

Coronation Ode



I.

There are joy-bells over England, there are flags on London town;

There is bunting on the channel, where the fleets go up and down;

There are bonfires alight

In the pageant of the night;

There are bands that blare for splendour, and guns that speak for might;

For another king in England is coming to the crown.

II.

As it was in Saxon Britain, and through the Norman's sway,
And with the mighty Tudors, so it must be to-day.

For the English kings must hold

From Alfred, great of old, —

From Sea-King and Crusader and Elizabeth the Bold,

And every free-born Commoner whose strength is England's stay.