

That fungus, Mother England,
That parasite, who lives
Upon thy strength—who only takes,
And no protection gives—

Deserves, dear Mother England,
No other name to own
But Viper vile, "that stings the breast
Whereon its strength has grown!"

A WELCOME SONG

Secure in God's own might,
Across the ocean wave
Good ships have borne you home,
With other hearts as brave!

With valiant, daring men,
From ends of all the earth,
We welcome you—to whom
The Empire owes new birth.

Thrilling with joy, we greet
Each clear-eyed, smiling lad;
The march of homeward feet
Ringing with triumph glad!