

VI.

There'll be men of little learning, and men of proven worth,
Of every caste and every creed, come up from all the earth;
 To watch him brave and fine,
 To speak of right divine, —
Plantagenet and Lancaster and Stuart in his line,
And bless the blameless memory of Her who gave him birth.

VII.

But who will stand before him, with single words and few,
And a knowledge of the morrow, and tell him straight and
 true,
 Not only by God's grace
 He comes unto his place,
The majesty of office, the reverend pride of race,
But by their will who choose him as their fathers used to do?

VIII.

By the touch of love that kindles the blood beneath the tan;
By the loyalty they bear him because he is a man,
 Who has learned the modest way
 To serve and to obey,
Who never flinched at duty, nor shuffled with fair-play;
And the world is held together by creed and code and clan.