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For Saxon or Dane or Norman we,
Teuton or Celt, or whatever we be,
We are each all Dane in our welcome of thee,
Alexandra!

TENNTSON.

KING CHRISTIAN.

THE NATIONAL SONG OF DENMARK.

TRANSLATED BY MARY HOWITT.

[The splendid Danish national lyric, the singing of which accompanied the Princess on her route through her native country, and of which the following is a translation, was written by John Evald, one of the most vigorous dramatic and lyrical poets of Denmark. It was struck off by him in a happy moment, amidst great illness and poverty, and was immediately adopted as the National Anthem of his country. The incident to which it refers took place in the great sea fight between the Danes and Swedes on the coast of Denmark on July 11, 1644, when King Christian IV. commanded the fleet as his own Admiral. Although twelve men fell dead or disabled around him struck by the splinters of a piece of timber shattered by a cannon-ball, and the King himself was severely wounded, he never moved from his post until the battle had been won. Niels Juel, mentioned in the lyric, was a celebrated Danish Admiral; and "Tordenshiold" was the *nom de guerre* of another famous seaman, Vice-Admiral Pederwessel.]

LITERATURE.

POETRY.

A WELCOME TO PRINCESS ALEXANDRA.

BY THE POET LAUREATE.

Sea-kings' daughter from over the sea,
Alexandra!
Saxon and Norman and Dane are we,
But all of us Danes in our welcome of thee,
Alexandra!
Welcome her, thunders of fort and of fleet!
Welcome her, thundering cheer of the street!
Welcome her, all things youthful and sweet,
Scatter the blossom under her feet!
Break, happy land, into earlier flowers!
Make music, O bird, in the new-budded bowers!
Welcome her, welcome her, all that is ours!
Warble, O bugle, and trumpet, blare!
Flags, flutter out upon turrets and towers!
Flames, on the windy headland flare!
Utter your jubilee, steeple and spire!
Clash, ye bells, in the merry March air!
Flash, ye cities, in rivers of fire!
Welcome her, welcome the land's desire,
Alexandra!
Sea-kings' daughter as happy as fair,
Blissful bride of a blissful heir,
Bride of the heir of the kings of the sea,
O joy to the people and joy to the throne,
Come to us, love us and make us your own:

King Christian stood by the lofty mast,
In smoke and night:
His sword dealt blows so fell and fast,
Through Swedish helms and skulls it passed
Mid smoke and night.
"Fly!" cried they; "Fly! fly, all who can—
Who dare face Denmark's Christian
In fight?"

Niels Juel, he heard the tempest blow;
Now for your life!
Aloft he bade the red flag go,
Stroke upon stroke he dealt the blow,
They cried aloud whilst tempests blow,
Now for your life!
"Fly!" cried they all, "to shelter fly!
For who can Denmark's Juel defy
In strife?"

O sea! the fires of Wessel clava
Thy death-smoke dread;
Here to thy bosom fled the bravo;
Round him flashed terror and the grave;
The ramparts heard the roar which drave
Through death-smoke dread;
From Denmark thundered Tordenshiold,
To Heaven for aid they all appealed,
And fled.