

EMPIRE DAY.

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The many one, our own in ours, sing we;
A progress born of prowess tempest-tried:
An empire fringed with nations, one and free,
Weaves yet another wreath to crown our
pride.

'Tis Empire Day: God bless us all as one!
There is no duty like the joy that calls,
No truer worship than the love that thralls,
No faith assured until our task's begun:
And since the faith, and love, and joy are
ours,
The loyalty that points the patriot's goal,
Where aye the higher worth rewards its
powers,
Is surely also ours. Then let us play the role
Of kindred, worth to worth, in theirs our
own,
The many one, the many one but free, an
empire's crown.

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