

III.

Now are we Britons, as one family,
Assembled on this glorious enterprise—
The crowning of our well-belovèd King.
We have the sunlight of the leafy June,
The heart-ease of the purple, heath-clad hills,
The green fields where the rose and shamrock bloom,
The soul-inspiring voices of the Lark
And Nightingale, and welcome respite from
The hollow moaning of December gales;
And England is at peace with all the world.

IV.

O Nightingale, whose song must e'er enthrall
The sylvan shadows of the star-lit night,
How dost thou, Cynthia-like, the shepherd's heart
Beguile, that thou may'st kiss Endymion's lips?
Since e'er time was, till time shall be no more,
Thy moonlight song has marked, and e'er shall mark,
Love's try-ting place, the goal of love's emprise.

V.

What mean the voices of the summer clouds?
What voices come from yonder painted peaks?
Pledges of Britain's Greater Empire, they,
Voices of loyalty from Canada.
What means yon stately city in mirage?
It is Victoria, Canada's gift
To us upon this coronation day.
What mean these seeming Dreadnaughts in the south?
They are the floating Castles of the Crown.