

A WELCOME

TO HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS THE PRINCE OF
WALES,

By an old Subject, and Servant of the
British Crown.

Hail *Scion* of illustrious race,
We bid thee welcome to our shore ;
While blest with plenty—blest with peace,
Thy presence makes our cannon roar.
The welkin rings in gladdened voice,
The cheering strains—our Prince—rejoice.

Prince born to wear the British Crown—
The British sceptre, born to sway ;
Thy Mothers virtues, and renown.
Mark well—as Guides, for future day.
The worlds esteem—Her peoples love,
And prayers ; will follow her above.

When She her brilliant course hath run,
Course, full of honors—full of years
Resigns the sceptre to her son
In midst the Nation's grief and tears.
Then Royal Prince be thine the aim,
To emulate VICTORIA's fame.

Wherever Britons chance to dwell,
In sunny lands—or frigid zone—
Where ere they roam—their bosoms swell.
In pride of country, and its Throne.

So *Here* Liege Prince, all will to you,
Both old and young pay homage due.
Doign mine (accept, at Eighty-two)

1850

Three Lines. 20th August 1850.