
Who left the stainless flower of knighthood for all time,
Down to our Blameless Prince, wise, gentle, just,
Whom the world mourns, not by your English dust
More precious held, more sacredly enshrined,
Than in each loyal breast of all mankind,