

XV.

Our fathers died for England at the outposts of the world;
Our mothers toiled for England where the settlers' smoke
upcurled;

By packet, steam, and rail,
By portage, trek, and trail,

They bore a thing called honour in hearts that did not quail,
Till the twelve great winds of heaven saw their scarlet sign
unfurled.

XVI.

And little did they leave us of fame or land or gold;
Yet they gave us great possessions in a heritage untold;

For they said, "Ye shall be clean,
Nor ever false nor mean,

For God and for your country and the honour of your Queen,
Till ye meet the death that waits you with your plighted faith
unsold.

XVII.

"We have fought the long great battle of the liberty of man,
And only asked a goodly death uncraven in the van;

We have journeyed travel-worn
Through envy and through scorn,

By the faith that was within us we have stubbornly upborne,
For we saw the perfect structure behind the rough-hewn plan.