

God save the King who to the Throne succeeds;
Ours is the trust of threescore years passed
o'er;
Be his the guerdon of immortal deeds,
Till Britain's realms shall stretch from shore
to shore!

II

Touch but the farthest points which mark
The Empire's bounds in east or west,
And instant as th' electric spark,
There starts a tremor of unrest, —

A tremor which pervades the whole,
Where tropic suns or arctic snows
Are as the passions of the soul,
Which to a perfect manhood grows.

Controlled by one responsive mind,
Which governs continents and seas,
Strong hands unfurl to every wind
A flag which floats on every breeze;

Beneath whose folds no tyrant King,
Nor ruthless people find abode;
But freedom folds her dewy wing,
And nestles at the feet of God!

III

"Truth, Morality, Peace": such is the pledge
of the King,
Who in his noble ambition ever such blessings
would bring,
Wielding the sceptre of empire over a mighty
domain,
Shadowing earth with such glory as monarchs
have sought for in vain.