

## Coronation Ode

Written for *Good Words*

### I

When from Victoria's hand the sceptre dropped,  
A mighty sorrow seized the Nation's heart,  
As if the march of progress had been stopped,  
And peace and hope had said: Let us depart!

But Heaven had heard the Nation's prayer that  
    she  
Might leave an Heir her greatness to succeed;  
And in th' Eternal Councils the decree  
Was issued provident for time of need.

And from that glorious Throne which symbols  
    forth  
The thrones, dominions, principalities  
In heavenly places, kingly truth and worth  
Breathe benisons o'er continents and seas.

Heaven heard the Nation's prayer, and, gracious  
    still  
To the predestined people, gives a King,  
Who shall the Empire's proudest hopes fulfill,  
When peace prevails, or war's dread echoes  
    ring!

Where outer ocean washes distant shores  
In every clime and zone remote or near,  
Where Britain's opulence its largesse pours,  
Dominion grows in greatness year by year.

And with that growth a loyal spirit grows,  
Exulting as an eagle on the wing;  
And wearers of the Thistle, Shamrock, Rose,  
Repeat the British cheer: God save the King!