

A WELCOME FROM CANADA.

TO THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF CORNWALL AND YORK.

For sake of her we loved so well and long,
Whose reign shall live in story and in song,
The heart and centre of our Empire's fame,
And the bright age that bears her honoured name,
And our great Empire, spread from sea to sea,
Heir of the ages, bulwark of the free;
Oh, Prince, with heart and soul we welcome thee!

For sake of him in whom we love to trace
Her earnest purpose and her royal grace,
To whom a sorrowing people turned to sing
With loyal heart and voice, 'God save our King!'
As once in youthful prime o'er stormy sea
We welcomed *him*, so now we welcome *thee*,
Heir of his house and throne our King to be!

For sake of her who came, a fair young bride,
Leaving her home, and all she loved beside,
When 'Norman, Celt and Saxon' thronged to greet
The conquering glamour of her presence sweet,
We greet her son, and by his side we see
Another Princess; Saxon, Norman we,
And Celt, yet, Britons, welcome her and thee!

In the long future, when the changeful years
Have brought their added weight of cares and fears,
May these fair realms, seen in life's morning bright,
A vision live, in memory's tender light.
From 'Greater Britain,' spread from sea to sea,
'Neath the old red-cross banner of the free,
Ten thousand welcomes rise to her and thee!

KINGSTON, CANADA,
October, 1901.