

XVIII.

“ We have toiled by land and river, we have laboured on the
sea ;
If our blindness made us blunder, our courage made us free.
 We suffered or we throve,
 We delved and fought and strove.
But born to the ideals of order, law, and love,
To our birthright we were loyal, and loyal shall ye be ! ”

XIX.

O East they go and West they go, and never can they bide,
For the longing that is in them, and the whisper at their
side ;
 They may stablish hearth and home,
 But the sons will forth and roam,
As their fathers did before them, across the hollow foam,
Till strange lands lift to greet them at the edges of the tide.

XX.

They have visions of a country that sorrow never knew ;
They have rumours of a region where the heart has nought to
rue ;
 And never will they rest
 Till they reach the fabled West,
That is charted, dim but certain, in the Volume of the Breast,
And forever they are dreamers who make the dream come
true.