

VICTORIA



Her stately walls and towers rise
Framed in an azure sea;
She marks with deep, prophetic eyes
What is, and is to be.

Her harbors face with land-locked doors
The blue Pacific's breast;
Her future sees the Island shores
Steel-linked from East to West.

The merchant cities once that were,
Their grandeur left no gleam,
With Tyre and Sidon but a fur
And Carthage as a dream.

But she in conscious power waits
By strand and ocean quay,
Where sunlight gilds the opening gates
Of her high destiny,—

When borne beyond the seven seas
Shall sail her cargoed ships,
Her fame re-echoed on each breeze
Her name on all men's lips.