

Martin Robertson

Recessional

Your freedom, which our fathers stole
in careless, unregenerate days,
and we enjoyed, we hand back whole,
improved indeed in many ways,

encrusted with the interest
of road and parliament and school,
the priceless blessings of the West
to make your future viable,

your ordered future.

Hardly seen,
all in a mist of blood is hid.
Not upon us our fathers' sin
but on your children visited.