

ON THE CORONATION OF KING GEORGE V.

AN ODE OF EMPIRE.

BY THADDEUS A. PROWNE.

Summer with the sun conspiring spreads her tapestry of June,
Flora, all her glories flaunting, floors thy pathway flower strewn,
Hedge and field and rose crowned wayside blush in beauty all aflame,
While around thee radiant ranging, millions give thee, Sire, acclaim.

Strike oh Bard thy proudest Pean, singing with a soul on fire,
Paint oh Master of the canvas all that grandeur may inspire,
But thy soaring inspirations broken winged shall flutter down,
Swooning in the purpling glory lighting this an Empire's crown.

Proudly moves the purple Pageant over mighty London's pave,
Rank on rank of gorgeous color, stately moving wave on wave,
Rank on rank the massing millions roar a welcome that upsoars
Like the ocean billows breaking stormy round thy Island shores.

Festooned arches, brilliant hunting, scarlet seas white-capped with plumes,
Tossing, surging, rhythmic swaying to melodious marching tunes,
King and prince and jewelled marquis, carmine robe and silken hose.
Sweeping stately, thousand bannered, on and on the Pageant goes.

Onward to the culmination of the long day's fevered strain,
To the happy culmination with its hope of joyful reign,
To the solemn coronation neath Westminster's wondrous pile,
Treasure house of Britain's glory, to relict heirloom of her Isle.

Sepulchre sublime and mossy; Brooder old what dreams are thine,
Thou who blessed our monarch's forebears since the great Confessor's time,
Thou who holds the dust of princes in thy motherly embrace,
Who serene through years of tumult watched upgrow a mighty race.

From thy walls oh Temple olden, thou hast watched the long years through,
Seen the forest fastness broken, seen thy sons the seas subdue,
Seen the Saxon hosts embattled to the conquering Norman yield,
And the hunchback king remorseless die on Bosworth's bloody field.

Seen thy chivalry in squadrons fall in internecine strife,
And the regal Stuart yielding on the block a royal life,
Heard the conflict fierce of battle, heard the raging of old wars,
Seen the victor lift the vanquished and in peace forget their scars.

And by slow regeneration from the things that did degrade,
Rise upon a new foundation a fair nation nobly made,
In her hand the touch of freedom, in her soul the newer birth,
Bent upon the nobler mission, Peace, good will, to men of earth.

Thus to nationhood and greatness did Britannia proudly rise,
Upwards, onwards, ere extending unto wider, broader skies,
Penetrating lands of darkness, luminous around the world,
Mothering a hundred races, guarding neath her flag unfurled.

Steadfast in her mighty mission, seeking for the greater good,
Hampered often in her labor, often too misunderstood,
Giving of her wealth and wisdom, giving birth to nations new,
Giant sons who name her mother, mighty offspring to her true