**A BRITISH-ROMAN SONG**

by Rudyard Kipling

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 who 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!

[refers to Roman Britain c. 406]