

TO AMERICA

Sister and daughter of our loyal isle,
Our hands reach out to you, our lips are fain
To wreathe with yours in one delicious smile
Of budding love, to grow a kiss awhile,
And laugh like bride and groom, and kiss again!
Let our alliance like a marriage stand,
Supreme from strand to strand,
The likeness of our love, the clasp of hand in hand.

And men who come behind us yet unborn,
Nor dimly guessed at down the brook of time,
Shall celebrate the brave undying morn
When the free nations put aside their scorn
For friendship, rock no sundering surge may climb,
When their strong hands gripped hard across the sea,
Flushed with fresh victory,
Lands royal, leal, and great, vast, beautiful, and free.

Our children's children shall unsheathe the sword
Against the envy of some tyrant power;
The leader of your people and our lord
Shall join to wrest from slavery abhorred
Some other race, a fair storm-ruined flower!
O fair republic, lover and sweet friend,
Your loyal hand extend!
Let freedom, peace and faith grow stronger to the end!

O child of freedom, thou art very fair!
Thou hast white roses on thy eager breast;
The scent of all the South is in thy hair;
Thy lips are fragrant with the blossoms rare
Blown under sea waves when the white wings rest!
Come to our warrior breast, where victory
Sits passionate and free—
Ring out the wild salute! Our sister over sea!