They tell o' Prince Charlie sae gallant an' gay,
Wha stole a' the hairts i' the Hielan's away,
But o' the great princes in History's Ha'
Oor bonnie Prince Edward is king o' them a'. 39474

The barefitted laddie is first i' the fray,
The aged come hirplin' their homage tae pay
The crippled, the outcast, the high an' the low
A' hasten their loyal devotion tae shew.

The prince an' the commoner mingled as one
In Flanders, whaur victory an' freedom were won;
The Rose, Lily, Shamrock an' Thistle a' grew
The closer thegither in darkness an' dew.

O! proudly the maple leaves wave for the King,
A garment a' gowden an' crimson they bring,
God save our young ruler we reverently pray,
An' keep our great Empire united alH. Isabel Graham.

W. L. Mackenzie King Papers

Volume 45

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