

And now, with Orphic strains of peace he draws to  
nationhood  
The scattered tribes that dwell apart by mountain, sea,  
and wood.

VII.

He took the lonely poet Celt, and taught him Roman  
lore;  
Then from the wealds of Saxony He brought the sons of  
Thor;  
Next from his craggy home the Dane came riding o'er  
the sea;  
And last, came William with his bands of Norman  
chivalry.

VIII.

And now, as our young nationhood is struggling into  
birth,  
God grant its infant pulse may beat with our forefathers'  
worth!  
And, as we gather into *one*, let us recall with pride  
That we are of the blood of those who fought when  
Harold died.

---