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# THE EMPIRE

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**W**HEN shall the star of Britain's might  
Wane and be seen no more?  
Lost in an ever-dark'ning night,  
Reaching from shore to shore,  
While the surging waves of the seven seas  
Sigh for the fleets they bore.

When shall her proudly flaunting flag  
Droop, and for aye be furled?  
And, to the dust, a useless rag,  
Down from Time's hand be hurled,  
Mid the faintly-whispering, faded flags  
Lost in the ancient world.

Never! through all the years untold,  
While earth revolves through space,  
Shall Britain's star grow faint and cold,  
Falling from out her place,  
For her light is drawn from Eternal Truth,  
Sun of the British race.

Never! shall droop her flag. It's **Red**  
Speaks brave blood freely given  
To keep still **White**, untarnished  
Her faith with man and heaven;  
And the freedom typed by its ocean **Blue**  
Can ne'er from her be riven.