

# The Western School Journal

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## BRITONS BEYOND THE SEAS

God made our bodies of all the dust  
That is scattered about the world,  
That we might wander in search of home  
Wherever the seas are hurled;  
But our hearts He hath made of English dust,  
And mixed it with none beside,  
That we might love with an endless love  
The lands where our kings abide.

And tho' we weave on a hundred shores,  
And spin on a thousand quays,  
And tho' we're truant with all the winds,  
And gypsy with all the seas,  
We are touched to tears as the heart is touched  
By the sound of an ancient tune,  
At the name of the Isle in the Western seas  
With the rose on her breast of June.

Come let us walk together,  
We who must follow our gleam,  
Come let us link our labors,  
And tell each other our dreams;  
Shakespeare's tongue for our counsels,  
And Nelson's heart for our task—  
Shall we not answer as one strong man  
To the things that the people ask?

—Harold Begbie

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