

Dedication.

To history's vastest Brotherhood,—
Which seas that girdle earth but bind :
To every man of British blood :—
To all of the Imperial mind ;
Or who, of any noble race, have by the Empire stood.

What matter races ! vain the pride
Who first this brotherhood began ;
Than Pict or Gael we grow more wide,
Our final brotherhood is Man :
Unto all union we will hold, so Man yet onward stride.

And you, great kinsmen scarcely lost,
Alliance with you still increase :—
With you the kindest, first, and most
Union for justice, trade, and peace !
States are the robes that suit the climes : we move,
one spirit host.

This March night, gleams the elm-lined street
With pools beneath a rising moon ;
In the West's brow bright Venus sweet
Holds Nature in a lovelorn swoon ;
Go, songs, glint what these lands shall be in wondrous
Day complete.