

*Ode on the
Coronation
of King
Edward*

XIII

From the rough red tides of Fundy where the ships
go far inland,
To Kamloops where the hills are set as at a council
grand;
From the waving Northern light
At the edge of polar night,
Where underneath the burnished stars the bitter trail
is bright,
To the inland seas that sparkle where goodly orchards
stand;

XIV

By prairie, swale, and barren, by jungle and lagoon,
Where endless palm-trees rustle and the creamy
breakers croon,
By canyon, ford, and pass,
By desert and morass,
In snows that stung like lashes, on seas like burning
glass,
By every land and water beneath the great lone moon;

XV

Our fathers died for England at the outposts of the
world;
Our mothers toiled for England where the settlers'
smoke upcurled;
By packet, steam, and rail,
By portage, trek, and trail,
They bore a thing called honour in hearts that did
not quail,
Till the twelve great winds of heaven saw their
scarlet sign unfurled.

XVI

And little did they leave us of fame or land or gold;
Yet they gave us great possessions in a heritage untold;
For they said, "Ye shall be clean,
Nor ever false nor mean,
For God and for your country and the honour of your
Queen,
Till ye meet the death that waits you with your
plighted faith unsold.