

TO THE READER

A song of Eld that came like dream of night
Across dim ages, with their silent seas,
Where only the old pilot stars looked down
From the far Dane-land, where a princess moved,
Enshrined in the white robes of maidenhood,
Unharm'd amid the stormy days of Eld;
For the Great Love had touch'd her and she died,
Stretching her white hands to the coming Light.

Shall we not love the Dane? Do we forget
The Royal Dane, who in the morning days,
When looking for the choicest flower of life,
Chose the brave Rose of England for her flower,
And did so cherish it in close and field,
That the wide Empire gloried in its bloom?

Can we forget that when our king beloved,
—Who had so help'd the world to keep God's
Peace—

Passed to El's home behind the mystic veil,
The Royal Dane held last his eye and hand?