

Who fills the royal home with light.  
The Dane, King Alfred's deadly foe,  
Has added to his line a glow  
Of sunshine: stripes of long ago  
From earth have taken flight.

### III.

Eight hundred years have vanished since the day,  
When William, girt with Norman knights, was crowned  
With splendor at Westminster, yet the gray  
Old walls will soon re-echo with the sound  
Of loyal cheers in honour of a king  
Who traces from him lineal descent,  
Whose Norman blood is with the Saxon blent,  
And Celtic, and to whom traditions cling  
That fill the British heart with feelings deep:  
All English kings since William have been there  
Invested with the crown; the tranquil air  
Has oft resounded with the trumpet's blare:  
The trumpet's sound around the Abbey sweep  
Once more, and rouse the ancient echoes from  
their sleep.

Eight hundred years! What food for earnest thought  
To every British mind this record brings!  
How wondrous is it that the selfsame spot  
Has seen so long the selfsame line of kings  
Receive the crown! Stability must be  
The leading feature of the British race:  
The ravages of ages, that efface  
All ancient landmarks, from their dread decree  
Of ruin, have the British royal line  
Exempted: it doth bind together all  
The scattered British nations and recall  
The past, and may no evil on it fall:  
A thousand years their proud traditions twine  
Around the British throne, and save it from decline.

What wondrous visions throng upon the eyes,  
When gazing on Westminster's hoary walls!  
The bold Crusaders from their graves arise;  
Again the shout, "Long live King Richard!" falls  
Upon the ear within the storied fane;  
King Edward, who at Crecy raised on high