



OUR FARMER KING.

† In days of old, 'mid stormy seas,
 † An island-people, grandly rude,
 † Caught Freedom's gleam and by degrees
 Felt through their stubborn hardihood
 'Twas heaven's light in Alfred's eyes
 (Whom Envy harried through the land)—
 That great-soul'd Saxon with the wise,
 Clear brain, true heart and mighty hand.

As Jacob with the angel strove,
 So Alfred strove with England till
 She bless'd him with her faithful love
 And turned to do his gracious will.
 His subjects to their honour found,
 As painfully he won the throne,
 That, far as spread his realm around,
 The King's will grew to be their own.

Behold 'neath ever-wid'ning skies
 A thousand years have pass'd away,
 And, fitted for that high emprise,
 A man in Alfred's Seat to-day
 Whom we in climes no Alfred knew,
 To homes our hands have dearly won,
 Now welcome as our Ruler true
 Knight, Yeoman, Royal King in one !

At tilt of tourney down the ring
 He meets his fellow farmer where
 High Honour knows not any king,
 For Justice twines the laurel there :
 And win who may that wreath of fame,
 Let truth be told when all is done,
 You cannot hide a noble name—
 The Farmer wins—a King has won.

An Empire's Servant, Edward keeps
 High watch and ward in earnest thought,
 And turning where the sea-tide sweeps,
 He listens, as his mother taught,
 Through myriad tongues around his throne
 To catch that voice—his people's will—
 That wheresoc'er his flag is flown
 It lights up Freedom's rugged hill.

The Sovereign of an Empire he,
 Ingathering as the years unfold,
 His sceptre rules more nations free
 Than dreams of Alfred e'er foretold :
 Our own land plays a noble part
 On that high stage, and so we sing,
 With fervent voice and loyal heart,
 God Save Our Sovereign Lord, the King.

—Robert Elliott, in *Farmer's Advocate*.