

Millions of hearts are expectant waiting the conquests of Right
Planned in the reign of Another — now in a halo of light, —
Planned in a Woman's devotion with heart of affection and truth,
Lived for till hands had grown aged redeeming the pledges of youth.

Bright are the footprints behind her, where Kings of her Line are to tread,
And he who is throned as her Heir has a hope and a God overhead, —
A hope and a God to uplift him to heights where no monarch e'er stood
In the waves of an ultimate glory, which beat on the Throne like a flood.

Predestined of old o'er the nations to hold the dominion of Might,
Till freedom shall shatter the fetters which bar the dominion of Right,
Till Truth and Morality flourish, and war and its tumults shall cease,
And the dove, with the olive-branch hov'ring, shall come with the message of Peace.

Honor, and glory, and might, rest on the head of the King,
Peace and good will unto men, angels in unison sing;
Long may he live, till the darkness is swallowed in fulness of light,
And Law shall forever have triumphed, and Right be the standard of Might.