

To mighty vasts of lone Australian wilds
And bleak Canadian woods, the cradles grim
Of Saxon iron and of Celtic gold;
Out round the world where'er blue ocean breaks,
'Mid temperate climes or fevered tropic lands,
Or Arctic wastes, her strong, indomitable sons
Do crush defeat and make this earth their own,
Determining all, moulding the world's best dream
Of strife and life and liberty of man.

From where soft-lipped, blue Mediterranean laves
In summer ripples Mediterranean strands,
To where iron-bound, fog-mantled Labrador
Juts out to lonely, lost Atlantean glooms,
The iron glove of empire, tempered, firm,
Doth hold in grasp the welfare of the world.
Quebec, Gibraltar, herculean gates,
Grim portals each of old and new world power,
Anchors of that vastness of her dream,
Reaching round the wide-ribbed, shouldered earth,
The shining ocean and the desert's span,
A power peace-yearning, glad, beneficent,
This younger Rome of this imperial day,
Beaconing liberty, conquering to redeem.

This her sole dream, look that she lose it not,
As tranced in toil, heavily-wheeled, she turns
Like some vast planet on its cloudward wing,
Callous of danger, strong in high resolve,
Half conscious of her might, fulfilling good,
Unto the conquering ultimate of her end.
Yea, not to praise, but rather to arraign,
Lest she in folly let her dream lie down,
And all her ancient, mighty power depart,
And all her majesty of light become
A ruined furnace from whose smouldering gleam