
And the blood of a thousand, thousand forbears,
Surging and beating sounds a réveille in the ears:
The mute appeal of that race stream which still
would feed

A thousand yet unborn, our veins the consecrated
channel,

Perchance to be forever staunch'd at Empire
need!

And thus, gazing, the vision fades
To martial, blood-sweet strains that swoon upon
the ears.

And then, with miser fingers, we con the hoarded
treasure of the years,

And "ponder," even as Mary, all human, all divine,
That all such fair investment of fine gold
Should buy us but a crown of glistening, bitter
tears.

So that we look upon that magic square of banded
blue and red;

And though the colors blur, and waver,
Through a haze of tears; we bow the head
In high renunciation.

'Tis thus we women pay.
