

*Each country throws*

*Its hospitable portals open wide*

*To the great tide*

*That from the dense-thronged mother country flows.*

*New homes arise*

*By rivers once unknown, among whose reeds*

*The wild fowl fed, but now no longer dwells.*

*No more the bison feeds*

*Upon the prairie, for the once drear plain*

*Laughs in the sun and waves its golden grain.*

*By a slender chain*

*Ocean is linked to ocean, and the hum*

*Of labor in the wilderness foretells*

*The greatness of a nation yet to comè.*

*In Southern seas*

*Another nation grows by slow degrees,*

*In dreamy India, under tropic sun,*

*Two hundred millions own an Empress' sway,*

*And day by day*

*New territories won*

*Shed lustre on our Queen's half century.*