

**THE EMPIRE
BUILDERS AND
OTHER POEMS**

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The Empire Builders and Other Poems by Robert J. C. Stead

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ROBERT J. C. STEAD

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The
Empire Builders
And Other Poems

By
Robert J. C. Stead



Toronto
William Briggs
1908

1352124-190

*Not only where the shrapnel rips
The quaking earth in gory ruts,
The while the crimson life-blood drips
From mangled flesh and livid cuts,
And thirsty blades drink to the hilt—
Not only there are nations built.*

*Not only where the hungry wave
Reflects the wreck of crashing steel,
And naked seamen, grim and brave,
Fight on, from furnace-room to wheel:
Though these the Empire's bulwarks be,
The Empire is not on the sea.*

*Where'er Endeavor bares her arm
And grapples with the Things To Be,
At desk or counter, forge or farm,
On veldt or prairie, land or sea,
And men press onward, undismayed,
The Empire Builder plies his trade.*

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