

II.

*Set the crown on the maiden's brow,
And silence the bells disconsolate.
Peal! Ye loud joy-bells, now;
Over city and wold let your echoes reverberate.
Peal! for the crowning of smiles and the death of tears,
Peal! for the crowning of hopes and the death of fears,
Peal! for a Queen who shall rule us for fifty years.
The maiden is crowned with her glorious crown,
Heavy with care;
Yet it shall never burden her down
Into despair.
We will watch over her with our love,
And our loyalty prove.
We will bear, each, his share
Of the worry, grief, and pain
That may seek to mar her reign.*

III.

*Blow! ye silvery bugles, over the sunny land,
Our Queen has yielded to love.
Ring out with merry clangor, O ye bells!
Ye mountains! give the laughing bells reply.*