

ORIGINAL POEMS.

CROWNED.

And now the Crown has graced fair Edward's brow,
He reigns as King o'er God's own chosen race;
And may He, both in love, and wisdom grow,
Proving his great worth, to fill his noble mother's place.

The world will watch with a keen and jealous eye,
The future steps that our noble mother's son will take;
To gain the love of His numerous subjects far and nigh,
God grant Him grace, a wise and loving King to make.

From David's royal descent, our kingly line has run,
And obtained the power given by that King of Love;
Who has almighty power to exhalt the humble man,
And place him as a Star in yon firmament above.

God bless the day that made fair Edward king,
As our mother's crown was set upon His brow;
Let shouts of joy from every Briton's heart now ring,
And prayers ascend that Edward strong in grace may grow.

Long may our king and queen enjoy the regal chair,
And reap the rich rewards of seed by our late mother sown;
Oh! may they both, the boon of health, and virtue share,
And when gone from earth, may their virtues still be known.

May peace now reign through Britain's vast domain,
And when Fire and Sword, devastation there has made;
May friend and foe, in harmony there reign,
And the cruel and bloody hand of war be forever stayed.

GOD RULES.

Boast not vain man of pleasures thou wilt enjoy tomorrow,
It may be to thee: a day of bitter grief and sorrow;
Thou hast not power to act against the Ruler's will
Nor yet can Thou all thy vain promises fulfil.

Kings, Queens, and Slaves at His command must bow,
The serf, the slave, the vassal and the proud are stricken low;
No power, have they when His commands are given,
He does but speak, when mighty rocks and hills are riven.

The mountains tremble with the fury of volcanic fires,
Which causes consternation, among the hoary headed sires;
No help is there for vain and haughty man
Whose lives when measured do not exceed a span.