

The Prince, God bless ³⁹⁴⁷³
 Laddie with the winsome face,
 Lord of Britain by God's grace,
 In our hearts you've found a place,
 And we love you for yourself
 Not for kingly power or self.

Although born of royal line
 With the right of kings divine,
 In your soul these graces shine,
 Kindness for the common folk
 Tones to lighten Labor's yoke.
 Laddie, with the eyes o' blue,
 One and all we welcome you,
 Not with riches of power,
 But the love of loyal hearts
 To our broad Dominion's wants.
 O' Godet ~~Robert~~
 The Son of Blake.

W. L. Mackenzie King Papers

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