

“ Old London ! what ages have glided away,
Since cradled in rushes thy infancy lay !
In thy rude huts of timber the proud wings lay furld
Of a spirit whose power now o'ershadows the world,
And the brave chiefs who built and defended those towers,
Were the sires of this glorious old city of ours.
For London ! for London ! the home of the free,
There's no city on earth, royal London, like thee !

“ The Roman, the Saxon, the Norman, the Dane,
Have in turn sway'd thy sceptre, thou queen of the main !
Their spirits though diverse, uniting made one,
Of nations the noblest beneath yon bright sun ;
With the genius of each, and the courage of all,
No foeman dare plant hostile flag on thy wall.
For London ! for London ! the home of the free,
There's no city on earth, royal London, like thee !

“ Old Thames rolls his waters in pride at thy feet,
And wafts to earth's confines thy riches and fleet ;
Thy temples and towers, like a crown on the wave,
Are hail'd with a thrill of delight by the brave,
When, returning triumphant from conquests afar,
They wreath round thy altars the trophies of war.
For London ! for London ! the home of the free,
There's no part in the world, royal London, like thee !

“ Oh, London ! when we, who exulting behold
Thy splendour and wealth, in the dust shall be cold,
May sages, and heroes, and patriots unborn,
Thy altars defend, and thy annals adorn !
May thy power be supreme on the land of the brave,
The feeble to succour, the fallen to save,
And the sons and the daughters now cradled by thee,
Find no city on earth like the home of the free !”

THE END.