

Ode on the Coronation of King George H.



I.

'Tis now the midnight hour by London bells;
Beneath old London Bridge the seaward flow
Of darkling waters paints the silver moon.
The ivy-laden rook-infested walls
Of many an Abbey of Crusader days
Sing requiems for Cœur de Lion's rest;
Once more the blood-stained banner of our God
Forefends the Temple of King Solomon;
This is the eve of one more day-of-days,
When George the Fifth, within the Abbey walls,
In solemn form shall be anointed King.

II.

On this, the eve of Coronation Day,
This Empire sings her Junetide evening hymn.
And joyously awaits the ruddy morn.
(From Malta and the world's great middle sea,
From farthest Ind and Himalaya's clouds,
From Austral manly men, and hearts of oak,
From Afric, and Canadian sons of Mars,
Come songs of loyalty and loud acclaim
And murmurings of joy and sweet content.