

ODE

on the Stability of the British Empire, written
on the Occasion of the Coronation of
King Edward the Seventh.

By JOHN SIMPSON

Queen Mary's Cant.

I.

The mists that hide the storied past uprise,
A vision of ten centuries appears;
Three lines of kings appear before the eyes,
That coalesce, and last a thousand years:
Down through the ages to the present day,
The triune line appears, and still has sway.

Three nations now are one,
The strife of old is done;
Awake the lyre, and sing the song of peace!
The enmities of yore,
Entomb for evermore;
Of ancient discord let there be surcease!

Although a thousand years have run their race,
Since royal Alfred struggled with the Dane,
A king who can from Alfred clearly trace
His lineage doth now in England reign:
The throne of England, having for its wall
The full consent of freemen, cannot fall.

A hundred thrones are low,
But it doth stronger grow;
Ye sons of England, let your voices rise
In thanks for Heaven's aid;
Though realms arise and fade,
The ancient realm of England never dies.

Ten centuries ago the Scottish throne,
By monarchs, crowned upon the Lia-Fail,
Was held; and soon, around the ancient Stone
Assembled, will the Scottish leaders hail
A king, whose line come down from days of old,
A thousand years the Scottish throne has held.
The king descent can trace
From Scotland's royal race;