

They who sentinel the vastness of an empire's broad domain,
Greater than the Macedonians, mightier than Rome or Spain,
Never empire such as Britain's, never one with fewer stains.
Far extended, many millioned, mantling mountains, seas and plains.

Sire, we thy sons salute thee from thy empire's utmost end
This galaxy, thy free nations to thee heartfelt greetings send,
May thy reign be long and fruitful neath the King of Kings above,
Olden empires bound by bondage, thine is bound by chains of love.

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Sovereign companion of the watery main,
Who chose the ocean as thy boyish bride,
Who know her passion in the hurricane,
And love her with a Briton's sea-born pride;
Far continents and empires hast thou trod
And saw thy standards in the sunlight stream,
In every land beneath the dome of God
Ere thought of Empire entered in thy dream.

Wise in the wisdom of the sea art thou
To gauge the compass and control the helm;
Give thee grace to guide an Empire now,
Prince called to kingship o'er a mighty realm;
For on the summit of eight hundred years
Amid the menace of these days we stand,
And crown thee King amid an Empire's cheers—
Lord of a Kingdom reaching land on land.

Upon this day uplifted crowned art thou,
Full orb'd and sceptred in thy kingly state,
The diadem of Empire on thy brow,
Throned o'er a kingdom proud surpassing great
Thine is the Ring, the Sceptre and the Sword—
Symbols of power, thine, and thine alone;
And thine to keep the compact of the Lord—
To guide thy people and protect thy throne.

Lo 'tis the awful moment! On thy head
The ancient crown of Britain rests—'Tis done—
Above the tombs where sleep the kingly dead
That reared a Kingdom, and an Empire won.
Glory on glories round thee blaze, and deep
Within thy people's hearts thou art enthroned;
Unfearful of the whirlwinds fierce that sweep
Down alien monarchs, banished and disowned.

While splendor such as England seldom knew
Within a temple ancient and supreme
Marshalls her grandeur crimson gold and blue
In iridescent shading opaline
Glory on glories round thee blaze and sweet
Ambrosial incense rises to the skies
While prince and peer and people round thee meet.
Neath galleries begemmed with Beauty's eyes.

While rolls on high the organ's swelling notes,
Thrilling aloft in jubilees of sound;
While joyful from a thousand loyal throats—
"God Save the King"—in glad acclaims resound,
Triumphant blare the bugles on the breeze,
In crashing cannonades the guns reply—
"God Save the King"—It leaps a hundred seas,
And million voiced is echoed to the skies!

Ottawa, June 22nd, 1911.