

(The sucker from the lordly oak,  
Looks weak and wan beneath its sire,  
But shielded there from tempest stroke,  
From chilling flood, or solar fire :

It happy grows, not all unlike,  
Nor all unworthy its proud stem ;  
To the same dye its leaflets strike,  
And looks mid weeds and flowers a gem.

And still the parent's verdant shield,  
Filters the rain drops and the ray :  
Blessings too fierce on open field,  
Tempered—around its offspring play.

'Twill be one day its parent's pride,  
The shade of tribes which walk the earth,  
Birds singing, mid its arms abide,  
And men groupe round for wit and mirth.)

So, may our infant state aspire,  
Neath England's shield, neath England's ray,  
Blest with a portion of the fire,  
Which gives the Island Queen her day.

Go on young Britain—climbing still,  
Undaunted to meridian height,  
Retreat is rife with shame and ill,  
Fame sits above enthroned in light.

Clasp as your soul the genial code  
Of arts, religion, manners, law,  
Let science find an onward road,  
And letters soft attraction draw.

Is Liberty your parent's crown ?  
Then be your rights roll'd round your heart.  
Does Virtue give her best renown ?  
Then let the goddess ne'er depart. S.