

As if rejoicing in the priceless freight she holds,
Fair winds and sunshine mark her onward course,
Neptune restrains the rising tempest's force,
Longing we wait to gaze on that young noble brow,
Ah ! our hopes are crowned and he is with us now.

THE ARRIVAL :—

CHORUS :— All hail old England's Hope and Pride,
Destined to wear one day earth's fairest diadem,
Thou who hast left thy home's dear tie
To glad thy people with thy presence new to them.
Hail ! Child of Hope and Victory,
Coming to greet us even on our household earth,
Uniting in thyself
Royalty's splendor to that of modest worth.

A VOICE :— At thine approach our woods and glens
Have put on their brightest bloom :
Our Mountains erst crowned with hoar frost
A richer green assume :
The winds of summer on their wings
Bring a fragrance yet more sweet
And in humble cot and homely home
All hearts with pleasure beat.
From mid their leafy summer haunts
Where airy zephyrs, wild flowers woo,
The birds their silvery notes awake
As if to bid thee welcome too.

RÉCITATIF :—We hope great Prince that thou wilt find
Thy New-World Empire worthy of thy sway,
And thy coming will give us heart
For greater things to strive each day.

A VOICE :— Thou hast seen the massive bridge
That our labour has patient raised ;
Ah ! repaid for our toil will we amply be
If by words from thee, tis praised.
Lord of our noble river wide,
Silent it stands in stately pride,
Mid waters chafing on every side,
As firmly based the massive parts.
As thou art throned in thy people's hearts.

PRAYER ;—

CHORUS :— Thou who placest the sceptre in the hands of Kings,
Great Lord whom we praise,
Of our Young Prince, so well—so justly loved,
Guard Thou the days !
A Mother's hope is he,