

‘Well, you are jolly late,’ said Una. ‘Couldn’t you get away before?’

‘I did,’ said Dan. ‘I got away in lots of time, but—but I didn’t know it was so late. Where’ve you been?’

‘In Volaterrae—waiting for you.’

‘Sorry,’ said Dan. ‘It was all that beastly Latin.’

#### A BRITISH-ROMAN SONG

(A. D. 406)

My father’s father saw it not,  
And I, belike, shall never come,  
To look on that so-holy spot—  
The very Rome—

Crowned by all Time, all Art, all Might,  
The equal work of Gods and Man—  
City beneath whose oldest height

The Race began,—

Soon to send forth again a brood  
Unshakeable, we pray, that clings,  
To Rome's thrice-hammered hardihood—  
In arduous things.

Strong heart with triple armour bound,  
Beat strongly, for thy life-blood runs,  
Age after Age, the Empire round—  
In us thy Sons,

Who, distant from the Seven Hills,  
Loving and serving much, require  
Thee, Thee to guard 'gainst home-born ills,  
The Imperial Fire!