

Nay. We well see what we are doing,  
Though some may not see!

In our heart of hearts believing  
Victory crowns the just,  
And that braggarts must  
Surely bite the dust,  
Press we to the field ungrieving,  
In our heart of hearts believing  
Victory crowns the just.

Hence the faith and fire within us  
Men who march away  
Ere the barn-cocks say  
Night is growing gray,  
Leaving all that here can win us;  
Hence the faith and fire within us  
Men who march away.

September 5, 1914.

## HIS COUNTRY

[He travels southward, and looks around;]

I journeyed from my native spot

    Across the south sea shine,

And found that people in hall and cot

Laboured and suffered each his lot

    Even as I did mine.

[and cannot discern the boundary]

Thus noting them in meads and marts

    It did not seem to me

That my dear country with its hearts,

Minds, yearnings, worse and better parts

    Had ended with the sea.

[of his native country;]

I further and further went anon,

    As such I still surveyed,

And further yet--yea, on and on,

And all the men I looked upon

    Had heart-strings fellow-made.

[or where his duties to his fellow-creatures end;]

I traced the whole terrestrial round,  
    Homing the other side;  
Then said I, "What is there to bound  
My denizenship? It seems I have found  
    Its scope to be world-wide."

[nor who are his enemies]  
I asked me: "Whom have I to fight,  
    And whom have I to dare,  
And whom to weaken, crush, and blight?  
My country seems to have kept in sight  
    On my way everywhere."

1913.