
The King !

COME, fill your glasses, toast "The King"
The Monarch of the Realm,
With loyal voice the welkin ring
And traitors overwhelm.
A noble Mother's son is he,
With wisdom true and sound;
Like Queen of Blesséd Memory
Beloved the world around!

Yes! Let your bumper be "The King,"
With whom there's none beside,
Whose praises all the nations sing,
"Our Peacemaker," and guide!
'Though peerless as a King is he,
His kindly acts oft-told
Give strength to Empire's loyalty,
Which grows as years grow old.

Then, toast again, with prayer, "The King"
Who daily prays for you,
And, with your prayer, glad tribute bring,
Full hearts both brave and true!
In sympathy, the first is he
Of men who comfort bring,
So swell your anthems lustily
"God save our gracious King."

TOAST—"The King."

CHORUS— "His Majesty, the King,
All hail ! Long live the King !"

22nd January, 1910.