

Around the British banner stand.  
New Zealand, that would fain restore  
The Golden Age, doth war deplore,  
Yet sends her legions more and more  
To Afric's stricken strand.

From Africa come sounds of war;  
The beating of the martial drum  
Is heard; the bugle sounds afar;  
But good will from confusion come:  
The Boer will yet, with joyous pride,  
Beneath the British flag abide,  
And onward march with mighty stride,  
When war's dread voice is dumb.

The British flag doth freely wave  
In India, and doth millions there  
From fell invasion's horrors save,  
And sure protection to them bear.  
Egyptian toilers love to see  
The flag that gave them liberty:  
A thousand islands, full of glee,  
Their loyalty declare.

The mighty ocean doth attest  
The boundless range of Britain's sphere  
Of action; for, upon its breast,  
Her flag doth everywhere appear.  
As stars the sky, that flag the sea  
Bedecks; the emblem of the free  
It is; to all who liberty  
Uphold, it is most dear.

Our country's present and its past  
Are through the throne together bound;  
No other bond was formed to last:  
In ruins now upon the ground  
Are lying castles, abbeyes, walls,  
Till scarce a mark their site recalls;  
The self-same line in royal halls  
A thousand years is found.

That line has late received within  
Its ranks a queen, whose presence bright  
The homage of all hearts doth win,