

To the Duke and Duchess of York

DURING THEIR TOUR OF THE DOMINION

He comes — the Heir of Britain's Throne —
To our Dominion of the West,
Where peace has reigned, and wealth has grown,
Beneath the flag we love the best;
And whatsoe'er the welcome given
In other lands, our own shall prove
As honest as the light of heaven,
As ardent as the flame of love.
Though guns may boom, and sabres flash,
And streamers float on every breeze,
And serried cavalcades may dash,
Like sunbeams flecked on summer seas;
Yet, while ten thousand voices start
The echoes with their glad acclaim,
The silent homage of the heart
Puts all these outward forms to shame.

We love the Throne of her who reigned
For threescore years o'er land and sea,
And still an equal sway maintained
'Twixt Motherland and Colony,
And like the Phoenix from the dust,
Her gracious Heir ascends the Throne,
Commanding that implicit trust
And homage, which were hers alone.
And Thee, the Royal Messenger
Of Royal Sire, whom we revere,
We hail with joy, and breathe the prayer
That Heaven may guard thy sojourn here.
To Thee and Royal Spouse we give
The best we have of truth and worth:
May ye fulfill our hopes, and live
Till peace shall dominate the earth!