

CANTATA

IN HONOUR OF THE

PRINCE OF WALES,

ON THE OCCASION OF HIS VISIT TO CANADA.

APART FROM THE

From far St. Lawrence banks to Albion's shore,
A voice hath gone forth and been heard,
And in the Royal palace noble hearts
By love respondent have been stirred.

THE DEPARTURE:—

RÉCITATIF :—From Windsor's walls the cannon's boom is heard :
By martial sounds the summer air is stirred,
From tower and turret count'ess chimes arise
Mingling in silvery carols to the skies.
Steel gleams in sunshine flashing like bright gems
And shouts awake the echoes of the Thames :
Whilst now behold in Royal pomp arrayed,
Approach a gay and noble cavalcade,
Fiery chargers arching necks of pride ;
Flags banners standards floating on each side :
Drum, Trumpet blending in one martial peal,
That fills each throbbing heart with ardent zeal.
London is all astir—like a stream the crowd
Follow the Prince with cheers and clamour loud
The Prince who goes to meet neath stranger skies,
Subjects bound to him by Love's closest ties.
The Royal mother now has said Farewell
With tearful eyes to the Son she loves so well.
Striving to banish fear of winds, and waves,
And storms that slumber in old Ocean's caves :
Ah, calm each anxious fear illustrious One !
Safe is the bark that bears thy gallant Son,
Too many prayers for him and thee arise,
On Albion's shores and neath Canadian skies !
Again the cannon's deafening roar is heard :
The vessel's glittering sails are slowly stirred,
Poised on the wave she spreads the snow white folds,