

XLIV.

Thuringian forests echo praise,
From noble and from serf;
He proudly treads the rich ravines,
And hallow'd is the turf.

XLV.

"So handsome ! nay so *good* !" they say,
The lowliest frau adores
The gentle Prince of Ehrenberg,
Who scorns not peasants' doors.

XLVI.

Then loud, and long, the cheers are giv'n—
"God Save the Queen" 's loud cried;
"Oh, may she love our dear, good Prince,
Saxe-Coburg's joy and pride !"

XLVII.

Then on the distant sea is lost,
The fast receding shore ;
"Good bye, dear land !—good bye my
The Prince can say no more. [friends !"