

The Bleeding

Of the Unhelps.

O'er mount and valley, wood and plain,
O'er rooted rock and rolling main,
"Far round the world and back again"
The Lion holds his sway.
Are riches found in field or mine,
Do pearls lie hid beneath the brine,
The great beast cries, "Behold, 'tis mine!"
And who shall say him nay?

Ah, who? But hark! What threatening snore
Blends with his loud triumphant roar?
What snorting challenge hurtles o'er
Black Afric's southern waste?
The wild, th' uncouth, the cunning Boer,
His tusks yet red with Leo's gore,
Licks his fierce chops and grunts for more.
All drunken with the taste!