

Town of thy towns, O Britain, which is thy greatest?
Say!
Is it thy great, grim London, gloried and storied and
grey?
Is it thy mighty seaport, crown of thy wealth's great
crown,
Whence unto the many ports of the world thy myriad
ships go down?
Is it thy northern Athens, city of chivalrous fame,
With her great learned dead, her sainted tombs, her
monarchs of deathless name?
Are these thy glory, O Britain? Thy splendors of
peace are these—
Marts of thy wonderful wealth of the world, thou mis-
tress of widespread seas!
But nearer than these and dearer to the heart of the
Empire's pride
Is the little town of the splendid few where Britons for
Britain died—
Yea, greater by far and higher, for story and glory to
come,
When the mighty names of the world are writ in the
books of the thunder of drum.

Our Bit of "The Thin Red Line"

THEY have gone with a people's hopes and
prayers,
Out over the eastern brine,
To strike for the might of Britain's right,
This bit of "the thin red line."
And over our loyal land to-night,
Where the stars of our freedom shine,