

CHILDREN OF THE EMPIRE



J. Nelson
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Children of the Empire.

CHILDREN of the Empire, you are brothers all ;
Children of the Empire, answer to the call ;
Let your voices mingle, lift your heads and sing,
“ God save dear old Britain, and God save Britain’s King.”

Children of the Empire, white, or brown, or black,
One flag waves above you—the glorious Union Jack ;
The red-cross flag of Britain, the envy of the world,
The flag of flags, my children, that never shall be furled.



Children of the Empire, your fathers fought and died,
That you might stand, a noble band, in honour and in pride ;
That you might do the thing you will, and strike with arm of might
For justice and for freedom’s sake, for country, King, and right.

Children of the Empire, from little isles they came,
To spread abroad, in every land, the magic of their fame ;
They toiled, they strove, they perished, that you and I might see
The free fair lands of Britain arise in every sea.

Children of the Empire, clasp hands across the main,
And glory in your brotherhood, again and yet again.
Uphold your noble heritage, O never let it fall,
And love the land that bore you, but Britain best of all.





I say with pride, I say with joy,
I am a free Australian boy.
I think my land the best on earth ;

I love it, for it gave me birth.
Yet though I dwell in this far clime,
I am a Briton all the time.



WE are Zulus; though we're black,
Still our flag's the Union Jack.

And, like you, we proudly sing,
"God save Edward, Britain's King."

Little Eskimos.

WE are little Eskimos,
Living 'midst the icy
floes
Of the Arctic Sea.
Never cloth, but skins
we wear
Of the seal or polar
bear ;
Very warm are we.

Flesh and fish are all
we eat,
And we think it quite
a treat
To get a lot of fat.
In dog-sledges swift
we go,
O'er the plains of
frozen snow.
How should you
like that ?

Long our winters, long
and drear ;
We have night for half
the year—
Very sad our plight !
But when summer has
begun,
Then the jolly red-
faced sun
Shines both day and
night.



We are small, with long black hair,
And our faces are not fair—
We are not like you.
Still, remember, if you please,
Though we live near Arctic Seas,
We are Britons too !

ENGLAND, my country, the Queen of the Sea,
Oh, where is the land that's like unto thee?
Thy sons sail the ocean, where'er the wind blows;
Thy daughters are sweet as the fair English rose.
There's wealth in thy bosom, there's peace on thy breast;
To me thou art ever the dearest and best.
'Tis a right noble boast, deny it who can,
To say to the world, "I'm an Englishman!"



WHEN I grow up I mean
to be
A sailor on the deep blue
sea.
In a man-o'-war I'm going
to sail,
To fight the foe and brave
the gale.

Like Nelson, I shall know
no fear,
But man the guns and give
a cheer.
I'll be so brave, that soon,
you'll see,
A captain I am sure to be.

Then lots of other things
I'll do,
To keep old England safe
for you.
I'll wear a sword and
cocked-hat fine,
And be an Admiral of
the Line.



We are bold Canadian boys,
Revelling in winter joys.
He's an Indian, you can see,

Still he's British, just like me.
When you want the lads to fight,
Call on Canada, "She's all right."



Ching, ching, Chinaman, Britons we,
Dwelling far across the sea,
In the island of Hong-Kong,
Where all is right and nothing's
wrong.
When we lift our eyes we see

The red-cross flag wave merrily.
If you ever come our way,
You must join us in our play ;
You shall fly a kite with me,
And use my chop-sticks at your
tea.



WHERE the Eastern sun is glancing,
There you see the nautch-girls dancing.

Beat the tom-tom, glide and sway,
Little Singhalese at play.

THREE cheers for ould Ireland, the swate Emerald Isle,
Where the gosoons have always a joke and a smile;
Where the colleens are fair as the buds on the tree—
It's the dearest ould land that you ever could see.
The sun smiles so brightly, the wind blows so sweet,
'Tis there that the beauties of nature all meet.
Land of shamrock, and pratie, and swift jaunting-car,
We're proud of our country, so *Erin-go-bragh!*



OCH! Paddy and Norah have been
to the fair,
And an illigant time they've had over
there,
Wid dancin', and singin', and feastin',
and fun—
Oh, the day was all over before 'twas
begun;
And now they're returnin' the way
that they wint,
Wid a pig that is goin' to pay all the
rint.



A LITTLE Hindu maid am I,
'Neath the glowing Indian sky.

Sahibs come, and sahibs go,—
I'm a Briton too, you know.



LITTLE Maoris live and play
In New Zealand's isle to-day.

Oh, they laugh and shout with glee
When an English doll they see.

SCOTLAND, I greet ye! Wherever I roam,
I'll tenderly think of my country and home;
Wi' her lassies sae winsome, her laddies sae strang,
Ye'll ne'er find their equal wherever ye gang.
Land of heather, and porridge, and bonnie blue-bell,
I love ye, my country, I love ye right well.
Gi' a cheer for auld Scotland, ye ken she's your mither;
And when ye've gi'en that, ye can just gi'e anither.

LET us dance the Highland
fling,
While we gaily, gaily sing,
"Auld Lang Syne."
And we'll wear a Highland
bonnet,
With a feather stuck upon it,—
Oh, so fine!

Yonder laddie in his kilt
Steps it to the piper's lilt,
Fair and free!
While my little Highland
lady,
In a braw new Rob Roy
plaidie,
Laughs with glee.





I'SE a dainty little coloured gal, and Topsy is my name ;
Though I lib in old Jamaica, yet I'se British all de same.

The British Empire Alphabet.



A for Australia, her sheep are her boast;

B for Benin, on the African coast;

C for the Cape, where the ostriches roam;

D the Dominion, far over the foam;

E for old England, the land of the free;

F, Falkland Isles, in the wild southern sea;

G for Gibraltar, a fortress so grand;

H for Hong-Kong, near the Chinaman's land;

I stands for India, of Asia the pride;

J for Jamaica, and Jersey beside;

K for Kashmir, so fruitful and fair;

L, Labrador, forbidding and bare;

M for Mauritius, where sugar-canes grow;

N for Natal, and its mountains, you know;

O, Orange River, a colony new;

P for Penang, where the people are few;

Q for Quebec, so famous of old;

R for Rhodesia, with lions and gold;

S for fair Scotland, her hills and her dales;

T for Tasmania, it's very like Wales;

U for Uganda, bananas abound;

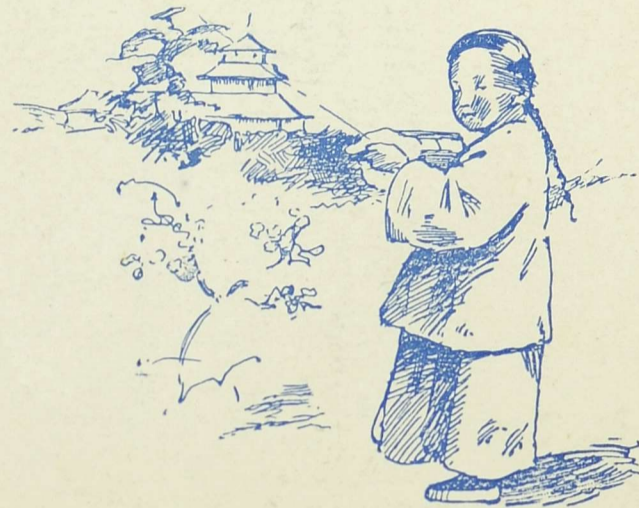
V for Vancouver, with coal underground;

W for Wales, and the beauty she wears;

X for the crosses the Union Jack bears;

Y for Yoruba, here blazes the sun;

Z, Zanzibar—now the alphabet's done.





AN ESKIMO IN KAYAK



BRITISH



A CANADIAN



A WEST AFRICAN.



A CHINESE.



A SOUTH AFRICAN.



A MAORI.



AN INDIAN



AN AUSTRALIAN