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## STANZAS

ON THE BIRTH OF THE PRINCESS ROYAL.

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Floats o'er the land a note of gladness,  
 The winds the stirring tidings bear ;  
 As on they sweep, in triumph telling  
 " To Britain's throne is born an heir !"

Welcome thy coming, regal lady !  
 We see in prospect on thy brow  
 The gleaming of that golden circle.  
 To which uncounted millions bow.

Now lying helpless in thy cradle,  
 To every infant ill a prey,  
 Weak, darling, feeble, pretty nursling,  
 Slumber thy harmless hours away.

What dreams of power, of might, and glory,  
 As shades o'er thine unconscious brain,  
 Might spread, if thou couldst know what splendour  
 Waits on the Mistress of the Main !

To islands bright in sunny oceans ;  
 To Empires girt by Indus old ;  
 To lands scarce trod by footstep christian ;  
 To late-won Asia's central fold ;

Where, through Canadian forests frozen,  
 St. Lawrence rolls his mighty tide ;  
 Where, in the glow of burning tropic,  
 The Cape's great giant loves to ride ;

Where'er the blast sweeps o'er the billow,  
 And waves the unconquer'd flag of red :  
 From climates 'neath the Wain ascendant,  
 To where the southern Cross is spread ;