

## P. PLAN.

BY HAROLD BEGBIE.

NOW God be with King Edward, Chieftain of Britain's race,  
Now God protect our Sovereign Liege and keep him by His grace :  
Let banners wave before him, let rocking belfries ring,  
St. George for Merrie England, and God save our Lord the King !

To English holt and headland on every swelling breeze  
Is blown the ancient greeting from his Vikings over seas,  
The homage of his Peoples, and the prayers of all his race—  
God guard our Sovereign Lord the King and keep him by His grace.

Within his wide dominions the world may walk at peace,  
The gates of mercy open that slaves may find release,  
Wherever rings the music of freedom at their toil,  
Where never heel of conqueror shall crush good English soil.

Our faith is as our fathers', who held this England free,  
Our prayer is as our fathers', who keep an open sea :  
Our British faith shall guard him, our British prayers shall shield,  
And he who comes against him by God's good grace shall yield.

The Kingdoms and the Empires whose dust is in the wind  
Forgot the charge before them, and forgot the God behind :  
O never race shall perish and never Throne shall fail  
Whose strength is built on freedom that the Will of God prevail.

Now God keep England virile, now God keep England strong,  
Sweet realm of gracious labour, brave shire of game and song :  
No stagnant land of idlesse, swords rusted, banners furled,  
But Shakespeare's glorious England pulsating thro' the world.

For ever honest England, for ever England true !  
Isle where the banner of Freedom first to the breezes blew !  
Where still to the winds of Heaven that ancient flag we fling—  
Sons of Great Alfred yielding free fealty to their King ?

O not with fearful footsteps, but shouting hymns to God,  
Go we with English Edward where the Great Mother trod :  
With faith in heav'n's high purpose from reign to reign we swing,  
Unswerving from our destiny. God save our Lord the King !