

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.
