



With the mantle of the fathers  
Falls a higher trust than theirs,  
Richer fields are yet to conquer,  
Mightier deeds for him who dares  
Let the genius that has moulded  
Britain's empire triumph still,  
More of freedom and of progress,  
Nobler use of mind and will.

Peace—but not the peace of cowards,  
Trembling at the touch of steel;  
Greed and Hate have still a purpose,  
That their smiles but half conceal.  
Holding Britain's past in honor,  
Planning nobler things to be,  
Strong, united, free and fearless,  
So we keep the Jubilee.

