

And louder, from this day, shall Britain's voice
Leap to the level of the coming years
And to the splendour of their higher plane
Wherein her laws and language shall be known
And spoken by the rulers of the earth.
Nor shall her light or empire-building cease
While aught of day or darkness rules the world.
Walled by the rock-ribbed sea, alert, alone,
Yet freed from narrow insularity,
She shall her splendid isolation hold,
For a defence and world-wide bond of peace.
And in that cause her sword—a fiery flame,
Like to the conquering blade on Crecy's field—
Sharp as the meteor's flash, and swifter than
The shafted arrows of the sun, shall leave
The helm and shining armour of the foe.
Nor shall a Briton, fighting, fall in vain ;
What though the fortunes of the fight be veiled
Within the valley of that narrow land
'Twixt glorious death and victory's high hills !
He falls, nor knows of aught but duty done ;
Enough for him, if comrades keep the field
Where valour, falling, lives in valorous deeds.
And each imperial builder shall be borne
Aloft as a Colossus where he falls ;
For England's glory lies not mainly in
Her crags and peaks, and power upon the seas,
But in her sons, born of the crags and waves,
Her walls of oak, that launched her liberty,
And in the blood-red paths of her defence.
Then bind the laurel to the victor's brow !
For, in the sunlight of his gleaming sword,
Spring all the arrows of the sword of state.
Bind, then, the laurel to the builder's brow !
For he, the founder of this race of kings,
Shall share the glory and honour of the crown.

Entered according to Act of the Parliament of Canada, in the year
one thousand nine hundred and two, by ORANGE W. GAORS, at the
Department of Agriculture.