



DIVINE RIGHT.

Two kings there were, and One of these,
With pompous grace benign,
Was blindly certain of his sway
Held by a Right Divine.
Who dared this monarch's slightest 'hest
Or royal wish decline?

The Other, youthful, boasted not
Of sceptred gifts of God ;
Nor ruled by iron right of might,
But swayed with gentle rod
The hearts and minds of toilers grimed,
The tillers of the sod.

The One was worshipped for his strength,
His pomp, his regal mien,
His courtly fashions, or the height,
The grandeur of his reign.
And from his royal extorted praise
No subject dared refrain.

The Other, in his wisdom, gave
No blatant herald voice,
But through his gifted love of men
His nation made rejoice
To honour him—who honoured them—
The Ruler of their choice.

Then broke the horror—turmoiled day
Of baffled hatred born.
The One, beneath his armèd heel,
In sullied ribbons torn,
Grinded the sacred pact to which
His Royal word was sworn.