

I glory, then, in my land and my people,  
And proudly, dear mother, I present them to you.  
In steadfast devotion to a common achievement  
I am thy daughter—Lady of the Snows.  
Aye, 'daughter am I in my mother's house,  
But mistress in my own."

(Kneels.)

*Enter from the right, India, who salaams, (i. e., bows low, putting hand to forehead) then speaks:*

"Lo, India comes to join thine Empire glorious.  
'Twas in the time of great Elizabeth  
When England came to India by sea.  
Then Akbar, the Great Mogul gave to her  
The right of trading with his swarthy tribes.

Two English names, in Hindustan's dark annals  
Are honored by these dusky men, and loved:  
The clerk who thwarted France's high ambition,  
And Hastings, who brought law from Anarchy.

Now India's people pledge allegiance loyal  
To Britain's King, their Emperor, George the V.  
I come, and bring this message to you, mother,  
May England's king long reign our Emperor  
great."

(Sits cross-legged in place.)

*The group, Australasia, enters from the left. They speak together:*

"We, Australasia, bow the knee to you, Great Mother of us all!"

(They suit the action to the word.)

*Australia says:*

"My birthday was in 1788 when on the shores of beautiful Botany Bay there landed 700 convicts. Their sons became loyal shepherd folk. After Waterloo other Englishmen joined us, laying down the sword and taking instead the shepherd's crook. We threw off swaddling clothes when one of these shepherd's picked up a lump of gold. We become the Mecca of gold seekers from all nations. We also possess the richest silver mine in the world. From these beginnings have arisen the great Commonwealth of Australia, organized the first day of this glorious 20th century. All the wealth of verdant valleys and rich mines; all the strength of your lusty son, I pledge to you, O Mother.

*Tasmania speaks:*

"I, Tasmania, bring you the apples and the tin which have made me famous."

*New Zealand speaks:*

"I, New Zealand, have well been called 'The Beautiful Dominion.' My dazzling sunshine, clear blue water, lofty mountains and fern-clad valleys make me pre-eminently the land of tourists. My boiling springs supply bathing pools for invalids. My wool and mutton make me commercially great. My water-power renders me industrially strong. Our long enjoyment of equal suffrage makes us happy and united. May these qualities and gifts make us one of thy worthy sons!"

(Tasmania and New Zealand kneel at feet of Australia, forming Australasian group.)

*Enter from left Lord Roberts leading South Africa with hands bound:*

*Roberts:*

"Britannia, your mission I have fulfilled  
And for you have conquered the Boers in their hills."

*South Africa, freeing hands, stretches them forth, saying:*

"The last of your colonies I come to you  
And pledge myself to be loyal and true;  
Bringing you diamonds and pearls so rare  
And sons who, when needed, will always be there."  
(Roberts retires, and South Africa kneels.)

*Enter from right group representing Dependencies and Islands of Sea. One speaks:*

"We are part of an empire to which Rome in the height of her glory was not to be compared. We are dotted over the whole surface of the globe. The morning drumbeat of our military posts, following the sun and keeping company with the hours, circles the earth daily with one continuous unbroken stream of martial airs. We show the truth of that saying: 'The sun never sets on the British Empire.'"

(The group retires to take place behind N'f'l'd and India.)

*A child may here enter and give the following extract from Kipling:*

"What is the flag of England? Winds of the world declare.

The North Wind blew:

The lean white bear hath seen it in the long, long Arctic night;  
The muskox knows the standard that flouts the northern light;  
What is the flag of England? Ye have but my bergs to dare,  
Ye have but my drifts to conquer. Go forth, for it is there.

The South Wind sighed;

Strayed amid lonely islets, mazed amid outer keys,  
I waked the palms to laughter—I tossed the scud in the breeze—  
Never was isle so little, never was sea so lone,  
But over the scud and the palm-tree an English flag was flown.  
I have wrenched it free from the hiliard to hang for a wisp on the Horn;  
I have chased it north to the Lizard—ribboned and rolled and torn;  
I have spread its folds o'er the dying adrift in a hopeless sea;  
I have hurled it swift on the slaver, and seen the slaves set free.

The East Wind roared:

The desert dust hath dimmed it; the flying wild-ass knows,  
The sacred white leopard winds it across the taintless snows.  
What is the flag of England? Ye have but my sun to dare.