

And now the son of England's prayers,
 Of England's vows they bring
 That cleans'd from every earthly stain,
 He may be born to God again
 In that mysterious spring.

Fair art thou, Royal Babe, in robes
 Meet for this holy rite,
 But earth hath nought so spotless fair
 With thy new garments to compare,
 In Baptism made white.

Thy birthright is a glorious throne
 Among the thrones of earth,
 But one that shall endure for aye,
 A crown that fadeth not away,
 Is thine by second birth.

Oh! cradled on a nation's breast
 In loyal love art thou,
 While thousand supplications rise
 That God may bless our sacrifice
 And seal our solemn vow :

But, Queen of England, is not thine
 The dearest joy of all,
 While holy arms thy child embrace,
 And softly on the slumberers face
 The sparkling shower-drops fall ?

Thy princely Consort by thy side
 Owns all a father's bliss,
 But is there not a thrilling spell
 That mother's heart alone can tell,
 In moments such as this ?

For now the heir of England's throne
 Is made the heir of Heaven,
 And now unto the "Kingly Boy,"
 A nation's hope, a nation's joy,
 A Christian name is given.

To-day the Holy Cross is sign'd
 Upon his infant brow—
 O may no ruder touch efface
 That royal seal of heavenly grace,
 The token of his vow!

Ye who take back your precious trust,
 See that ye faithful prove
 To tend him with all holiest care,
 With Angel guardians call'd to share
 The ministry of love.

Now let the merry bells ring out
 From many a hallow'd tower,
 And British hearts at Britain's call
 Rejoicing keep our festival
 In this auspicious hour.

—*Hymns and Scenes of Childhood*