

AN IMPERIAL ANTHEM

By Hon. W. S. Fielding, Late Minister of Finance of Canada.

The following striking and beautiful new version of the National Anthem, written by Mr. Fielding and published by the London Chronicle during the national stress of the dark days following the outbreak of war, commanded instant public attention in Great Britain and in Canada. The nobility of the lines and the depth of reverent patriotic sentiment reveal a hitherto little known side of one of Canada's most distinguished statesmen.

It will readily be noticed that these verses breathe the sentiment of the Empire as a whole, a spirit which it is but natural to find in one who is recognised as a statesman of "the greatest Empire that has been."

"God save our gracious King,
Long live our noble King,
God save the King."
From Thee all blessings flow,
On him Thy grace bestow,
Guard him from every foe,
God save the King.

His world-wide power bless,
May he alway possess
Wisdom as wide:
Judgment, with clear insight,
Vision to see the light,
Courage to do the right,
Whate'er betide.

Send to his Council board
Statesmen in true accord,
Serene and strong.
Give them a high ideal,
Fill them with sacred zeal
To serve the Empire's weal,
Keep them from wrong.

Grant us sweet peace, O Lord;
The ploughshare, not the sword,
We fain would wield.
If, through man's lust for power,
Dark war clouds o'er us lower,
Be with us in that hour,
A strength and shield.

Not with a selfish aim,
Not to desire acclaim
Throughout the world,
But that its ensign bright
May ever, in Thy sight,
Speak freedom, truth and right
Where'er unfurled.

Not Motherland alone,
Loyal to King and Throne,
Thy blessing craves.
Vast lands beyond the seas
Repeat the earnest pleas,
Where proudly in the breeze
His banner waves.

Great hosts of faithful ones,
Fair daughters and true sons,
Join in our prayer.
From centre to earth's end,
At many shrines they bend,
In varied tongues commend
Him to Thy care.

In the broad world's affairs,
Through all the fleeting years,
Since early time,
Though 'gainst strong foes arrayed,
Our England, undismayed,
A gallant part has played
In every clime.

O God ! before Thee now,
With humble faith we bow,
And grateful heart.
Grant that until the last,
As in its glorious past,
This British Empire vast
Play well its part: