

He read of a world, before unknown,
Which his eyes might yet behold;
Of the City whose gates are made of pearl,
And whose streets are of yellow gold.

Jehovah's Book! Thou hast caused his heart
To thrill with a strange delight:
He ceases to wonder whence the cause,
Or the source of England's might:

For her gifted sons have given the Word
In almost every tongue;
And her ships have carried the sacred freight
The ends of the earth among.

Now the dark-skinned Warrior and his Braves
Have turned from their gods of clay:
They have joined the ranks of the shining hosts
That march to victory.

And the sword of anger that dares to turn
On Britain, must shivered be;
For it cannot pierce the shield she bears
From the sacred armory.

Oh! beautiful thought! inspired of Heaven
In Victoria's gentle breast—
Expressive of love to the easy yoke
That bringeth the weary rest.