

SONS OF THE SEA-GIRT ISLE.

(Respectfully dedicated to the Sons of England Benevolent Society.)

From whence came ye ? Who were your sires ?
Can ye true kindred claim
With that brave race and glorious land
Which heads the scroll of fame ?
Can you call that proud land your own
Which gave those heroes birth ;—
A land whose light illumines the world,
And gladdens all the earth ;—

A land of happy cottage homes,
And proud ancestral halls ;—
A land on which the smile of God
Serenely, softly falls ;—
A land that's blessed with Bible-light,
And Heaven's most gracious smile,—
Upheld by good and righteous laws,
Is Britain's sea-girt isle.

Standing beneath the red-cross flag—
Whose glory gilds a world—
Peace, happiness and love abound
Wher'ere it is unfurled,
Beneath that grand old glorious flag,—
Beneath its folds of light
Well may ye boast of pride of birth,
And glory in your right.

Beneath its wide, wide sheltering folds,
From every clime and tongue,
Outcasts and homeless wanderers
May find redress for wrong ;